FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1896.

VOL. XLVI.—No. 25 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures,* **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures,* **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

LAKE CRESCENT TROUT.

THOSE of our angling readers who have followed Admiral Beardslee's relation of his experience with the large trout of Lake Crescent, will congratulate him upon the superb fishing he has found and upon the realization of many a fisherman's dream of introducing to the world of anglers a new fish. Everyone in the vicinity of Lake Crescent appears to have caught the fever this spring, and there has come to us a story of an experience had by one of the fair anglers of Lake Crescent which proves more conclusively than does anything which Pisco has written that the Beardslee trout is truely to be ranked as a game fish. This is the incident as related by Mr. Carrigan: "The same day that Mrs. Michell caught the 14-pound rainbow she hooked and had a very hard fight with a monster Beardslee. She managed to get it up to the boat four times, but it fought with such desperation and was so heavy and powerful that she could not land it, and finally it tore away from the hook and she lost it. Her idea is that it was at least 36 to 40in. long, a foot in depth and weighed certainly a third more than the 14-pounder, it was by far the largest trout she had ever seen, and she has caught many big ones."

In short, the big one got away. That gives the stamp of nobility to the new Lake Crescent trout, and demonstrates its fitness to figure effectively in fish stories.

PHEASANT EGGS AND DUCK EGGS.

A CONSIGNMENT of pheasant and partridge eggs was brought from Europe to this port last week, and was held up at the Custom House under the clause of the tariff law which forbids the importation of game birds' eggs. The eggs were consigned to Theodore Havemeyer, and were intended for stocking a game preserve and adding to the shooting resources of New Jersey. It apparently had not occurred to any of those who were concerned in the enterprise that it was forbidden by the United States statutes thus to increase the game supply. Section 471 of the act of Aug. 28, 1894, specifies as under the free list: "Eggs of birds, fish and insects; provided, however, that this shall not be held to include the eggs of game birds, the importation of which is prohibited except specimens for scientific collections."

The seizure of the pheasant eggs last week led to various surmises respecting the purpose of those who were instrumental in making such a law. One of the papers quotes Mr. John S. Wise, who relates that last year he had a similar experience when he attempted to import some pheasant eggs for a game club in Virginia, and they were seized upon receipt at the Custom House. The price charged Mr. Wise for the eggs in England was $15 per dozen, while a dealer in this country asked $75 a dozen, and it was assumed that the prohibitory law had been instigated by speculative traders in this country. On the other hand, a pheasant breeder tells us that the law was adopted at the request of farmers in the South and West, who were opposed to sportsmen trespassing on their lands and took this means to discourage the threatened increase of game by foreign hordes.

Both of these theories are fanciful; neither is the true one. The statute was an outgrowth of the northern Indian duck egg destruction foolishness. In the early stages of that delusion, before the far-away egg smashing had been definitely located in Alaska, the talk was more vague, and the Indians of the British Provinces were held accountable for the wildfowl albumen industry. The purpose of the well-meaning individuals who secured the adoption of this statute was to insure good shooting to American sportsmen by cutting off the trade in duck eggs imported from Canada for trade purposes. Subsequently the victims of the duck egg mania transferred the scene of destruction from British North America to Alaska; but the law had been enacted, and it yet remains, although the duck egg albumen myth has been exploded. Thus it has come about that a statute adopted ostensibly in the interest of game protection is proving an unwarranted obstacle to game interests. It should be repealed.

THE RANGE IN JUNE.

BACK and forward over the broad expanse of the cattle country there passes constantly the lonely figure of the range rider. His tough, wiry pony, his broad hat, shaps, rope and six shooter mark him for a cow puncher as soon as you get near him, and when you meet and stop to chat, as of course you will, he will ask you if you have seen the horses he is looking for, and will exhibit a politely veiled surprise if you cannot rattle off to him the brands of all the animals you have seen in a week's ride. He is friendly and expansive, and very glad to meet any one with whom he can exchange a little conversation, since often for days at a time he has only his horse to talk to. He is interested in all that is going on, and will give you the talk of the range, telling you where the round-up camps are to be, and what has happened at the ranches he has last visited. In return he expects the latest news from town and the stray gossip that may have drifted to you from the distant East.

When at last the range rider leaves you with a pleasant "Well, so long, pardner," you realize that you have parted with a type whose further acquaintance you would have enjoyed, and while you watch him as he glides away over the rolling swells of the prairie you feel that you can understand something of the attractions of this free outdoor life.

The range rider is tough, hardy and enduring. He makes no complaint about anything that happens to him, and with calm philosophy faces alike the rains of spring, the heats of summer and the winter's storms. Many of his kind have perished while bravely doing their duty on the range, yielding to the biting blizzards of midwinter or being swept away while trying to cross boiling streams, bank full of the spring snow water, their bodies to be recovered months later when stumbled on by some one of their fellows.

Although he may not find his stock, the rider who is in search of lost horses sees many a sight that is worth looking at. Even the commonest landscape that meets his clear, quick eye is worth contemplation and study. The range rider is an observer; he knows how to use his eyes; he sees what is going on about him. No one quicker than he to detect the dark back of a feeding animal appearing over a distant crest, or to catch a shod horse track in the dry, hard dirt, or to make out the brand on a timid heifer as she whirls to run. All this keenness is for the signs of his own trade, yet he is not blind to many of the facts of nature that are constantly going on about him. He knows all the larger animals and their habits; he is familiar with many of the birds, and has more knowledge of plants than just enough to tell *loco* from poison weed and quaking aspen from sage brush. Yet after all he knows nothing so well as he knows his cows and horses, which occupy all his time and nearly all his thoughts.

As the range rider passes over some higher crest of the prairie swell that overlooks a wide landscape, he may pause on the ridge to light his pipe and perhaps to examine with his glasses distant objects which dot the prairie, to see if perhaps among them he may find the animals he seeks. Here he dismounts, and throwing the bridle rein down over the horse's head seats himself on the ground amid the sage brush to look the country over. It is pleasant to sit here in the warm sun and to gaze upon the broad prospect stretching in all directions for miles and miles. The grass is green and the nearby prairie in June is decked with flowers, which in a few weeks, when the plants have matured under the scorching sun, will all be gone. Now there are tiny yellow violets and pale harebells and flaunting larkspurs, with here and there a patch of the brilliant blooms of the cactus. Down in the damp places the ground is blue with *fleur de lis*, and the shining white prairie poppies carpet spots on the drier hillsides.

The far-off horizon which limits the view here is bounded by sloping swells, there by loftier hills capped by jagged pinnacles of rock or by dark-green timber. Distance softens the harsher features of the landscape, so that rough and gullied bluff and precipitous rock-strewn mountainside alike seem smooth and gently rising. The far-stretching prairie is silvery with sagebrush, or patched here and there with green, where the waters from some spring or rivulet spreading out moisten the ground and nourish fresh and tender grass. Perhaps near some of these meadows lie gleaming lakes, whose shining surfaces tell falsely of cool, pure water, and in the olden time might have lured the thirst-tortured traveler to bitter disappointment at their muddy alkaline margins. Here and there from the higher slopes descending lines of vivid green trace the courses of rills whose springs are in the rocks above, and which hurry toward the lower ground, there to disappear—sucked up by the thirsty soil; and at intervals along their borders are groves of white-stemmed quaking aspens whose pale color ever changes with the constant motion of their leaves.

Within this basin, down on the prairie below and on the hillsides, is the life of the land, a part of it visible even at this distance, but the most of it unseen. Feeding cattle and horses are scattered out far and near, the nearest easily recognized, the more distant mere black dots. Antelope are seen feeding among the nearby stock, but other animals less in size, though nearer, are invisible. Yet the watcher knows that on the hillsides are sleeping wolves and coyotes; that jack rabbits crouch beneath the sage bushes and great grouse stalk among their gnarled stems; that wild ducks are swimming on the surface of each little lake, while near their borders shrill-voiced killdees run and stop and run again; that on the flats the prairie dogs are lazily waddling about, or sitting upright at the mouths of their holes; that the badger, slow of motion, but stout of frame, is wandering over the prairie seeking what he may devour; and that wide-winged marsh hawks, with deliberate flight, are hunting backward and forward, each over his own range, scaring the little birds and capturing now and then a mouse.

All these things the watcher knows, but now scarcely remembers, yet as he takes out and slowly polishes his glasses and gazes over the country before him he unconsciously makes note of the whole scene. And while he sits here the breeze hums through hair and beard, and blows out his horse's tail and the stirrups and the thrown down bridle; and as he inhales the fragrance of the blossoming sage brush, and hears the voice of passing bird, and is warmed by the sun, he feels that it is good to be here and to see and know these things.

Such is the range in early summer, but there is another side to this life—the range in winter.

AGITATE.

THE paper on game protection read by Commissioner H. P. Frothingham before the American Fisheries Society should have careful reading, for it comes from one who has been engaged in the practical study of the problems involved. The task of preserving the fish and game supply is not inherently one of extreme difficulty, on the contrary it is simplicity itself. Prescribe the close seasons indicated by nature as the periods for breeding and maturing. Forbid the methods demonstrated by practice and experience to be wasteful and destructive beyond power to recuperate. Limit the taking to such measure as that all those who participate in the taking of fish and game shall have the privilege of securing their equitable shares and no more. And that is all. It is simplicity itself. Why then is the protection of fish and game at loose ends, ship-shod and shamefully ineffective? Not because of any inherent complexity or hindrance, but purely by reason of the indifference, indolence, inaction and neglect of the community at large and of interested citizens in particular. Taken as a whole, the public cares not a rap for fish and game preservation, except, as Mr. Frothingham points out, for a sentimental acquiescence in the theory that the species of useful animal should be perpetuated. But for specific protection nine in ten care nothing. The village apostle of game conservation flocks by himself. The subject is one with which the public is not concerned.

Here lies the whole difficulty. Game is not protected simply because there is not sufficient interest to secure its protection. The real problem then is how public opinion shall be created, controlled and directed. Once this is done what remains is simple in the extreme.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A GANDER PULL IN ARKANSAW.

BY FRED MATHER.

"HADN'T yo' better stop an' see the gander pull this evenin'?" asked the landlord, after my bill for supper, lodging and breakfast had been paid, and inquiries made as to the road that struck the nearest stream which, if followed, led to a branch of the Bodeau River.

"A gander pull?"

"Yes, we're gwine to have a gander pull, an' if yo' never see none yo' better stop and see the fun, fo' they'll be a heap of it, an' as yo' seem fond o' spo't I reckon yo'll inj'y it," and he stretched his huge form in the doorway as he remarked on the prospect of a fine day for the "pull."

It was my plan to follow some small stream to Lewisville, where the alcohol tanks for such fishes as could be collected in southwestern Arkansas were stored, and then to follow the little river down into Louisiana to Bodeau Lake; but the landlord's suggestion was tempting, and a day could be profitably devoted to the study of birds, for surely I had heard old darky Sam say that the birds were as fine as he "ever see," and the "gander pulling" related to some sport with geese. A question to the landlord would betray ignorance, Sam was the one to get information from.

"So the birds are fine ones, are they, Sam?"

"'Deed dey is, sah, as good as I ever hung, sah!"

They were to be hung; that fact was recorded, and a look at the "birds" proved them to be "sure enough" ganders, common every-day ganders, such as lead the flock on all occasions; and now that they hung them the questions how, where, and what the nature of the sport might be after they were hung, outweighed the number and kind of fishes that were in all the rivers of the State. Old Sam sat on an upturned pail washing a piece of harness in another pail, humming an old melody as he soaped the sponge, and was absorbed in contemplation of the coming sport. It was evident that he must be humored in order to get at a knowledge of the rules governing the sport of gander pulling without exciting a suspicion that I was ignorant of a thing which seemed to be so common that mere mention of it was enough to satisfy ordinary minds, and a random shot was fired to draw him out.

"I reckon you've hung a great many ganders in your time, Sam."

"'Deed I has, sah! I'se reckoned de bes' han' aroun' dese parts, suah, an' dey sen' fo' me all obah, sar! Dey say I makes 'em slicker dan any ob 'em."

Beyond the fact that it was desirable that the ganders should be made "slick" the question was a failure. Besides the tavern the place had a dwelling and a blacksmith shop, and a sign over the latter told that Jo Bevins was a first-class horseshoer, and the ring of his anvil announced that he was within. Perhaps he could help to unravel the problem, and on the impulse I left old Sam singing:

> "De hen an' chickens dey gwine for to roos',
> De hawk flew down an' he bit de ole goose,
> He bit de ole hen in de middle ob de back,
> An' I r'ally b'l'eve dat am a fac'.
> Den git along, John," etc.

Mr. Bevins was a short man with a development of chest and arms much too great for his legs and he seemed top-heavy. His keen eyes and ready response to my salutation showed a natural curiosity in a stranger who was evidently not a native, and in reply to my remark that there was to be a gander pull in the evening, for I had learned to drop the Northern term "afternoon," he said: "Yes, and there'll be a good turnout of the boys from Prescott, Bourland's Store and Falcon, and lots o' fun. I reckon you're a stranger in these parts." This latter remark was partly in the form of a question and he was told that a little pleasure trip and a desire to attend the "pull" brought me there and I switched him off with:

"They say that Old Sam is a smart hand at hanging ganders."

"Yes, he is, an' he ought to be; he's done enough of it fo' the last fawty year."

"He seems to make 'em slick, from what I hear."

"'Deed he does; he's got some secret o' making grease that's slipperier'n most grease, and he picks the feathe's offen the neck so careful that not a pin feathah is left, an' last year Bill Turley, one of the best gandah pullahs in this county, took his turn with eight othe's and pulled foah times, an' his hoss slowed down each time afore he could twist that ganda's head off, an' it wa'n't an old ganda' at that!"

Here I had it, without any display of ignorance. Bill Turley was a champion gander puller and had pulled four times in his turn, the eight others had pulled three times each, or twenty-eight pulls on the picked and greased neck of a live gander before his obdurate head was induced to leave his body. Surely, this was an intellectual treat of a new kind, before which bull fighting, with its disemboweled horses, was a degrading spectacle. Here was something which a horse might enjoy with his master, and who could say that the gander might not also enjoy the tournament and imagine himself the highly honored object for which renowned knights were contending, and by skillfully dodging some and resigning his head to more favored ones he could choose the knight upon whose banner victory should perch. Such a royal game was never thought of by Richard Cœur de Lion, Ivanhoe, or the Black Knight! We would witness this grand game, which was fit for princes, if they had ever been blessed with wit enough to discover it.

Returning to the old darky, I proceeded to impress upon him the fact that a gander pull had been an every-day thing in my experience by saying: "Sam, Jo Bevins says that you don't make the geese as slick as you used to, he thinks you put in too much butter and not enough tar and the butter melts and runs off. Now, up in Izard county, in the north part of this State, where I saw the last gander pull, the man who handled the birds said that he did not use any butter, and —"

"What Jo Bevins been tellin' you? What he know bout how I make my slush? No man know dat. Butter! ha, ha! He better look fo' dat awn his bread, ha, ha! He been tellin' you 'bout me fo' a drink, an' dat 'minds me I didn't get one dis mawnin', been so busy dat I forgot bout it."

His game worked if mine failed, and after wiping his lips and hanging up the harness he pulled out a peculiar strap about an inch wide with a slit in one end and a hole in the other, and carefully oiled it; I ventured to ask: "What part of a harness is that, Sam?" He looked up with a grin and said:

"I reckon you neber seed many gander pulls, sho'. Dat's de h'istin' strap w'at dey's h'isted by so's it doan hurt dere laigs like a string do. I spected dat dey doan hab gander pulls in de Norf—you is fum de Norf, so Misser Wilson said, an' my boy Jake he went off up dat a-way two yeah ago, Boss'on dey calls de place. I spec' you nebber seen him?"

Assuring Sam that I had somehow missed seeing his boy, and feeling defeated at my game, I strolled off up the road and into the fields to pass the time until dinner. It was a perfect autumn day, the maples on the higher ground just showing the different yellows, while those near a swamp were glowing red; in the shaded spots the grass was hung with spider webs which still held the dew and made them gorgeous with a wealth of diamonds. The quail were calling from the stubble; gaudy jays screamed from the thickets and flocks of blackbirds chattered in the alders. A large fox squirrel ran up a persimmon tree that was red with fruit not yet palatable to man, and if it was to him he gave no evidence of it. A hawk moving in graceful circles next claimed attention, and while I was pondering on his mysterious power of soaring he descended and skirted the wood—poised, plunged and bore off a half-grown rabbit whose pitiful cries turned my thought into another channel. Nature had shown her beautiful, holiday side, and at once turned to show how pitiless and unrelenting are her laws! Hawks are hungry, rabbits are good food; and so the train of thought led to man and the fact that ganders are good food, and so to dinner.

While chatting with the blacksmith after dinner a tall, powerful man of about 40 years, with a well-trimmed beard, in which streaks of gray began to show, rode up on a clean-limbed iron gray horse, dismounted and hitched him to the pole.

"That," said Bevins, "is Old Bill Turley and he's one of them quiet kind that 'tends his own business, but it won't do for any of the smart fellahs to go projectin' 'round him, an' they know it."

Turley nodded as he passed in to the bar room, and a glance in his clear blue eye confirmed the blacksmith's words, and I certainly should not "go projectin' 'round him." New arrivals were confidentially announced to me as follows:

"That old feller is Sile Johnson; he fit in the war, and never gits drunk only at a rifle shoot or a gander pull; says he likes to see young men fight, but his fightin' day is done past. Yere's George Washington Simpkins, him on the gray; he's in for everything like fun, but allers gets too full to inj'y it; them fellahs just hitchin' now is Ben Kellum with the bay mare and Pete Murphy with the black hoss; they are young sprouts just comin' up and both keepin' company with the same gal over near Bourland's. Excuse me, I want to see Turley."

From the seat outside could be heard the clink of glasses, greetings, laughter at some joke, mainly personal, more glasses and reminiscences until the question of time began to obtrude. Old Sam sat on the edge of the step and to a question he replied: "Dar's no hussle, sah! Dey has got to hab time fo' a few drinks befo' de contes' so dey can git limb'd up propah, and den Misser Wilson he doan make nuffin' on de birds. Lordy! sometime de fust man get de gander fo' a nickel, an' as dey's all in I'se got to put up anudder one. Doan make a nickel on dat work an' doan 'spect to; it's de bar pays, but I got de work to do and dey doan gi' me no drink till I'se done."

A low-set brindle dog lay on the step near old Sam, taking no further interest in worldly affairs than to snap at the flies which chose his ears as a tryst or to dislodge a flea from its chosen spot, when down the road came a big yellow dog tracking some boys who had arrived a while before. Brindle dropped his ears and raised the hair on his back, as the stranger turned to the house, and rose with great dignity. The stranger stopped, moved obliquely forward as if to get in the rear of the slowly advancing brindle; a pause, a spring, and the battle was on. At the first sound of the conflict there was a rush from the bar-room. "Form a ring!" "Give 'em fair play!" "Go in, yaller!" "Shake him, Turk!" All this in one breath. The yellow dog was heavier than Turk and had him by the throat and under him. "Five dollars on yaller!" shouted Ben Kellum, "I never seed him afore, but he's a winner!" and before he could flourish his money Turley quietly said: "Young man, I don't want yo' money, but he can't lick that brindle for the drinks; will you go it?" "Sure, all right, yaller wins for the drinks." All this time the hold of the yellow dog was unbroken and the brindle was using his legs trying to get a tooth hold on an ear or elsewhere, when with a twist he got hold of a forefoot and toyed with it until "yaller" let go his hold and lif.ed up his voice in a manner that signified that fighting was not just what he wanted, and after brindle was forced to let go there was a yellow streak down the road and Bill Turley tapped Ben on the shoulder saying, "Young man, the drinks are on you," and all hands went inside. Old Sam remarked to me: "Dat fool boy bet on dat yalla' dog, he he! I know that ole Turk, seen him fight afo'. He's Bill Turley's dog; two yalla's nebber lick him, nebber."

The time had come when in the opinion of the landlord everybody was in prime condition for sport and he gave Sam a look that he understood, for he went to a shed and soon trundled a barrow down the road to a big oak tree which stretched a great arm across the road and spread its branches beyond the opposite fence. The barrow carried a box which contained ten strong ganders with their necks neatly divested of every feather. Throwing a light line over the limb, he tied in his leather noose, gave a gander's neck a thick coating of grease and swung him up by both feet at the proper height. Meanwhile the landlord's son had set his business table at the starting point, just 100yds. away, and under the shade of a maple. The men were mounted and each had paid his entry and drawn straws for turn. The gander had ceased flopping and was hanging head down awaiting the fun.

Sile Johnson, the ex-Confed., came first on a bay plow horse with four white feet. With a yell that scared a buzzard from a feast half a mile away he plied the whip and started. His coat was off and his right arm bare to the elbow, his hat left him the first few rods and his hair streamed out behind. Nearing his quarry, he shifted the whip to his bridle hand, raised his right and grabbed. The gander dodged and the crowd yelled. Simpkins followed on a big gray and greased his hand on the bird. Kellum on a bay mare and Pete Murphy on a black horse made clean misses. Then came Bill Turley on a strong iron-gray. "Bill," said a small boy, "he's a-waitin' fer you, an' ef you don't git him he'll git tired." As he started he pulled his pocket handkerchief, and cries of "Foul!" went up; but he merely wiped his eye and returned it just in time to grip the gander close to the head, and left the bird neatly decapitated in the air. Cheers went up, and as he joined the crowd he remarked, "Let's take something on the first goose," and the motion was carried unanimously. So far I had held aloof and escaped special notice, and continued to do so until five tournaments had been run, the second gander to Murphy, third to Turley, fourth to Kellum and fifth to Sile Johnson. By this time the drinks had begun to tell on Sile, and Jo Bevins said to me in confidence that the old man was "beginnin' to feel tol'able numerous." But Sile proposed to celebrate his skill and invited all hands to the bar. He noticed me for the first time. My light overcoat had been laid off and his eye struck a Grand Army button. "Hello, Yank!" yelled he, to which I replied with the old picket-line greeting, "Hello, Johnny!"

"Put it thah," said he, extending his hand. "What corps was yo' with?"

"Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, First Division, campaign of '64."

"Why, yo' pizen old Yank! That was Hancock's corps. I knowed 'em fust rate, ought to, met 'em offen 'nuff. Say! I was with old Jube Early; ever heah o' him? Bet yo' did, fo' we kep' yo' all busy sometimes, druv yo' outen the Wilde'ness an' doubled yo' up at Cold Harbor, hey? But you uns got squah at Pete'sburg an' we won't talk about Gettysburg, but say! if you fit with Hancock you've got to take a drink with me, Yank, yo' have, fo' a fac'."

The crowd had been increased by about forty men and boys of all complexions, and they formed a circle about us, apparently interested in the "Yank," who in addition to that distinction was a stranger and therefore a legitimate object of curiosity, and with open mouths they awaited his reply. I took the proffered hand and hesitated. It would not do to refuse; and while not a total abstainer there were strong reasons for declining; the first was that the drink would be only the beginning of a series whereof the end could not be foreseen, and in which under no circumstances would I engage; and the second was the quality of the stuff that was being sold by landlord Wilson. Running this over rapidly while holding his hand I said: "I am very glad to meet you now, much more so than I was in the places that you have named, and I am only sorry that my kidneys will not allow me to take a drink with you in memory of auld lang syne."

"Durn yo' kidneys! I didn't ask them to take a drink, but ef yo' fit with Hancock, an' in the first division of his corps, red clover leaf, wa'n't it; yes, red clover, le's see, Barlow, yes, Barlow's division. O, I ain't dun forgot everything. Say, Yank, don't yo' think I'm drunk, I'm gwine win some ganda's yet, but yo' gwine drink with me, yo' is, sho'; here, boys, hyar's a Yank fit ag'in me an' mebbe the one 'at shot me in my laig; say, Yank, did yo' shoot me? Ef you did yo' got to take a drink, an' ef yo' didn't yo' got to drink with the old reb, ain't that so, boys?"

The crowd was unanimous, vociferously so, and to resist further would evidently give offense; so with the plea that ill health would not allow of liquid indulgences I capitulated on condition that "just one, in memory of the Wilderness campaign," should be all that I would be expected to take. Turley remarked that I made a poor looking sick man, and "he'd seen lots wuss."

"Whoop," yelled George Washington Simpkins, lifting his glass, "I diden get no ganda', but here's to nex' time; keep yo' good eye awn the ole gray an' me ef yo' want to see a ole ganda's head fotched offen him in fust-class shape."

"Spec' yo' didn' hol' sand 'nuff in yo' han'," said old black Sam. "Ho, Miss'r Wilson! I'se des a-honin' fo' a drink, I is, fo' a fac'."

"Yes, let ole Sam have a drink," said Turley, "'twon't hurt him none; he's all right an' he hangs the birds to the Queen's taste; give him one awn me."

"He's right enough," said Wilson, "and I want to keep him so until the spo't is ovah and then he can have all he wants. Here yo' are, Sam."

"Fo' de lawd, Miss'r Wilson, but dat ah glass am small; spec' he's dun shrunk in de wash. Say, gimme bigga' glass en dat, I ain't had no drink dis ebenin'."

"Hurry up, the glass is big enough!" But when the landlord's back was turned Sam filled the second time and drained it with the remark, "Dat ah glass am 'ceed-in'ly small, it am, fo' a fac'."

The old darky was in good humor now, and went out singing:

> "De jaybird sot awn de hickory lim',
> He wink at me an' I wink at him;
> Says I, 'Missa Jaybird, how de do?'
> Says he, 'I'm well, an' how am you?'
> Den get along, John, yah-ha-ha!"

Old Bill Turley arose to a point of order and remarked: "Wal, gentlemen, ef yo' all got yo' thirst quenched, I reckon it's time to feel the necks o' them ganders."

"No hurry," said the landlord, "the evenin's young yet, an' the ganda's ain't in no hurry. How's that, Sam, ah they all right?"

"Dey is, fo' a fac', Missa Wilson, an' dey doan git in no weavin' way 'bout gittin' dey necks pulled. Yah, ha! Dey ain' honin' fo' yo' all to git in de saddle, yah, ha!"

This gave the host a chance to say: "Now, gentlemen, yo' heah what Sam says, an' yo' all's got time to take one with me;" and without question as to choice of beverage the glasses were set out and the bottle followed. Sile Johnson, the ex-Confederate, was in the middle as they lined up, and, catching my eye, called: "Guide center! Heah, yo! dress awn the colors! you uns on the right touch elbows on the left! Gi' me that bottle! Wait fo' awdahs! Begin fiahing awn the left! Fire!" and he sent the bottle spinning down the sodden bar without accident. "Come up heah, yo' ole Yank," he continued, "yo' got to take one awn the house, 'deed yo' have; yo' kidneys must be dry by this time; heah, take the right o' the line!" It was the easiest, so I filled up with water and we all drank to the house.

As the party filed out they passed me in review, with Jo Bevins, the blacksmith, acting as my aid and advisor, a trifle exuberant but suppressed while commenting, and his criticism was: "Thah's Old Bill, straight as a string,

nevah shows a dozen drinks more'n he'd show one. Sile's feelin' comfitable, but he's all right yet. Them two young sports shows it some, Kellum mo' 'an Murphy; but I see 'em throw off an' make like they's drinkin' an' spill awn the flo'; they's both coatin' the same gal an' they's lookin' out fo' 'vantage. Look a' Simpkins! I knowed he'd git his kish full fust thing, an' he's got it; but he's a good hossman, drunk aw sobah, and he's all o. k. ef he stays jess so an' doan drink no moah; but he will. He'll git fuller'n a tick befo' he goes home, an' he'll—" "Draw fo' places, gentlemen," called the young man at the table, and he held the straws in his closed hand while they drew. Sile Johnson drew the long straw and mounted his big bay. He waited until the gander ceased flapping and hung its head limp. Touching the horse lightly, he started, and the horse, glad to be moving again, increased his speed until two-thirds of the way was left behind, when Sile plied the whip, and the four white feet of the big bay seemed like a streak of light over the brown road. Within a few feet of the game the whip was dropped, the well-sanded right hand raised and the prize was won. The crowd, now increased to over 100, greeted the victor with a shout such as greeted a winner at the Olympian games. As he rode back he leaned from his saddle, picked the whip from the ground, and returning to the stand dismounted with the remark: "The ole man's with the boys yet, yo' bet." I congratulated him on his success and then we looked to see Simpkins mount. He was evidently drunk, but as Bevins remarked, "The hoss is sober," it seemed that there was no danger. He started, plying the whip with vigor, and a small boy encouraged the gray with a smart cut from a hickory switch; away he went, but before he reached the oak the gray was unmanageable and the rider tried to gain control without even giving the suspended bird a glance. The dust was seen a mile away, and a keen-eyed darky boy declared that his bridle had broken.

"The hoss 'll take him home all right ef he sticks on," said the blacksmith.

"Yes," replied Old Bill, "but what 'll his ole woman say? Golly, I wouldn't like to git it, an' not a feather to show her."

Turley walked quietly down the line until the boy with the hickory was reached. The boy was watching a squirrel running a rail fence near by and did not know of the coming danger until he felt a grip on his collar and his own hickory raising welts on his back. His yells scared the squirrel, who dropped a nut and made long jumps for shelter; the jays screamed and the other darkies yelled with delight. "Oh, Mistah Turley! I nebber done nuffin'; oh!" and so he kept it up until half a dozen had been dealt him and he went off crying. Turley never spoke, but as he returned the boys shrank back and several hickories were dropped; that part of their intended fun was spoiled; no other horse got a cut from the line of spectators, and I remembered that the blacksmith had said of Old Bill Turley that "He's one o' them quiet kind that 'tends his own business, but it won't do fo' any o' the smart fellahs to go projectin' 'round him," and from his business-like way in this matter it looked like a very just estimate of him. Several colored men muttered what they would do if their boy was whipped like that, but Old Bill did not hear, or if he did paid no attention to it, but certain it is that none of the grumblers went "projectin' around" Turley.

The other events were run without special incident, Turley getting two and Murphy the remaining two, and all hands went to the house again. I had lingered to observe several flights of wild doves as the sun was just dropping into the tree tops, throwing their long shadows across the field, and was watching a flicker approaching rapidly, closing its wings, falling and then catching himself, as if nodding, and rising again, when a little pickaninny informed me that "a gemman want yo' cum obah," and I started toward the tavern. On entering there were cries of: "Here he is now!" "Leave it to him!" "I'll stand by what he says!" and similar exclamations.

Half a dozen voices claimed attention at once, but on my suggesting that if only one would speak at a time a better understanding would be reached, Old Bill Turley stated the case: "They's a bet up an' it's left fo' yo' to decide, an' we want to know ef yo' see ole niggah Sam put up all the gandahs?"

"I did; I watched the operations closely, for it was all new to me and interesting."

"Did you watch him grease the necks?"

"Yes, I stood near him and saw it all and watched every start and noted each kill or miss."

"Did he grease 'em all, fah an' squah?"

"He did, he greased them all alike."

A shout went up and Kellum remarked: "Heah's yo' dollah, Sile," and then it transpired that he had accused the veteran of collusion with Sam and had bet that there was no grease on the neck of the gander that he had won.

There had evidently been hot talk and some danger of a fight, for the young men, Kellum and Murphy, began to show the effect of Wilson's whisky, but the two older ones were apparently as sober as if they had not drank once, although an hour before this Sile showed evidence of frequent potations. Now he was merely good-humored. Kellum felt it obligatory to celebrate his lost bet and asked the party to the bar, which, by the way, they never left. After the drink Sile seemed to feel it a trifle, and opened up war matters by saying to me: "Yank, did you shoot me in the laig in the wilderness?"

"No, my dear old boy, I didn't do it. In the first place I didn't know that you were there at the time, and in the second I never knew that Sile Johnson was hit. Then again, I did not shoot anybody, at any time, for I carried a sword that was never loaded, and just told other men when to shoot.

"All right, Colonel!" I was promoted at once. "I knowed yo' wouldn't shoot me, not ef yo' knowed it, but some Yank shot me in the laig when I was loadin' my gun an' hadn't shot at anybody nur give no provocation. Didn't hurt much nur lay me up long, but it showed a mean spirit to shoot a man when he ain't done nothin', in't that so?"

I could heartily agree with him since my promotion, and as the landlord had whispered of some bottles of ginger ale found in some out-of-the-way place, for which he had no call, it gave a chance to ask Sile and his friends to join me, for I began to feel mean to be with such a party and not reciprocate after such kind treatment and so many invitations to join them; so calling up Sam, who had been left out somehow, I proposed his health as the best master of ceremonies at a gander pull in Arkansaw, and Sam grinned, touched his hat, said "Thanks, Cunnel," and took his glass brim full. After this Sam was in for every event and sung and danced to the patting of a darky boy until his too liberal potations made him weary, and he curled up on a settee with no interest even in a gander pull.

The blacksmith drew my attention to the two young men who were arguing something at the end of the bar by saying:

"They ar' beginnin' to feel putty numerous, and them's the two I tole yo' was waitin' on one gal, listen!"

"I say 'tain't so!"

"You're a liah!"

Biff, and Kellum has the floor, with Murphy waiting for him to rise, as the Marquis of Queensbury has directed. Old Bill Turley quietly collared both, saying, "Boys, thar ain't goin' to be no fightin' 'less I take a hand. Now yo' all got to stop; yo' heah me?" Kellum was hot for satisfaction, and stated it as his opinion that he could whip any man in the house, old Bill Turley not excepted, and started for him, hands up. Turley took him by both wrists and held him as if he were a child, saying, "Yo' doan whip nobody to-night. Now yo' all take a good-night drink with me, get yo' gandahs an' go home."

In the morning as I passed the blacksmith's Bevins called out, "How did yo' like the gander pull, Cunnel?"

"First-rate; it's an intellectual game that I will try to introduce into Central Park, New York city, when I go home, under the patronage of the Cruelty to Animals Society, in order to divert the public from the brutal game of football; and a gander pull seems to be the only one that Northern women can't rob us of, because they are not strong enough in the wrist. Don't you think so?"

"I dunno, I dunno. Ef they take a notion they'll go at it on bicycles and use canary birds, ef what I heah about 'em is true."

"Perhaps so. I've had a good time, thanks to you for many points, and when I come this way I will always remember that old Bill Turley is the kind of a man that smart fellows don't want to go projecting around. Good bye!"

Natural History.

ENDLESS AND FLYAWAY.

WE were residing for a few weeks in an ancient marble palace, deserted by its builders many centuries ago, in the famous old city of Uxmal in Yucatan. On a Sunday morning an Indian field laborer brought to us from Muna, the nearest town, a forlorn little object in the shape of a yellow dog. Though not many weeks old, it had been made to trot several miles and was quite played out. On its face there were three moles, forming a perfect triangle, and the poor creature's tail had been chopped off by the persons in whose power it had been when it first took a peep at this world; they, like many of their countrymen, regarding a caudal appendage as unbecoming to their canine acquaintances. Some of the ancient Egyptians were of that opinion too, and closely curtailed their dogs.

In a letter of thanks to the priest who had sent us the small specimen of a native hound Dr. Le Plongeon thanked him for his Sunday sermon on Trinity, represented by the three moles, and on Eternity, suggested by the endless condition of the pup.

When the question of a name was discussed it was decided that we could do no better than to leave it as it was, Endless. This was afterward converted by the Spanish-speaking natives into Ingles (Spanish for English).

Three hot baths were required to free the smooth yellow coat from its thirty-three score of fleas. The cleansing process induced an appetite, and its owner, upon finding a dead rabbit which we had intended to incorporate into our own system, made the best of his opportunity. When we discovered our loss all our sympathy went out to the poor doggy, who with widely distended ribs lay gasping in a corner. Owing to his intimate connection with our rabbit we quite despaired of the pup's life, but his time had not yet come, so he grew in strength and beauty.

He soon became useful as a watchdog, and nothing was big enough to arouse his fear. He chased every creature that ventured upon the premises for a few days, and was a small terror to the domesticated fowl which we kept on hand for special occasions. However, we had not much difficulty in teaching him to discriminate, and thereafter he chased the chickens only for the fun of seeing them scared. He never annoyed the poor natives who used to come begging for medicines, each bringing some little offering, if only a flower. One day a girl presented us with a miserable specimen of a chicken, with few feathers and less flesh, which we had to accept. The bird never flew away from Endless, but insisted on perching on his back, dozing between his paws and sharing his food. Like a benevolent human being, the dog responded to those acts of confidence by constituting himself the chick's protector. Whether the dog nursing had anything to do with it we could not say, but as the bird flattened and expanded its feathers grew the wrong side out, making its wings appear as if turned upward, or spread for flight. Owing to this, we at first called that chick Angel, but certain visitors declared that was too shocking, and accordingly the name was changed to Flyaway.

To watch the two friends at dinner was vastly amusing. No sooner did Endless begin his meal than the chick drew near; then, just as soon as the small beak came in contact with some coveted morsel the canine foster parent would make a show of pouncing upon his protegé; only out of mischief, to see the small creature fly off with a cry of fright; in the end the chicken always got the pieces it preferred.

Later on a very sagacious black hen was added to our family party, and Flyaway tried to be adopted by her, but the only attention she ever bestowed on him was to give his small body a sharp peck when she wanted to vent her spleen on something that was not big enough to retaliate—so inhuman!

Our hen Negra turned out to be so brainy that we had not the heart to cut short her life; as for Flyaway, he was our dog's particular friend; therefore, when we left the ruins we carried the trio with us. During the journey we rested some hours at an old convent which had served as habitation to the priest who had presented Endless to us. That amiable young dog was set free in a large, interior court; so were the birds, one secured to each end of the same string. When ready to resume our travels we could not catch the chicks, but the hound, seeing our efforts, took matters in his own hands and in a few minutes got the string between his sharp, white teeth and brought to our feet the rebellious poultry, indulging in a doggish war dance when he saw the chickens in our power.

In Merida, capital of Yucatan, the unfortunate Flyaway was condemned to death for habitual insubordination: he had insisted upon roosting on our dining table.

Endless made no attempt to hide his grief, and Negra then turned comforter. The yellow dog had grown rapidly, and when he appeared particularly depressed the sympathetic chicken would settle herself between his forepaws, leaning against his chest for half an hour at a time.

That gentle condolence was not misplaced. Endless reciprocated by taking into his large mouth the entire head of his comforter, who never manifested fear, but allowed the performance to be repeated again and again.

The first time we heard Negra uttering unusual sounds and saw Endless dragging her about the yard by one of her wings, we rushed to the rescue, but were only meddling with what did not concern us. By observation we became convinced that the hen had no objection to such sport, for no sooner did Endless let go of her than she would, while he lay stretched on the ground, carefully pick stray insects from his glossy coat and perch upon him in the most friendly manner.

We always thought that one day the nature of the beast might assert itself, for Endless was in fact a fine hunting dog, and very fierce; so that each time we saw his great jaws engulf Negra's head we asked each other, Has she really made her very last appearance in public?

She had not done so at the time of our departure, for on returning to New York we left dog and chicken, on the most friendly terms, in care of one of their admiring human friends.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

THE COLORADO BUFFALO SURVIVORS.

DENVER, Colo., June 5.—The inclosed clipping is from yesterday morning's *Republican* of this city. It tells the story as it is now understood. I heard of the killing three or four days ago and knew that a deputy warden had been sent to investigate.

"Last Saturday C. W. Withington, deputy game warden, was sent from Denver to Pine Grove to investigate a report that some one had shot and killed a buffalo in that vicinity. He returned here Tuesday night and yesterday made the following report to State Game Warden Land:

"'I went to Pine Grove to investigate the report of a buffalo having been killed near the place. On May 29 Mr. Jonathan Higginson was surprised to see three large buffalo bulls near his pasture fence, four miles below Buffalo Park, near Scraggy, about thirty-six miles from Denver. He noticed that one of the bulls was mortally wounded, so Mr. Higginson and one of his men followed the buffalo bulls about four miles. The wounded animal was bleeding at the mouth and side and could travel only slowly. It fell several times over logs, etc.

"'Night coming on, they left him in a patch of timber and returned to the ranch. One bull had separated from the others and gone off by himself; the other stayed with his wounded comrade. That morning Mr. Higginson and his man went to where they had left the two bulls and found that the wounded one had died. The other was standing near it, but made off at their approach.

"'Mr. Higginson skinned the buffalo, cut off his head, took the hide and head to the ranch and wired you. I claimed the hide and head for the State, shipped them to you and they are now here in Denver, to be disposed of as you may consider best. This buffalo was a very old one; he has a grand head, but his hide is poor. These three buffalo were undoubtedly driven out of Lost Park, probably by prospectors, as there are quite a number of men prospecting in that vicinity at present. Whether the buffalo was shot in the park or after he had got into the lower country it is at present impossible to state. There was a bullet hole through the paunch, one low down behind the shoulder and one near the point of the shoulder.

"'I think from arrangements we have made we shall learn more about this shooting before many weeks are over. The other two bulls will travel back along the main ridge to their own range. As we have several good men on the lookout for us, we are certain to hear if they get molested in any way.'"

I have been trembling for this little band of buffalo ever since the new excitement in prospecting has been closing its lines around them. Within a month I inquired about them and learned from credible authority that when last seen they numbered sixteen. They belong in Lost Park, about sixty miles from this city, and I think have never been far from their very limited range in the last thirty years. Formerly they were frequently preyed upon by unscrupulous hunters, but in late years they have been pretty carefully watched. The permanent settlers scattered through the mountains in that neighborhood have learned to feel an interest in their preservation.

These buffalo are on an United States Forest Reserve, and the Government ought to fence in six or eight square miles of the tract, inclosing the herd, and by so doing preserve them. That would be a cheap and effective way of saving a natural wild herd upon their native range. These three bulls referred to evidently started off on a scout and one lost his life. He was very large and very old. The largest buffalo I ever saw was from this same herd, killed twelve or fifteen years ago, and is still in the collection of a Colorado taxidermist. There is another small herd of wild buffalo in this State. The last definite information I had about them they numbered eight. I believe I will not even tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM where they range.

An 11lb. trout, native, was brought in from the Gunnison River yesterday.

WM. N. BYERS.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

FOOD OF THE BARN OWL

(Strix pratincola).

IN a recent number of *Science* Dr. Fisher gives the following interesting results of his examination of the rejects of the barn owl. Facts such as these are worth remembering by sportsmen whose habit of carrying guns exposes them to peculiar temptation:

It is well known that birds of prey disgorge the indigestible portions of food, such as hair, bones and feathers. These are formed into balls, known as "pellets" or "rejects," by the muscular action of the stomach, and are regurgitated before a new supply of food is taken. The "pellets" contain the skulls, teeth and other parts of the victims, and furnish a perfect index to the food eaten. In a work on "The Hawks and Owls of the United States," published in 1893, I recorded the results of the examination of 200 "pellets" or "rejects" of the barn owl taken from one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., June 28, 1890. Since that time 475 more have been collected—125 Sept. 14, 1892, and 350 Jan. 8, 1896, making in all a total of 675 "pellets." This abundant material has been carefully examined and found to contain the remains of 1,631 mammals, birds and batrachians, as shown in the following table:

1119 Meadow Voles (*Microtus pennsylvanicus*).
4 Pine Voles (*Microtus pinetorum*).
452 House Mice (*Mus musculus*).
134 Common Rats (*Mus decumanus*).
1 White-footed Mouse (*Peromyscus leucopus*).
20 Jumping Mice (*Zapus hudsonicus*).
1 Rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*).
33 Short-tailed Shrews (*Blarina brevicauda*).
21 Small Short-tailed Shrews (*Blarina parva*).
1 Star-nosed Mole (*Condylura cristata*).
1 Brown Bat (*Vesperugo fuscus*).
2 Sora Rails (*Porzana carolina*).
4 Bobolinks (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*).
3 Red-winged Blackbirds (*Agelaius phœniceus*).
1 Vesper Sparrow (*Poocœtes gramineus*).
10 Song Sparrows (*Melospiza fasciata*).
4 Swamp Sparrows (*Melospiza georgiana*).
1 Swallow (*Petrochelidon*)?
1 Warbler (*Dendroica*).
6 Marsh Wrens (*Cistothorus palustris*).
2 Spring Frogs (*Rana pipiens*)?

A glance at this list will demonstrate to any thoughtful person the immense value of this useful bird in keeping noxious rodents in check. Moreover, judging from the species in the list, it may be seen that the barn owl hunts almost exclusively in open country, such as cultivated fields, meadows and marsh lands, where such pests do most damage. In Germany, according to Dr. Bernard Altum (*Journal f. Ornithologie*, 1863, pp. 43 and 217), the barn owl feeds extensively on shrews. In 703 "pellets," a number only slightly greater than that which I examined, he found remains of 1,579 shrews, an average of over two to each "pellet," while our 675 "pellets" contained only 54 shrews, an average of one skull to each 12½ pellets. On the other hand, our material contained the remains of 2½ mice to each "pellet," or 93 per cent. of the whole mass. The birds, which constitute about 4½ per cent. of the owl's food, are in the main species of little economic importance. A. K. FISHER.

THE COPPERHEAD.

OAKLAND, Cal., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is considerable evidence in the late numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the snake season is close at hand. Indeed, two or three of your correspondents have already entered the field, and while they apologized in most cases for being a little premature, I regard that as merely a subterfuge to cover the fear that some one would get ahead of them.

Now, I am in search of a little information myself on that perennially absorbing topic, and where could I better look for it than in these columns? Doubtless you have a talented snake editor, who will be fully equal to the emergency; then there is Brother Hough, whose exhaustive researches into the hoopsnake enigma entitle him to a very high position in reptilian literature, and lastly, many astute correspondents, some of which I feel sure will not only be able but pleased to throw all the light required upon the subject.

What I want is a description of the appearance and habits of the copperhead. Not the genus with which so many of us were familiar during the late war, but the simon pure ophidian of that name.

I have killed rattlesnakes in nearly every State and Territory west of the Missouri except in the extreme northern tier, and learned disquisitions, some of which declare this to be the only really deadly reptile in the United States, are to be found in all the large libraries of the land, but I have never yet seen a copperhead either living or dead, and when I began to realize this serious defect in my experience and started in to remedy it, I found such an inexplicable dearth of authentic information available that the results were of a most disheartening and negative character—that is to say that, although before the investigation I thought I had settled a few points about copperheads, I concluded afterward that I knew nothing whatever concerning them, and began even o doubt their existence.

First I visited the reptile departments in the different museums in San Francisco, but while I found an abundance of snakes from all parts of the world I found no copperheads from our own country or any other. Then I consulted the encyclopedias. A search in the American was fruitless; they were not mentioned—at least not under that name. The Britannica briefly stated that they were a slow, venemous snake, usually found in wet places, under stumps, in swamps, etc.; but their habitat was not very definitely given, and as I did not believe they were found in England, Scotland or even Ireland, it was not quite clear to me how they could know so much more about them than our own savants. Finally I turned to the snake sharps of my acquaintance, and the enthusiasm with which my inquiries were received seemed to promise the most gratifying revelations. There was, in fact, every indication that I had at last struck the right trail.

One began by telling me how his grandfather and father had slaughtered them when they first settled in Indiana; another reported that the county in Kentucky adjoining the one in which he was born was just alive with them, and a third gave me a thrilling account of a desperate fight one of his neighbors had with one that had attempted to drive him out of a 10-acre field. All this was certainly very encouraging, but when I pressed them to give me something from their own experience their eyes assumed a far-away look and they for the most part acknowledged that they had never seen one. One or two, whose zeal to impart information aroused a suspicion that their memory might be defective, declared that they had killed them when they were boys, but even they were unable to describe them in any satisfactory manner. None would say that they had personally known anyone who had been bitten by one, but agreed that in point of venom the cobra, rattlesnake or *fer-de-lance* was not "in it" with a copperhead.

In my boyhood the people of my section were firm believers in three remarkable kinds of snakes. The most formidable of these was the hoopsnake, with a spear or horn in the end of its tail so deadly that a wound from it was speedily fatal to all life, either animal or vegetable. This delectable creature was said to be so irascible that it promptly attacked anything that came in sight by taking its tail in its mouth, getting up on edge and sailing in with or without provocation.

Then there was the blue racer, with a white ring around its neck, very long and slender, and able to outrun the fastest horse by traveling along on top of the brush without touching the ground; and lastly the joint snake, which when pursued could separate itself into sections and make its escape by several different routes, resuming its normal condition at leisure after the danger was over.

All the solid facts about these phenomenally gifted reptiles were minutely instilled into my receptive brain in early childhood, but not a word was said about the copperhead, and although for nearly twenty years I have been a regular reader and correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, the mystery enshrouding them is as deep to me as ever. Information from any reliable source will therefore be gratefully received, only the neighbor and grandfather variety being barred. FORKED DEER.

[Notwithstanding our correspondent's doubts of the copperhead, it does exist, and this is its description: Hazel brown in color, the top of head bright coppery; back with a series of fifteen to twenty-five dark blotches, having something the form of an inverted Y; yellowish beneath, with dark blotches. It is 3ft. or more in length. The general form of the body is stout, and the head flat and triangular, something like that of a rattlesnake. The copperhead belongs to the genus *Ancistrodon*, of which there are two species, confined to eastern North America. The range of the copperhead is from New England to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. It is an inhabitant of the uplands and is sometimes called "highland moccasin." The water moccasin, which belongs to the same genus, is a common snake of the swamps of the South from the Carolinas to Texas; it seldom exceeds 4ft. in length and is said to be very venomous; it is an active swimmer. These species are closely related to the *fer-de-lance* (*Trigonocephalus*), which is found in South America and in some of the West Indian islands.]

BEARS IN THE NORTHWEST.

TACOMA, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read the paper by Dr. Merriam in the last number of your valued publication with keen interest. As bear stories are a never failing fund of amusement to the young, so also bearology (with apologies for the term) is an inexhaustible subject for study and investigation by the lover of nature.

There is no animal among the larger fauna of this coast which is more ubiquitous than the black bear. He is with us in force, and whether we wade the noisy stream in quest of the gamy trout, or thread the tangled mazes of the salal berry bushes in pursuit of the big blue grouse, our old friend *Ursus euarctus* is pretty sure to show up, either by signs or in his own person, before the day is done.

The vast hordes of salmon which twice annually swarm into every river and stream in this country fall easy victims to the skill of the sly old ursine fisherman; and his inordinate love of the sport of raking the pools with his long claws, and standing guard over a shallow riffle to flip a toothsome fish far out on shore, often overcomes his natural timidity, so that when intent upon his amusement it is often possible to fish right up to him. It has been my good fortune to gain very near approach to four different bears in this way in a single afternoon. And then in the fall, when nature spreads her bountiful feast of berries and fruits, old Mrs. Bear goes smashing around among the berry bushes with her double litters of cubs trailing after her, all scooping handfuls of fruit and leaves into their mouths and pushing for the fullest bushes.

Two factors tend to foster and protect the bears in this region. The first of these is the variety and abundance of the food supply, the second the impenetrable character of the cover. Incidentally it might be mentioned also that, with one exception, the hunters in this country have no trained bear dogs and do not hunt bears systematically. The mildness of the climate here, together with the fact that the salmon afford abundant food until after midwinter, sufficiently explains the very short period of hibernation. Indeed, in favored localities the bear is scarcely in retirement, and one of the liveliest impromptu bear hunts I have had here was after Christmas.

Uncle Ursus was at home that day, all curled up under the burned end of a big fir tree, and a little lazy about getting his boots on for a run. He had dined sumptuously the previous night upon a good fat sheep, and his big soft bed of ferns was too alluring to leave. And so he lingered until my little spaniel Jimmy poked his nose against his furry ribs. Then he came out with a mighty snort, and amid a cloud of whirling leaves; and he was so rattled that he forgot to look for the owner of the dog and came rip, smash, against said owner's legs, and man, bear and dog got suddenly mixed up. If this particular bear had been endowed with the sense of a Bowery sneak-thief he might have got away unobserved among the confusion his sudden appearance created; but he did not sneak, he went for an adjacent tree. This hide shows a white patch under the throat, and I have observed this in many instances. Two cubs, litter mates, brought in this week, bear this mark.

Speaking of cubs reminds me that much confusion exists, even in the minds of pretty well informed persons, about the relative size and age of cubs when they are first brought out in the spring. They are seen here in late March and early April, and are then as large as a small cocker spaniel. As they are born naked and blind, and do not open their eyes until 21 days old, they are at least 2 months old. At this time they are funny looking little fellows, with abnormally big ears and protuberant eyes, rather long tan colored legs and a somewhat scant coat of long grayish hair. They are lively fighters at this early age, and if you should essay to pick one up you will do well first to throw your coat over him. Neglect to observe this precaution cost a companion some pain and disfigurement last year.

The great majority of bears killed here are caught in steel traps. Few are still hunted, though this method is not impracticable. The hunter above referred to as the owner of a bear pack has killed very many bears before his hounds; but the last of this pack was killed by an irate bear last fall, and there are very few untrained dogs that will trail a bear.

In bear killing, as in any other kind of shooting, the question of caliber is intimately blended with holding on to the game. I have seen a bear shamble off into cover and be lost when shot more than twice by a .40-82 at easy range, and I have seen a bear dropped dead in his tracks at long range by a single .38-55 in the hands of a steady and accurate shooter.

We have a character here in the person of a Schwabian rancher, a native of the hill country of *Vaterland*, whose specialty is killing bears with a revolver; and his exploits in this direction are well attested, and his success quite phenomenal. He trapped an old female last March, killed her and her mate, two yearlings and three young cubs, all with his revolver and between sunset and dark. He handles the little weapon with great skill.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

Michigan Birds.

CENTRAL LAKE, June 9.—Our first hummingbird was seen May 17. We thought that we heard one a week earlier, but were not certain.

I drove a few miles north last week on roads not far eastward from the shore of Grand Traverse Bay, and was much gratified at the sight of some of my old friends. There was a quail near the road and quite tame, also meadowlarks and bobolinks and a black squirrel, the last being very rare in this region. The quail have been living for a year or two not far from Norwood, and efforts have been made to protect them, with good results, but I do not think that they have yet become numerous—scarcely common.

The meadowlarks and bobolinks have been common twenty miles south of this village for a number of years, and have gradually worked their way northward along the roads, but have not ventured far inland—I suppose because the large bodies of timber seemed unattractive. These are gradually disappearing and soon the birds may take a wider range.

The catbirds, which for some years have built their nest in a bush close to our coffee mill (probably because they liked its music), have not returned this year and we fear the worst. There is a pair of orioles, however, and these, with the brown thrushes, make the morning air vocal when they are not too busy with their housekeeping arrangements. Robins are very common, and I think there are many more small birds about than ever before. Not a bluebird, however, has been seen. Yellowbirds are quite numerous.

At a more convenient opportunity I have a few words to say concerning trout, of which the catch seems to have been better this season than usual. Also of the trout-horse. Likewise regarding a farmer, a wolf and a hemlock knot. KELPIE.

Feathered Strangers Near New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Grinnell's note in your issue of May 23 on the occurrence of the starling in Audubon Park recalls a rather singular experience I had in the upper part of New York city one morning in November, 1895. While riding down Riverside Drive my attention was attracted, near 112th street, by an unfamiliar bird note. It was a somewhat metallic, tinkling chorus, which I found was uttered by a flock of seventeen starlings perched in the topmost branches of the tall, leafless trees on the banks of the river. A few blocks further down I saw seven more starlings, and fancied I heard the flight-note of the European goldfinch, a bird which sometimes visits Riverside Park.

English sparrows, it is needless to say, were abundant, and I was mentally commenting on the fact that our city avifauna should be so largely composed of foreigners, when in one of the saplings bordering the Drive I saw a strange-looking, small, green bird which for a moment was a puzzle. On closer inspection it proved to be a Madagascar paroquet or gray-headed love bird (*Agapornis cana*). Doubtless it had escaped from confinement, but its plumage was in excellent condition and it flew with all the vigor of a wild bird. The English sparrows were much excited over the appearance of this newly-arrived emigrant. They had evidently decided that its presence was undesirable, and the poor little paroquet's first impressions of New York life were doubtless far from pleasing. FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, June 5.

Quail Breeding.

NEW YORK, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For three years I have endeavored to raise quail in a small inclosure about 10ft. square and 2ft. high, covered with mesh wire, on the roof of a shed in the rear of my house. I put in 10in. of soil and have very good grass. It has been a failure steadily until this year, in the beginning largely through the food. The present pair I have had exactly a year and a half, and last summer they failed to mate, I think, because I had another cock in the same inclosure. However, this year they were alone and mated, built a nest under a board supported by two uprights, 8in. high, on which they invariably roost. About this I have some branches, and there was considerable dead grass, of which they built their nest, the male doing most of the work. There are, I think, nine eggs in the nest now.

I feed the birds lettuce, buckwheat and the half of an apple daily the entire year, and it seems to be the only food they thrive on; I have some very finely pulverized oyster shells in the tray with the buckwheat. I discovered their fondness for apples last year through feeding a rabbit I had in their place awhile.

Now if they should continue to lay and should hatch

any little ones, I should like to know what sort of food to give them while they are very young, and I thought some of your readers would be kind enough to give me the information. A. G. FERGUSON.

[Feed your young quail, if any are hatched, on finely chopped hard boiled eggs for the first week, gradually adding to this fine bird seed, a little oatmeal and a little corn meal. You might try them with prepared mocking-bird food, and if you can do so give them ants' eggs. They need a fair quantity of animal food, which you can hardly obtain in attractive form in the city. Give us the results of your efforts.]

The Bluebirds.

DENVER, Col.—The bluebirds (Arctic) reached here this year Feb. 25, a week or ten days late. They were very plentiful for a while. A few days later there was a sharp snowstorm and the birds gathered about the houses—at least about mine. I counted at one time from a window upon the shrubbery at one side of the house fifty-four bluebirds, and they seemed about equally plentiful on all sides of the house. As spring advanced they scattered to the mountains. Only one pair, I think, nested upon my premises. The robins came two or three days later.
WM. N. BYERS.

ORO, Washington, June 1.—I presume the bluebirds here are *S. articita*, as the males are all very blue. They are quite numerous around the mill now and I have noticed a number going into holes in trees; I think they hatch here. LEW WILMOT.

ITHACA, N. Y.—I have tried to be alert and thorough in my search for the bluebirds, but thus far I have failed to observe a single specimen. In April I heard of one now and then, but I fear they have again avoided us. Orioles are more numerous than I have noted them in a decade. The finches, sparrows, larks and grackles are with us numerously, as usual. A recent visit to Lansing, Mich., convinces me that nearly, if not quite, all the birds familiar to western and central New York are to be found in and about the beautiful Capital City in goodly numbers. But the bluebird abideth not there, apparently.
M. CHILL.

The Distribution of the Bobolink.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Twenty years ago bobolinks were abundant summer residents in this vicinity. Now they occur only as spring and fall migrants, and for the past fifteen years I have not seen them during the breeding season. Whether their disappearance is purely local I cannot say, but the nearest nesting bobolinks I know of are distant about ten miles north of this place, on the New York—New Jersey State line. The cause of their disappearance is simply a matter of conjecture. The killing of immense numbers of these birds as reed birds or rice birds each fall by gunners and rice growers may have had some effect on the species as a whole, but the result would not be likely to be evident locally. Their decrease may be due to trapping during the mating season. I have heard a New York dealer in cage birds say that he received about 600 bobolinks from Long Island every spring. Or, as in the case of the dickcissel, it may be due to some more far-reaching and obscure cause. At any rate, the subject seems of sufficient interest and importance to warrant a call for information on the present distribution of our bobolinks, in order that subsequent changes may become more apparent and perhaps intelligible. I hope, therefore, that your correspondents will record any pertinent notes they may have.
FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Band-Tailed Pigeons.

THE question which recently came up as to the occurrence in Washington and in British Columbia of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) appears to have been settled by the notes, printed last week, from Dr. Beebe and from Mr. John Fannin, curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, B. C. These contributions are to the effect that the wild pigeons referred to by Dr. Beebe were, as we suggested in a note appended to Dr. Beebe's original inquiry, the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*). If further confirmation were needed it may be found in a skin of one of the birds, kindly sent on to us by Dr. Beebe, which is that of a male band-tailed pigeon. This species occurs commonly on the west coast of North America from British Columbia south to the highlands of Guatemala.

Game Bag and Gun.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

NEARLY everyone has heard more or less of the wonderful purity of the air in the West; how fresh meat can be left hanging for weeks and remain pure and sweet, and how a barrel of water left standing exposed to the air accumulates no foul matter or "wigglers," such as take possession of water left so exposed in an Eastern climate. Many claim that the purity of the air out there accounts for the fact of such a preponderance of honest statesmen hailing from the West. Be that as it may, the following illustrates the wonderful qualities of this air better than any authentic account I have yet seen.

In the winter of 1873–74, in company with three others, I was camped on the Middle Loup River, in Nebraska, well up toward the mouth of the Dismal. Our occupation was hunting. We had a comfortable camp of red cedar logs and plenty of dry cedar logs to keep our fire snapping and glowing. Late in the winter our occupation grew to be nine-tenths sleeping, eating and playing seven-up, with an occasional trip into the hills after elk, deer or antelope to keep up our fresh meat supply.

Along in the early part of the winter one of the boys had killed a huge whitetail buck, the largest I ever saw. The flesh of this old fellow was very tough and we kept it on hand to use when there was nothing else in camp and to give to farmers who came up from the settlements a hundred miles below to have an outing and get a load of meat. These people invariably struck our camp entirely out of provisions, and we would not only feed them while they stayed, but provision them for the return trip.

Toward spring the carcass of the old buck had been worn away until only the neck was left, and that was so tough that human ingenuity could reduce it no further.

One evening just before sundown a party of farmers drove up to our camp, and as was usual with this kind, they were out of provisions. We fed and lodged them, and when they left supplied them with flour and coffee, and for meat gave them the piece of neck.

Across the river and some four miles away was another camp like ours—out for the winter. The farmers went from ours to this camp, and as it chanced found them out of meat, and out of their abundance (as they claimed) gave them a piece, the neck, and went on their way rejoicing. Some two weeks later a party arrived at the camp across the river from the lower regions, as we called the settlements, and they too were out of provisions. On leaving their acquired stock consisted of flour, coffee and buck's neck.

From that camp the outfit came directly over to ours. They arrived just before supper and we were obliged to apologize for being out of meat. They promptly volunteered the meat and produced the neck. I recognized the old fellow in an instant, and taking it passed out as if to slice some for cooking. Luck was on my side, for as I stepped through the door I espied one of the boys who had been out hunting just coming down the cañon with the tenderloin of a fine young black-tail buck he had killed. Going to meet him, I posted him to keep still and sliced the tenderloin for supper.

It was comical to see the look of wonder on the faces of our guests as they tasted the juicy steak, but they did not dare to give themselves away; and I think it must be a wonder to them yet how the thing was done.

On breaking camp in the spring we left the piece of neck on the chopping block, and until this year, 1896, I have never revisited the place.

This spring fate, with her sails set for distant climes, took me on board and carried me into that neighborhood and I took a "stop-over" for a couple of hours and revisited the old camp ground. I had a grand time visiting with those wrinkled old hills. The spot seemed hallowed to me, and as I wandered about many scenes and adventures in which I had been a prominent actor came drifting by on the flood tide of memory. I gazed long at the mouth of the cañon out of which came the first elk I ever drew bead on. That elk may be alive yet for all I know to the contrary.

Wandering from the camp site, I follow up a divide to the south and east down which I have tramped through the gloaming many a night in the long ago, returning from the day's hunt. A mile and a half from the camp site I climb up and out on to what I used to call the table basin.

The table is about 300ft. above the level of the creek, a mile to the west, and contains 400 or 500 acres of fine land. The land is all under cultivation now, though there are no buildings on it, the buildings being down near the creek, where water is more accessible. At the south end of the table is where I had laid my first elk low.

From there I made my way far to the westward to the scene of my most signal success in all my hunting experiences. As I approach the place I come upon a deserted frame house standing on a level piece of ground, where a huge cañon widens out into some semblance of a valley. Here some wanderer from the East had settled with his little family, built his house and planted trees, laying out his grounds and preparing the soil for crops, with fond hopes of future peace and plenty; but alas, for his expectations! he was a little too far out of the rain belt and after years of trial was obliged to leave his little all and seek a more favored clime.

I seated myself on the deserted doorstep and pictured to myself some of the labors, hopes and despairs this settler must have undergone. The spirit of the departed settler (departed East to live with his wife's father) hovered near and whispered tales of privation into my sympathetic ear, and then the wheels of time turned back another decade; the doorstep crumbles away beneath me and I find myself lying prone on the prairie—not in a valley, but on a hill. The air, which had been sultry all day, has suddenly become cool and invigorating; the sun, which last instant was halfway down the western slope, is now just peeping above the eastern horizon, casting its first glint of gold across the frost-bejeweled blue stem.

But what is this awkward yet familiar looking thing I am holding in front of me? It is evidently a gun, the stock of which extends nearly to the end of the barrel, and is held in place by three iron bands. It has a huge hammer, underneath which a curious little lever is locked. Ah! I see, it is my old .50-70 needle gun.

Yes, and just across the cañon on the next hill, 150yds. away, his red sides ablaze in the morning sun, stands a huge elk. Just now, too, I hear the rattle of horns and realize there are more of them in the cañon below, two of whom are settling some difference of opinion according to the code.

How I would like to be up where I could look over the wall at them. But I am as far as I can go in that direction without being discovered by the old fellow on the hill, so I content myself with taking a good look at him and then leveling the needle gun on him and pulling the trigger.

I hear the bullet spat on the elk's ribs, emitting a sound much as if he had been struck with a barrel stave. I see him flinch, even at that distance, and then he turns his head slowly toward me as if to reproach for the pain I have caused; then, without warning, his legs suddenly shoot into the air and he is down.

The rest (there proved to be six of them) run down the cañon a couple of hundred yards and come out on a small knoll, where they stop to take observations. I get in several shots before they conclude to move on. What happens after is a confused jumble of running and shooting.

Accurately to describe it would be as impossible as for one to look at the monuments on the Custer battlefield and then accurately describe the battle. When I come to myself I am three miles from the starting point and have three elk down, the last with seven bullets in his carcass and brought to earth by the last cartridge in my possession. I immediately hasten back to camp to get the boys to help dress the game, but alas! ere I reach it, time has resumed her normal flight and I find the boys and the camp, like the Indian's stove after he has kindled his fire with gunpowder, "A heap gone."

Wandering around the camp ground I fell to searching for relics. The logs of the cabin had long since been removed by settlers, and the only thing to mark the spot is a depression where the cellar was, though I could have located the place from the lay of the ground. The only thing I find that seems to belong to the "old days" is the hull of a Spencer rifle cartridge; this I know to have been fired from the gun of that make I attempted to use when I first came out here. The extractors of this gun had a habit of taking a piece out of the hull and leaving it sticking in the gun. The hull I find is so marked and I am satisfied.

Down on the bank of the stream I come to the place where the old chopping block stood. The block has completely rotted away; there is only a reddish cast in the soil from the fiber of rottening wood to mark the spot; and yes, there is something else, 'tis that piece of neck, seemingly in as good repair as when I left it there twenty years ago.

I examine it and find it sweet and tough, as the broken blade of my jack knife will testify. In a circle round the center I find the skeletons of fifteen wolves, each with nose pointed to the center. The story of their sad fate was plainly audible; they had starved to death trying to get a meal off that neck.

Now when anything new or wonderful is discovered or told there is sure to be some "Doubting Thomas" who shouts fake or humbug; but any such can have their doubts subdued, for on application I will send my broken jack knife to be inspected by any one.

No communication will be noticed unless money is inclosed to pay freight both ways. E. P. JAQUES.

GENESEO, Ill.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Ways of Some Wardens.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 6.—A business man of Chicago writes to call attention to the manner in which the game warden of Iron county, Wis., is discharging his official duties. The gentleman states that he has direct information that this warden found a party, including a Mr. Caldwell and guide, in possession of muscallonge while in camp on Fisher or Cedar Lake during the early part of May, and proceeded to read a warrant for their arrest, but compromised the matter with them directly on the payment of $75. This warden is a saloon-keeper in the town of Mercer. It is said that some of the county officers of Iron county enjoyed considerable good muscallonge fishing during the last two weeks of the closed season. But I fail to understand the comment of my informant, who says, "There is more or less excuse for this, as nearly everyone in the district feels that the closed season should end on the 10th of May." It would be very convenient to break a good many laws which do not suit us personally, but if we followed out this idea we would have no laws at all, and no fish at all.

Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., is not strictly happy over the result of the little attempt on his part to do some game protection. Mr. Powers and his brother had noticed many violations of the duck law at Spring Lake, Ill., this spring, and wrote to Warden Blow to learn what he could do in the way of stopping them. Warden Blow replied that for the sum of $30 he would go to Spring Lake and stay for a number of days and clean up all the violators. The $30 was sent him, but apparently fell into the middle of a deep silence. The duck season has passed and spring has merged into summer, but no Blow and no $30 has yet appeared in the vicinity of Spring Lake. Not this spring, but perhaps some other spring.

Bird Lime.

Justice Smith this week fined S. Derling and H. Borsinger $5 and costs, each for trapping song birds by means of bird lime. They were using a sticky substance which they placed on twigs about the nests of the song birds, thus taking them when they alighted near the nest. The justice told the men that if they resumed their industry he would fine them $100.

The Mills of the Gods.

For wisdom and justice in large solid chunks, apply at the office of a country justice of the peace when a game law case is before him. A recent instance at Elgin, Ill., may be cited. Mr. Fargo, of Chicago, had lost overboard a fine Westley Richards gun in the Fox River at that point, and employed some net fishermen there to recover it for him. The men took a seine and went fishing for the gun, which they are said to have recovered early in the evening. Yet they continued seining until 1 o'clock in the morning, at which time they were caught by Warden Blow. The justice before whom the case was brought discharged the men on the ground that they were still seining for the gun, from force of habit.

National Park Buffalo.

Mr. John W. Cowan, of Butte, Mont., who is in the city this week, says that he thinks the herd of National Park buffalo is about wiped out. He believes this from reports which have come to him from south and west of the Park. Mr. Cowan and others are making strenuous efforts to stop the slaughter of deer in the Flathead country. He says that 7,000 deer were killed there in one winter, two years ago.

From Cincinnati.

Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., manager of the coal traffic of the B. & O. Southwestern Ry., spent part of the week in Chicago. He states that he has become a fisherman besides a field shooter, and recently had a good take of bass in the White River of Indiana. It may be remembered that Mr. Peabody was the head of the special car party whose doings in Texas, winter before last, were recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM. He says that the party must unite next winter for another trip to the same country.

From Texas.

Mr. O. C. Guessaz writes from San Antonio, Texas, and gives some facts in regard to the canvasback situation at Lake Surprise, near Galveston. He states that banker Moody, of Galveston, had eight market hunters hired last season to shoot for him on the canvasback grounds of which he has gained control. One of these hunters writes to Mr. Guessaz that last winter he killed 5,000 canvasbacks to his own gun. Credible information also comes from Mr. Guessaz that banker Moody cleared up $7,800 last winter as profit on his market shooting. He is

said also to have made $300,000 in cotton deals, so that it would seem that he could manage to worry through the year if he is economical.

There is no doubt that a very fine canvasback preserve is thus kept closed against the shooting public. So far as the birds are concerned, however, I am disposed to believe, from personal acquaintance with the locality mentioned, that they are better off the way it is. If those waters were thrown open, they would soon be shot out. To be sure, a great many of us would have a great deal of fun while the process was going on, and to be sure also the shooting would be in the name of sport and not of the market; but the end would be the same, and it would only be reached more quickly. My friend Mr. Guessaz can tell us something of the size of the bags made by Northern shooters on the Texas coast when the flight is good, and can reason out what 100 such shooters would do on Lake Surprise in the course of a season. I think he will agree with me that a limited bag is better to-day for sportsmanship than the addition of ducking grounds, no matter how good or abundantly supplied they may be. I have seen the game go from so many apparently inexhaustible localities that I begin to be afraid for the game supply of Texas, to which the tide of shooting travel has of late turned so strongly. It is going to be Dakota over again. I should like to see Lake Surprise in the hands of a club of sportsmen who would limit the bags to not more than fifty birds a day, which I personally believe is enough for a sportsman to kill at this stage of the game supply in the United States. That so much game is sent to the markets, to be eaten as food by men who are not sportsmen, is the great cause of the scarcity, as I am persuaded all must believe who understand the facts. When the millennium comes we shall have no game market, and the sportsmen will stand around Lake Surprise, each contented with a bag of twenty-five birds—when the millennium comes.

In It.

Mr. H. A. Newkirk, of the Chambers Glass Company, writes to state that he believed it might be gratifying to the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that in writing to seven different sporting goods manufacturers he had occasion to state that he saw the advertisement of each in FOREST AND STREAM. The leading sporting goods houses of the United States are in FOREST AND STREAM, and those who are not in it are out of it so far as competition in the trade is concerned. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

In Four Parts—Part Two.

JACKSON'S HOLE comprises a territory about sixty miles long and twenty miles wide. It is completely shut in by tall and rugged mountains, and seems to be an amphitheater especially created by the great and just God for the habitation of his creatures.

Here upon the rolling prairie and in the dense fir forests the moose, elk, deer and antelope roam in solitude, being disturbed only by an occasional visit of some hunter or wandering band of Indians. The basin is well watered. Jackson's Lake, a body of water twenty miles long and five miles wide, lies in the extreme northern end, and the South Fork of the Snake River takes its origin in this lake. Snake River runs the full length of the basin and is fed by dozens of smaller streams, which are the outlets of numerous small lakes. Thus the entire Hole or basin is interspersed by a network of small lakes and creeks, which all empty into Snake River. We were charmed with the prospect.

We had obtained a good view of the basin from the side of the mountain as we descended, and one and all declared that if we did not find game here there was no use looking for it in America. Old Ed declared that every man in the party should have the opportunity of killing more than one elk, and then if he did not take advantage of it the fault was his. Ed said that two years ago he guided a couple of Chicago railroad magnates to Jackson's Hole. (I will not give their names, as one of them might read this and come back at me.) They came out to Yellowstone Park in a private coach, left their families at one of the hotels in the Park, and came to Ed's house to be guided to Jackson's Hole on a hunt. They bought a whole drove of pack horses and had champagne and cognac, and two cooks and valets and numerous superfluities. Ed said that he hunted with them faithfully, and jumped elk and deer and antelope by the drove for them, but they could not hit the side of a house with their rifles. They were both strangers to the use of a rifle. So the hunt was without success—excepting what he killed for them. We assured Ed that if he would show us the game we would get it, and so the bargain was made.

The mountains on all sides are split up with immense cañons or gorges. Out of each one of these cañons rushes a mountain torrent that rushes and tumbles to the river below. Up in these cañons, many of which run far back into the mountain range, live bear, elk, moose and black-tail deer. Moose, elk and deer also inhabit the dense fir forests that border the lakes. They very rarely go out on the open prairie.

On the morning of Sept. 9 we were all in the saddle by daylight. Up to this time we had got only the two elk that we bagged in the Bitter Root Mountains; so a more ardent lot of fellows would be hard to find. Ed told us to go in pairs and we would be more apt to find game than for all to go together. Ed and Dr. McReynolds were together, Cooke, McKamy and F. Gardenhire formed another set, and S. Wester and I were to hunt together. We all took different routes. Sam and I rode for several hours across the prairie, passing through numerous belts of timber that bordered the creeks. We saw several large droves of antelope, but could not get in rifle range of any of them. Finally about noon I rode out of the bed of a creek, and as I mounted the other bank I got into the middle of a drove of antelope. I threw the reins over my horse's head, jumped to the ground, and firing as they scampered off I got a large stag. About this time Sam came up and we skinned the antelope, and taking his hindquarters with us went on. We hunted the rest of the day without success, and returned to camp at dark.

Before long all the boys were back, and Dr. McReynolds came riding in with the hindquarters of a big moose tied behind him, while Old Ed had the hide rolled up and a side of moose ribs tied behind his saddle.

We gathered to hear the Doctor give an account of his adventure, and Old Ed said he never saw a man slide off of a horse and pump a Winchester any faster than the Doctor did. They had gone up one of the old cañons to a favorite hunting place that Old Ed knew, and he had found the game for the Doctor. Ed sighted the moose as she was browsing on the bushes, and the Doctor sprang from the saddle and shot her before she ran. As she ran off he gave her another bullet from his .50-95 Winchester express rifle, and that stopped her. We were certainly a happy crowd. A moose the first day. Think of it!

We all set to work now to help the cook, and before long were seated to a grand repast of moose steak, hot biscuit, vegetable soup, fried trout and broiled prairie chicken. Our camp was on a creek and Will Johnson had caught a waterpail full of trout as fine as I ever laid eyes on. We dreamed of hunting that night, and the goddess Diana seemed to be smiling upon each member of the party and whispering in his ear, "You can hunt now to your heart's content."

Next morning, the 10th, by daylight, we had breakfast over and camp knocked down and packed in wagon to move. We were to move up the valley about twenty miles, so as to get better grass for our horses and equally as good hunting. Ed directed our course toward Jackson's Lake, and about noon we drove into a shady nook near the base of Big Teton Mountain and about six miles distant from Jackson's Lake. This nook was a small valley hemmed in on one side by a large foaming creek bordered by magnificent trees. The valley comprised about 200 acres, shut in at the rear by the foothills of the Big Teton Mountain and on the front by the creek. So our camp was entirely hidden from any passing band of Indians or trappers. The bunch grass was waist high, so the horses had plenty of forage. We camped on the bank of the creek and erected the tents in a fine grove. Ed said that this would be our main camping place, so we could spend the rest of the day in making ourselves comfortable. We followed his example and soon had benches made and shelves nailed against the trees for wash basins and water pails, with a rough table to eat upon. Then every man cut a good supply of the tall grass, or rather hay, as it was cured at this season, and made a good soft bed in his tent. We also erected a good strong fork on each side of our camp-fire, and by laying a heavy pole in this fork could roast or spit sides of ribs or quarters of game. After we had erected and arranged the cooking tent and put up the small sheet iron stove we were comfortable.

That afternoon we fished for a couple of hours and found that the stream was literally alive with trout. We were glad of this, as it would be the means of passing away many a pleasant hour when not engaged in the chase. We were surprised to find the trout so large; Wester and Cooke caught several salmon trout that weighed over 5lbs. each. I tell you if you land a 5lb. trout out of one of those tumbling, boiling mountain streams, and keep him from sawing the line in two against the rocks, you are an expert. It is not so easy as it is to draw one in from the placid surface of a lake or sluggish stream. I have seen Sam Wester get so excited that he would forget everything on earth except that trout on his hook, and if he could not get his fish any other way he would go into the water with his clothes on after it. There is nothing like this in the way of sport unless it is to bring down a big elk or moose as it leaps through the forest.

All the boys were in the saddle by daylight eager for the chase. They divided up in pairs, and each pair took a different route. I remained in camp on this day, so as to allow Will Johnson a day to hunt. I busied myself during the day arranging small details of the camp to my own satisfaction, and in the afternoon took Sam's shotgun and walked out a short distance on the prairie to shoot chickens. I had all the shooting I wanted, and brought back as many birds as I could conveniently carry. I also caught a nice string of trout, and at 5 P. M. put dinner on. I spitted the side of moose ribs, and with baked trout and broiled chicken, and antelope steak and a goodly variety of canned vegetables, had an elegant repast waiting for the hungry hunters. All the boys were in by 7 o'clock, and one and all declared that I had done my duty as cook. I have lived in camp a good many years in following the civil engineer's profession, and learned something of camp cooking. The bag this day was light. Will McKamy killed an antelope and brought it in whole. All of the boys had seen numerous fresh signs of elk and bears, but had sighted nothing, not even a deer.

We slept soundly that night and all hands were in the saddle at daylight. A more energetic and enthusiastic party was never in the woods. Ed, Dr. McReynolds, S. Wester and B. Cooke were formed into one party, and McKamy, Frank and I formed the other. Trafton was to guide his party to another of "his favorite places," as he called them. Old Ed grinned and said, "Boys, if I don't show you game to-day you need not pay me my week's wages." That reassured us, as we knew Ed would not make such a rash proposal as that unless he was sanguine of success. Will, Frank and I hunted hard all day. We traversed forest and cañon, foothills and the open plains. We got a scratch shot at a big black-tail buck, but failed to stop him. We followed one elk trail eight or ten miles back into the wilderness, but failed to come up with them.

We returned to camp empty-handed. About dark the other party got in, and old Ed was true to his promise; he had found game for them. They had killed a bear and two black-tail bucks. Dr. McReynolds killed the bear and Sam and Bob killed a buck each. The boys brought in the bear skin, his hindquarters, and old Ed saved all of his fat. Sam brought in his buck, but Bob left his in the woods. When he shot the buck it tumbled over a precipice, and as it was getting late they did not go after it. Sam says they could see the deer stretched out dead on the rocks below them; but it was too late to get it out of the gulch; so they left it. Bob said he would go back some time and get the horns, as it had a magnificent head. We were all very much elated, and declared old Ed to be a jewel. In a party like ours it was as much pleasure to see our companions successful as to be the lucky man. We were all warm friends, and there was no rancour nor petty jealousy to disturb the equanimity of any one.

We feasted that night, sang songs and helped old Ed scrape the bear hide and render up the fat into oil. Ed was in for saving his winter supply of grease or substitute for lard. He said every gallon of bear oil and every pound of elk tallow that he took home with him would save him money the coming winter, and as we did not want the stuff we were glad to see him utilize it.

The 13th was an unsuccessful day. We only killed a small antelope and some prairie chickens. We waged unremitting war against the porcupines, because they would come to our camp while we were asleep and gnaw our saddles and harness. The porcupine is death and destruction to leather, and I would advise anyone going into this country to take a good watch dog with them. Ed had a good one at home, but had left it with his wife for her protection.

Sunday we all remained in camp and rested. We had our usual morning exercises and a short sermon from Dr. McReynolds, which we enjoyed very much.

On the morning of the 15th Bob Cooke said he wanted to hunt on foot and alone that day, so he shouldered his rifle and departed in the gray dawn. Ed, McKamy, Frank and Johnson went together, mounted, and Wester and I hunted together, also mounted. Dr. McReynolds remained in camp. Sam and I hunted until noon, and as we did not start anything returned to camp and put in the balance of the day shooting chickens and fishing. We had great sport at this, and when night came had a goodly supply of both.

Bob Cooke had an unsuccessful day; although he emptied his magazine at an old cow moose, he could not stop her. Bob says the timber was so thick that his bullets buried themselves in the trees instead of striking the moose. He fired nine times at her and did not draw blood. When Bob Cooke shoots nine times at an animal and does not kill it there was not much chance. The other party reached camp about 7 o'clock and had the hindquarters of a large cow elk and one side of ribs, and Old Ed had his usual supply of about 40lbs. of tallow. We could all tell that Frank had something to do with the killing, for he came in whooping. It seems that the party had very unexpectedly started a large band of elk, some thirty or more, and the only fair shot obtained was the cow that they killed, as she was separated some distance from the others. Will McKamy and Frank were in advance of the other two men and both fired twice at the cow. They brought her down and she had three bullet holes in her, so both had hit her. Frank says two of the bullets that struck her were his, and so that he killed the elk. But as both Frank and Will used the same caliber rifle we decided that it was a draw and both were entitled to the glory. We finally let up on Frank and peace and good will were established again.

We had a good dinner that night and made an extra spread, as this was the last dinner Dr. McReynolds was to take with us. We all wrote long letters home to our wives and dear ones and gave them graphic descriptions of our hunt.

On the morning of the 16th, long before day, Dr. McReynolds was on the trail leading back to Ed Trafton's house. He had eighty miles to travel that day, as there was no place he could stop until he reached Ed's house. He made it, however, that night about 10 o'clock. What Eastern horse would carry a man eighty miles in one day?

The morning of the 17th Ed said he would take us to Jackson's Lake, as he had often killed elk in the thick fir forests that border the lake. Bob Cooke took his rifle and hunted alone. The other members of the party followed Ed. We took a circuitous route to avoid the dead timber, which is very difficult to get through, and arrived at the lake about 9 o'clock. We hunted in the tall and stately fir timber for about an hour, riding along slowly and keeping a sharp lookout. All at once, Old Ed, who was in the lead, stopped and pointed his finger. We looked, and not more than 75yds. from us stood the finest specimen of an elk I ever saw. Several of the boys saw him at the same time, but before any of us could dismount and take aim he was gone. About three of his tremendous leaps put him out of sight, as the timber was very thick. This bull was the finest one we saw on the trip, and had a magnificent set of horns. Many were the regrets that some of us had not been a little quicker in action. We started several more elk that day, but had bad luck in obtaining shots. Not a single man got the chance to shoot. In returning home we followed the beach of the lake for some distance and came upon a trapper's hut. There was a large black-tail buck hanging to a tree close by, and all the trapper's outfit in the hut. We stopped long enough to fry some venison from his deer and make some coffee out of his supply, then continued our journey. We noticed a large number of very fine fish heads on the ground near the hut; so it proved that there was fine fishing there as well as hunting. The fish heads were much larger than any we had caught. Ed said that the lake was noted for its fine trout, and that he had seen trout caught out of it that weighed as much as 15lbs.

We reached camp that night empty handed, as we had not killed as much as an antelope. We had seen a magnificent body of water, however, and the sandy beach and boggy spots along the lake were full of tracks of every variety of game, from deer to bear. We knew they were there; all that was required of us was to find them.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

LAST March two Livingston, Mont., poachers named Sheffield and Vance were arrested by the authorities in the Yellowstone National Park for killing elk in the strip north of the forty-fifth parallel. They were tried before Commissioner Meldrum at the Mammoth Hot Springs week before last, and on Thursday, June 4, were convicted and fined $75 each and costs. The two men made a strong plea that they were unable to pay this fine, so the Commissioner reduced it to $50 each, which they managed to raise and to pay. This makes elk meat come pretty high.

The season in the Park is very backward, and there is still a good deal of snow. The crew who are at work on the roads only reached the Lake Hotel June 5, and it will take them some time longer to get over the divide.

The country is full of game, and great numbers of young animals are seen every day. Elwood Hofer, the Smithsonian hunter, is at Yancey's catching young animals for the National Zoölogical Park at Washington. He has taken four antelope and five elk, and could get a great many more of these last if he wanted them.

Usually travel begins in the Yellowstone Park soon after June 1, but the indications are that this year the season will open late.

Connecticut Game Birds.

HAMDEN COUNTY, Conn.—If signs are to be relied upon then in this section there will be a greater abundance of game next fall than there has been for a number of years.

Woodcock are with us at present in greater numbers than usual, while drumming partridges can be heard on every hand. The mellow call of Bob White comes as of old from wood's edge and bar rail. They certainly are thicker than they have been in the past ten years.

We have a stranger with us this year—the Mongolian pheasant. During the past two years a number of these birds have been released in this neighborhood. Within sight of where I am writing this note a very interesting family, consisting of father, mother and a brood of a dozen young birds, are to be seen almost daily. They frequently mingle with the barnyard fowl. Besides this brood there are a number of old birds about. It is greatly to be regretted that the three-year law prohibiting the killing of this new addition to our list of game birds expires with the opening of the shooting season. It seems a pity that they should no sooner start to increase than the work of extermination should begin.

The increase in partridges is undoubtedly directly attributable to the aggressive activity inaugurated against the snarers last fall. From all accounts it was rather an unprofitable season for them. This activity will not be allowed to lag, for these lawbreakers will be watched closer than ever this year. WM. H. AVIS.

Camp Comfort.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 21.—Mr. W. H. Gannett, one of our leading citizens, has built recently a log cabin on Capitol Hill. It is within a mile or so of the city, and is a model retreat when a business man yearns for a little rest and recreation. It is made of logs from ½ to 2ft. thick, and the roof is protected by two layers of cedar splits.

The panes of bullseye glass in the gable window are over 100 years old and attract much attention.

Mounted deer and caribou heads adorn the walls, while bows and arrows, powder horns and shot pouches, historic guns and saddle bags are arranged artistically over the old-fashioned fireplace and inviting couches. Bear, moose, deer, caribou, coon and fox rugs are spread out on the floor. Deer feet and antlers are used as gun and hat racks.

It is something that would make a sportsman's eyes sparkle if he could see this rustic camp, seemingly in the heart of the Maine woods. MAINESPRING.

Sea and River Fishing.

AN ARKANSAS CENTER.

DALLAS, Polk County, Ark., May 27.—Failing health having forced a vacation, I came here by an overland trip of ninety miles from Mansfield, the nearest railway point, ascending and descending mountains and crossing valleys at heads of river systems, over roads that would have discouraged a well man; but as I had received letters from friends, full of the glories and game qualities of the golden trout, white trout and black trout of the mountain streams here, I came on to my journey's end, lured on by the hope that I might surprise you by the covering and skeleton of a golden trout of 10 or 12lbs. weight, as they had been described to me in letters.

Bridges were unknown on the road traveled, and as we would ford the streams of clear, cold water I would point to deep pools and say to my driver, "That pond ought to be filled with bass and croppies." But his reply always was, "It's full of trout, but there ain't no bass in this country—only white, black and golden trout."

Yesterday I went "trout" fishing with two residents of this county to an old beaver dam on Board Camp Creek, near its outlet into the Ouachita River, ten miles below this place, and while my companions were hitching the team I put my split bamboo in shape, and fastening a small-sized tin "sunfish" minnow on my line I made a cast on the surface of the water, and the cast was met by a strike, and I fastened to a perfect bass of from 2 to 3lbs. weight. As I landed the fish one of my companions recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to say: "He's got a 4lb. white trout the first throw with that painted thing." The fish was of the exact shape of a large-mouthed black bass, but it was almost white, with a black stripe running from its gill along each side to the tail, and it was a new fish to me; but as it was broiled over the coals for our dinner at noon, in flavor it was a genuine black bass.

As I could not get a rise for an artificial bait of any description, I put a large-sized minnow upon a No. 6-0 Carlise hook and let it run down with the creek current at the head of the pool, and was rewarded by a strike and a catch before 15yds. of line had run off my reel, and when I had landed my fish, which was a genuine large-mouth black bass of about 2lbs. in weight, one of my companions said, in answer to my query of the name of the fish, "That's a genuine black mountain trout, and a mighty good one too."

We had each caught two or three "genuine black mountain trout" when I had the good fortune and surprise to catch the first "golden trout," which was of about 1½lbs. in weight, and but for its golden color would have been a large-mouthed black bass. When first landed the fish was of a bright orange or golden color, and while a portion of its skin which I inclose herewith has greatly faded, yet it will give you an idea of the fish and enable you to classify it, which I wish you would, and also the one above described and locally known as the "white trout." After a pleasant afternoon catching "white," "black" and "golden trout," about equally in number, in abundance, we came home by moonlight.

This town of Dallas, with 350 population, is the county seat of Polk county and is situated on a plateau elevated 1,125ft. above the sea level, guarded by the Roaring Fork Mountain and the Rich Mountains on the north, and distant ten miles, while the Cossetot Mountains bound it on the south, distant fifteen miles, with the Lind Mountains fifteen miles west in the Indian Territory. It should be the center of a sportsman's paradise, as not one-third of the level lands of the plateau are in cultivation, and the rest of the surface of the country, including the sides and tops of the mountains, is covered with a heavy forest, abounding in gray and fox squirrels, possum, coon, deer and wild turkeys, with many black bears on the mountains. Since I have been here three bears have been killed and brought in by the huckleberry pickers.

Springs of pure cold water abound everywhere, and from this plateau send spring brooks through the mountain gaps on the north of the Poteau, Petit Jean and Fourche La Fave rivers, tributaries of the Arkansas, while on the south and southeast they flow into the Ouachita, the Cossetot, Rolling Fork and Little River, tributaries of the Red River.

All brooks are swift streams of pure, clear, cold water, abounding in rocky riffles and deep, rocky pools filled with the kinds of bass or "trout" above described—bream, perch, the catfish, etc.—and Bob White possesses the land everywhere.

A kindlier, more friendly people I never saw in my life, and Col. Robert Allen and Marion B. Allen, ranchmen near Cove, twelve miles southwest of Dallas, near Indian Territory line, have several times tried to persuade me to go down home with them for a hunt on their ranch lands leased of the Choctaw Indians. They say their cowboys report many flocks of old wild turkey gobblers, from 40 to 100 in a flock, and deer, bears and gray wolves in large numbers, in the forests of the Lind and Choctaw mountains.

The game laws of Arkansas making a close season of deer to Aug. 1 and wild turkey and quail to Sept. 1, all local hunters go over into the Choctaw Nation for deer and turkeys. Four citizens of this place returned to-day from a four days' hunt with twenty wild gobblers, seven deer and three black bears, which they divided among friends.

While this country is a great game preserve at the present time, it may not last long, and the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Railway will have its line completed from Kansas City, Mo., to this place by Sept. 1, and I most sincerely wish that some of your force could be here and take a hunt in the Choctaw Nation with Col. Bob or Marion Allen, of Cove. Both are greatly looked up to by those Indians, both speaking the Choctaw tongue.

I hope in the near future to give you an account of a bear hunt with them, as soon as my health will permit me and I feel myself strong enough; for, as Col. Bob says, "Bears are getting in good order on huckleberries and blackberries, and make mighty good eating, with golden trout on the side." I remain to you and your readers

A LOVER OF THE ROD AND GUN.

[There is no reasonable doubt that all the so-called trout of the Ouachita River Basin are black bass and the local names may refer to the two well-known kinds, large-mouthed and small-mouthed, both of which are found in the Ouachita and its tributaries. The "white trout" is unquestionably the large-mouthed bass, the black stripe being characteristic of that fish. The "golden trout," as nearly as we can decide from the piece of skin above mentioned, is the small-mouthed bass. According to the most recent publication of the U. S. Fish Commission upon the fishes of Arkansas both kinds of black bass are found in all the principal river basins of that State, with the exception of the Red River Basin, in which only the large-mouthed bass is recorded. The only trout in Arkansas waters are introduced by fishcultural operations and the rainbow is the kind chiefly furnished by the hatcheries.]

ANGLING NOTES.

State Fish in Private Waters.

IT has been frequently charged in years past that fish and fish fry have been obtained from the State hatcheries—fish reared by and at the expense of the State—and planted in private waters from which the general public has been excluded. There is no question whatever that the charges were true, and I found upon investigation that in one year, not so very long ago, of 98,000 trout fry distributed in one county, 60,000, or nearly two-thirds, were planted in waters wholly private. The records fairly bristle with plants of State fish in private waters. How is the practice to be stopped?

The State Fishculturist has issued a circular, in which it is stated that no fish will be furnished by the State for waters that are private. The application blanks which must be filled out in order to obtain fish of any kind declare that the fish asked for are for public waters, and yet it is not possible, I presume, to detect every attempt to obtain State fish for private fishing waters. The Commission examines all applications carefully and obtains all possible information about doubtful waters before granting one, and under no circumstances will fish be furnished to applicants for waters closed to the public if the circumstances are known or can be discovered by inquiry. If in spite of all the precautions taken fish are obtained from the State and planted where they cannot be caught, or rather fished for, by the people of the State, there is a remedy which if applied will stop the practice most effectually. The reports of the Commission give information as to where the fish sent out are planted, the name of the stream or pond and the name of the person to whom the fish are granted. It is within the province of every one to report to the Commission if fish are obtained for public waters and then planted beyond the reach of the public. A law has been enacted during the session of the Legislature of last winter which reads in part, being Section 212 of the game law, as follows: "Provided, however, that all waters heretofore stocked by the State or which may hereafter be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State, shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein the same as though the private park law had never existed. But nothing herein contained shall be construed as affecting any rights now existing of persons owning lands or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of this act." Hereafter when any person applies to the State for fish of any kind a copy of this law will be sent with the application blank, and it will doubtless serve as a discourager of forming private parks and posting them after they have been stocked with fish at the expense of the taxpayers of the State.

Planting Fish Fry on Spawning Beds.

A circular issued by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, giving instructions for transporting and planting young fish, says among other things: "Lake trout should be planted among boulders or rocks in mid-lake, very near to deep water, into which the young trout soon find their way. In the absence of such shoals with locks to afford hiding places for the young trout, they may be planted on natural spawning beds, when they are known." I have been asked so many times to explain why not select the spawning grounds first as the best possible place to plant the fry that I will explain here before I have to make other individual explanations to any who may be in the dark on this subject. Various species of fishes, other than trout, know where the spawning grounds of lake trout are, and they resort there to eat spawn and fry as if they all had a formal invitation to the feast. Anyone who has looked on a lake trout spawning bed at night and witnessed the eels congregated in numbers greater than the trout will not need to be told that they are great destroyers of spawn. Perch are also destructive of fry, and rock bass aid the perch in no small degree, and it is to avoid as much as possible the congregation of predaceous fishes on and around a spawning bed that it is advised to plant the artificially reared fry elsewhere.

The 13½lbs. Brook Trout.

I use the definite article, as I imagine there is but one 13½lbs. brook trout; but in case there should be, I will say that I refer to a fish which, in a mounted or stuffed condition, was exhibited at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden last year, with the legend on a card that it was a brook trout, and that in life it weighed 13½lbs. I said something about this fish at the time in this column, but I do not recall exactly what I said and I do not like to search the file of FOREST AND STREAM at 1 o'clock in the morning to find out. If I expressed what I thought I probably intimated that I had my doubts about the species of the fish. Record fish have a fascination for me, and I can remember the weight of one when I cannot remember my own age. The 13½lbs. fellow haunted me for some time after I saw it in its glass-covered case perched high up out of reach of too inquisitive eyes and hands. This year I heard of the fish again, that it was in a Twenty-third street store in New York, and one day I went there to pay my respects to it. It was still in its glass-fronted case in the show window of the store, and there was no better opportunity for a close inspection of his serene majesty than there was at Madison Square Garden. The legend informed the curious that the fish weighed the same as it did a year ago, and that it was the largest brook trout on record and was caught by a lady in Iowa. The attendant gave me all the information about the fish which he possessed, which was the same as the legend on the printed card. My thoughts must have found expression in my tongue, for the young man asked me if I thought it was not a brook trout, and I could only return an "evasive answer" by asking if he happened to know positively that it was not a lake trout. If I had had the job of painting that fish to make it the largest brook trout on record, and caught in Iowa and by a lady, I would have put the paint on so thickly that the scales would not show even in the strongest light, to make it appear so very like a lake trout and unlike a brook trout.

The scales may have been grafted on by a dermatologist as an experiment, and in this way the fish got out of its class, and the painter gave it the spots and coloring of a brook trout to please his fancy. "I'm not sayin'" that it is not a brook trout, for it would be impolite, as the fish was caught by a lady (in Iowa); but I have waited several weeks to hear from a man in the Twenty-third street store who was to send me the particulars of the capture of the fish, but his letter is one of those which never came.

Texas Tarpon.

A friend and old fishing companion residing in Houston, Texas, closes a letter to me by saying: "I have been tarpon fishing several days, and will go again this week and report results. I hung one big fellow, but as usual failed to land him. There are plenty of tarpon within twenty-five miles of our city, and you can sit from early morning until late at night and see them jumping all around you."

I do not know how to interpret that expression, "but as usual I failed to land him." I have seen this gentleman land all sorts of fish but tarpon in various waters of various States, and certainly a tarpon ought not to outgeneral such an angler as he has proved himself to be. Any man who has threshed a Scotch salmon river from dawn until dark with an 18ft. salmon rod cannot lack strength, and a man who has successfully cast his flies for ouananiche in the Saguenay and brook trout in Maine should not be lacking in skill, so I am obliged to think that my friend does not hook his fish securely, and perhaps this failure causes him to lose his "aliborus," which is Norwegian for sand. I would be sorry to think so, but I can think of no other reason for his failure. I am not so much surprised that he should lose a large tarpon or several of them, but I am struck dumb when he admits it.

Lake Trout Fishing.

The lake trout fishing in Lake George this year was peculiar. May is the month that the trout are at the surface, and are caught by trolling with light tackle; but the fishing the past month was almost a flat failure as a whole, although some good catches were made on occasions. The trout were never more in evidence than on some particular days during the month, but they would rarely take a lure that was presented with hooks attached. On some still days they could be seen rolling at the surface in every direction, but it was almost useless to troll over or around them, for the troll passed unnoticed by them. If trout were seen by hundreds the whitefish were seen by thousands, and it is upon whitefish that the trout feed. This food is provided so lavishly that the trout are simply gorged with it. One fisherman tells me that after trolling with whitefish for two days without a strike, he obtained some gold shiners (bream), and thereafter he had good success, as the trout took them readily enough, after ignoring the whitefish. The planting of the big lake whitefish in the lake has provided too much food, as they have nothing to do but thrive and multiply and furnish food for trout. A. N. CHENEY.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 471.]

WHEN we arrived at Raissaines, which was about 11 o'clock that morning, we were greeted by a squad of bare-footed youngsters at the beach who only desired to satisfy their curiosity as to who we were and what we wanted. We at once struck up an acquaintance with them. One of the brigade, who appeared to be the generalissimo of the party, was a perfect picture of a rustic fisherboy. He wore his straw hat in a decidedly jaunty style, his pants were rolled up to his knees, his dark ringlets curled o'er his sunburnt neck, and as he threw some gravel into the water his flashing eyes roved over us as if he wished to make some inquiries. Anticipating him in this, I first took the rôle of interviewer and asked him if his father were one of the fishermen.

"Yes, sir," he quickly replied.

"Have you ever been out to the nets with your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you intend to follow the same business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it hard work?"

"When it storms it is."

"Are there many brook trout here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Down there, and over there;" indicating the places with his index finger.

"Do you fish for them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Catch any?"

"Yes, sir."

"Many?"

"Yes, sir."

"Caught any this season?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Down there, and over there," pointing again with his finger.

"Do you think we can catch any?"

"Not with flies."

"Why not?"

"Won't bite at 'em."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you use?"

"Worms and minnows."

"Have you caught all the fish here?"

"There may be one or two left."

"Here," said Ned, "you have about pumped the boy dry; let us get our things ashore and the tents up, and we can investigate and soon ascertain whether a fly is not as good and as attractive as the despised angle worm or a silver sided minnow."

"I am fearful these boys have about depleted the waters in this locality. Another instance of the devilish warfare against the trout by even the adolescent half-breeds. Every trout as long as it represents coin is here pursued until it is captured or driven away."

"Our larder has always been full."

"Yes, but what earnest work it took to fill it."

"Yes, that's the beauty of it."

"The toil of it, rather."

"You seem to like it?"

"Oh, yes; but less sparsity would be very acceptable and would give us more pleasure."

"Here, take hold of this box and stop your grumbling."

"I am grumbling about the rapacity and destructiveness of the semi-savage who will soon have the last trout."

And so the conversation continued till we had our quarters completed and dinner in course of preparation.

After we had fully satisfied our keen appetites and gave the men the same opportunity, we sailed to a little island some two miles distant and at once set to work to coax some of the *fontinalis* family to take their abode in another element. By way of a wide departure in flies as well as an experiment, I used a lady-of-the-lake for my stretcher and a golden-rod for my dropper. Ned had selected as his persuaders a scarlet-ibis for his upper fly and a professor for the lower. An east wind was prevailing when we commenced presenting our flies, and hence did not look for many responses, for no wind blows that is so unfavorable as that. We, however, worked willingly and in very choice places; but it was a long time before we had a proposition, and this came to my lady-of-the-lake, who showed her enticing treachery by piercing with her concealed rapier the scarlet lips of the affectionate and freckled *fontinalis*.

Such art of subtle deceiving gives infinite pleasure, and that exasperated trout, as he rushed off with impetuous speed, thought

"That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,"

the angler with his feathered decoys is very peculiar But now trick for trick, doubtless thought the fettered fish, and with a dart for the ruffled surface and a leap from his element of 3ft. or more, he feels the keen east wind fanning his gleaming sides and sees with dire dismay the unrepenting eyes of his mortal foeman, and then suddenly drops back to the cool waters with a firm determination to gain his freedom—a freedom with a thousand charms; a freedom that will restore him to his noble race, to all that is dear to life. Alas, alas, for the beguiled beauty, as his boldest efforts sadly and sublimely fail; the battle, however, was fought with a desperate and gallant heroism that should have made him the cherished idol of his carmined tribe. Gently and carefully he is drawn to the boat, and then the latticed twine is slipped under him and his ebbing life quickly passes away. The victor is in glowing raptures over his graceful symmetry and his iridescent hues, and in such supreme moments it seems to him a prize as priceless as the string of pearls that beautifies the snowy neck of a new-made bride.

Ned, who in the meantime had been fishing on a small promontory on the main land adjacent to the island, on seeing my triumph shouted aloud to bring the boat over, being exceedingly anxious just then to hear his reel discoursing sweet music, and thinking I had a monopoly, was desirous of being in the "swim." He was therefore ferried over by the half-breeds, and on landing commenced climbing over the steep and sharp-edged rocks to get in position at a choice place. He finally secured the desired location, and then the sportsman, with his snowy locks streaming in the lively breeze and his eyes all a-sparkle, commenced proffering his tempting lures. Out they would sail with a whiz, alighting on some foamy crest, and then their dance over the surface commenced.

A savage response at last came to the expectant angler, and with a gentle twist of his wrist the dashing trout is impaled, and with the velocity of a whirlwind he breaks for deeper and darker water, and there cuts many a high-handed caper that makes the rodster very anxious about the capture of the fighting fish. He is, however, equal to the occasion, which is fraught with so much alarming danger, and ere long has the battling trout *hors de combat*. Ned is highly elated with his victory, and now is anxious to return, as the sea is running high, with the "white horses" riding every wave.

As the wind was blowing over the bow, the boatmen thought it best to hug the shore and endeavor to get a lee behind some of the high hills that lined the shore. Even with that advantage it was a hard pull, for the wind every now and then dropped down from the imposing elevations and gave us a heavy sea to buffet. There, however, was much to delight the eye and fancy along the capricious course of this bold shore. It is so marvelously marked by caves and caverns and craggy headlands, which the tempestuous water and biting frost have so steadily worn, and which have also made other eccentric forms as humorously dressed as a zany in cap and bells. One striking peculiarity about this rugged range is that in many places the entire headlands have been washed entirely away and nice gravelly beaches have taken their places, thus giving it a wide and picturesque diversity. Our boatmen never could see anything pleasingly impressive in these majestic pictures of rock and sea and forest. All they most admired were harbors of safety and fine camping grounds, for the treacherous lake was to them a foe that was ever seeking to destroy. A bright sky, a soft breeze, and a camp near by proved to them more attractive than any grand scenery or embellished canvas of the same from the brush of a Rubens or a Rembrandt.

Arriving at our quarters, we were greeted by the generalissimo and his bare-footed squad, who gathered around our boat when it struck the beach as if they wished to storm it.

"What did you catch?" inquired the inquisitive leader as he peered into the boat.

"Fish," says Ned.

"What kind?"

"Trout."

"How many?"

"Two."

"That's no fishing."

"Pretty good after your bait-fishing raid."

"Well, we gets money for 'em."

"So I thought."

"Say, did you ketch 'em with these 'ere flies?" says he, looking at our lures.

"Certainly."

"You ought to see us yank out when they first bite."

"Catch many?"

"Caught ten big ones one day down yonder," pointing to a low range of rocks below us.

"What did you get for them?"

"A dollar."

This tells the true tale of depletion, and just so long as these little dusky pot-hunters and also the big ones remain on this shore, just so long will the steady warfare be kept up until not a brook trout is left. Years ago we could catch all the trout we wanted at Gros Cap and Maple islands, the former about fifteen and the latter about twenty-five miles above the "Soo." Now we have to voyage at least 150 miles to get any kind of trout fishing at all, and even that at its best is quite indifferent to what it was. It is, however, consoling to realize, as we do, that "It is not all of fishing to fish," and that "bulk and weight" count little with us.

How many of these greedy anglers ever stop to admire the luster of the rising or setting sun; the sparkling concave of the midnight sky; the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn and water which an extensive landscape on these rugged shores offers to the view. Their thoughts, however, are solely on big catches, so that when the outing ends they can return with "brag and bluster" and hope to knock out all romancers in that line. They can never sing what

"The valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield."

That evening after supper we sat around the camp-fire, and, as we all earnestly conversed, watched the last flush of the waning day fade, and then looking upward saw the twinkling stars set their watch in the sky and listened to the sullen beating of the waves as they rolled in from the turbulent sea. Hour after hour thus passed, and when the camp-fire was in embers and the white smoke curling through the dark branches overhead, I reminded Ned of the lateness of the night by stating that even Homer and Jupiter doze now and then. This mention of somnolence sent us all to bed and to slumber sound.

The morning came with a blustering east wind and a sea that forbade all thought of angling outside the little strip of shoreland where we were quartered and which was protected by a few islets just beyond the pier. We sat around quite awhile after breakfast trying to figure out a dividend on idleness, but the stock kept sinking lower and lower with every beat of the pounding waves that made a sad racket in the little caves and hollows just above us.

By way of relief the little band of tawny mischief makers paid us a visit and wanted to know why we were not fishing.

"Where shall we fish such baleful weather as this?"

"Right there," spoke up the bare-footed generalissimo, and then he threw a stone into the lake to indicate the particular place.

"Nothing there, I guess."

"Small brook trout, sure."

"Let's venture on it as a last resort," I suggested.

Ned being willing, we got our rods, and selecting some very small flies on a No. 10 Sproat, set in to lure the little fellows. Ned sauntered up to the pier for his base of operations, while I took the boat and Kenosh and started in to try the circumscribed limits on the outer line. Ned caught a small one before I had left with the boat, and was so overjoyed with the infinitesimal trout that he shouted to attract my attention. This satisfied me as to the verity of the boy's statement and at least promised us some sport with the spotted Lilliputians. I was soon casting, and at the very first delivery I had a rise. I missed him and tried again, and another response came and again I missed.

"You must be wide awake to catch 'em, and pull quickly too," advised Kenosh.

The third cast was now made and then some parental trout missed one of his family, for I took this one dead on the wing. I held the baby trout up and asked Kenosh if it was really a 6-incher.

"You never catch anything less here," he significantly replied.

I would have wagered a prince's ransom, if I had it, that the tinted tomtit was not a fraction over 5in. I, however, fully considered our adverse situation that morning and fell into Kenosh's mathematical manner of elongating inches, though I assure you I never would attempt to convince any game warden that it was 6in., provided he had his official tape line with him.

Another shortly caught on, but this one was a full 6-incher, honest measure. To abridge matters, will simply state that I soon had a baker's dozen, the largest being about 8in. and the smallest, according to the dusky professor of mathematics, 6in. This number fully satisfied me, and when I reached shore Ned was there and exhibited about the same number, and strange to relate not one, according to the present edition of mathematics we were then studying, was under 6in.

The bare-footed band, who were awaiting our return, were somewhat taken back when they saw how beautifully our lures worked, and were then anxious to barter anything for a few flies. Ned told them if they would sincerely agree to give up bait-fishing, that he would supply the entire brigade with flies.

"No, siree, I don't give up no bait-fishing," indignantly replied the generalissimo.

"You get no flies then," said Ned.

"Keep 'em then;" and with offended dignity he proudly stalked away, with his little army following and chattering away in no gentle mood. We felt that they would declare war against us and might storm our tents while we were off trouting, but nothing came of it, for they were around again after dinner as if nothing unpleasant had taken place. As a truce they were given a few flies and then the pipe of peace sent forth the fragrant and soothing incense.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the wind lulled sufficiently to permit of our going to the island to endeavor to interest the trout family in our lures, if any of them were there. Just as we were pushing off, several of the dogs of the little fishing hamlet came sniffling around our tents in search of food.

Under such circumstances it would not do to go and leave the provisions unprotected. Ned suggested, as we were now in high feather with the little army, that we send for one of them to act as guard. Looking down toward the pier, we discovered the entire party trying to tempt trout with the flies that had been given them. They were using some forest poles, and stiff ones at that, casting. They drove the trout away instead of tempting them, for their flies dropped on the water with a most terrible splash. We watched them quite a while, so diverting was it; and then Kenosh shouted for one of them to come. The leader at once started on the double quick, and on joining us we engaged him for a silver coin of no small denomination to stand guard over our provisions till we came back.

We then left, and had anything but a pleasant trip to the little promontory just off the island—a place we always tried *en route*. Here Ned caught a 2-pounder on his red-ibis, and then we crossed over to the flinty island that had not a blade of grass, a fragment of moss, or any sign of vegetable matter. It was too much exposed to storm and frost for that, and was so broken on its surface that great care had to be taken to prevent broken limbs. I at once clambered over to a favorite spot of mine, and after a cast or two had a tigerish response and a battling trout that kept me in anxiety till Jo had him safely in the landing net.

Repeated castings here bringing no more to the surface, I crossed over the misshapen rocks to the east side of the islet—for it was nothing more—and was fortunate enough in my third cast to hang one that tried to take in my royal-coachman. He at once was savagely defiant, scorning surrender as if it meant degradation. No warrior of the deep that wears the royal robes of rainbow hue ever yields to the foe above as long as an atom of strength remains for resistance. This one was a brave fighter that strictly held me to the fierce battle. Time and again did his heroic struggles and lofty vaulting cause me much nervous anxiety, but the willowy wand and silken thread were of sterling quality, and always to the fore in a dread emergency. I twice gave him the butt, turning his retreat and baffling him so completely that he lost his head and in consequence the fight. The capture of this prize was a little world of pleasure to me, and fully repaid me for the entire afternoon's outing. Of the glowing beauty and lovely lines and curves of grace which this trout displayed no pen could describe, no artist dream into canvas.

We caught one more trout and then, as night was fast approaching, discontinued our casting, and embarking on the boat were soon at our quarters. We found the generalissimo on guard with his bare-footed brigade around, as also three big sledging dogs. The boys were all munching some of our crackers, to which they had helped themselves, and by way of their accounting for the little freebooting said they were "awful hungry," and were willing to pay for what they had eaten. With the silver coin the captain general had received he felt able to liquidate all such claims, but Ned told them it was all right and to take some more if they wanted them, which they did without waiting for a second invitation. Having loaded up with crackers, they started off as happy as a spring lark when he prunes himself in the sunshine.

After supper the evening developed a picture of perfect despair. No twinkling stars, no silver moon, nothing but the moan of the billowy sea and the wail of the weeping forest. We all felt its depressing effects, and to mitigate it the half-breeds made a rousing fire and stirred up a golden rain of sparks that made a little lurid world of our own. We then planned to leave in the morning for Aguawa Harbor, provided the weather was favorable. Kenosh made no prognostications about it, as his bones

were not aching and therefore his anatomical barometer was giving out no indications.

Ned wisely suggested going to bed and sleeping over it and taking it in the morning, as one takes a wife, for better or for worse, and no kicking about it either. It was wholesome advice, and we therefore cheerfully abided by it.

The angler's misery, the festive mosquitoes, we discovered after retiring, were out in great clouds and we could distinctly hear their direful war songs as brigade after brigade of them charged into our tent with their little daggers drawn. In addition to this annoyance some roving cattle, rendered furious by the attacks of these winged warriors, were wildly tramping around our tent all night, and in such close proximity that I had to get up and fasten the folds in front to prevent their entering as a refuge from their tormentors. As if our troublesome company was not fully sufficient, several ground squirrels put in an appearance and selected the roof of our tent for their mischievous frolics, while a number of field mice seeking for snug quarters crawled under our blankets for a serene *siesta*. It was everything but a quiet night, but amidst all the disturbance we finally fell asleep.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURAL FOOD FOR TROUT FRY.

BY FRED. MATHER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

HALF a dozen years ago, more or less, a fishculturist in Europe published an account of his experiments in rearing trout fry on natural food, which he had learned to produce in great quantities by a process which he would not divulge. His system included a supply pond where the living food was bred and a series of small pools which served as temporary pastures for the fry until the food in one was exhausted, when they were to be driven into another pond, as cattle are changed from one pasture to another. This man's article was translated into many languages and was published either in the annual Report of the U. S. Fish Commission or in its Bulletin. At present, while writing this article, my library is packed away and it is not possible for me to quote the volume nor to give the name of the gentleman who originated the idea, but I have stated his main plan and remember that the secret process of growing live food was offered for sale to me, as no doubt it was to other fishculturists, but for two reasons I paid no attention to the matter; one was that I never cared to buy any secret, and the other that the plan seemed to be impractical on any scale such as we use in America. The plan of driving small trout from a grassy or weedy pond condemned the whole thing because they do not drive well, and in such a pond many would remain and keep down the expected increase of food, and so the wonderful scheme was dismissed from serious consideration.

A while after the first announcement of this discovery of how to rear trout without expense, it leaked out that the process was to use the dung of animals in water to grow diatoms by the million, and the diatoms in turn would furnish food in plenty for the smaller crustaceans, as daphne, cyclops, gammarus and perhaps other forms of life on which young trout thrive in a state of nature. This was perfect in theory, but I still was skeptical as to its value in practice, and the scheme passed from memory until it was brought before this society two or three years ago and lightly discussed. You may remember that Mr. Frank N. Clark said that he had experimented a little in this direction with several forms of ordure, but had produced no results that were satisfactory to him. Last summer I had leisure to try this scheme, and will give the result of the experiments.

There was a dripping fountain in my yard supplied from springs in the hill above, which also supplied a portion of the water used in the State hatchery, on lower ground. This fountain was supplied by a ¾in. lead pipe, and the water trickled and dropped over rockwork into a basin, and from there the overflow went through a series of small pools in my garden, where the year before several species of wild ducks had been confined. An examination of the water in the first pool, and also in the small open pond above which caught the flow of the several springs, revealed the fact that it contained the forms of minute life named above as well as rotifers, hydra, snails and several kinds of water insects as well as their larvæ. Therefore all the conditions seemed favorable.

For the benefit of those who have paid no attention to the minute forms of life which it was proposed to breed it may be well to say that diatoms are invisible to the unassisted eye except when in mass, as we often see in swamps, where they appear as an iridescent scum on the surface of the water in still places or in the spoor of some heavy animal. They were formerly supposed to belong in the animal kingdom, but are now classed among the lower forms of algæ and have a shell or case of silica, which passes undigested through fish and turtles. These diatoms form the principal food of the oyster, and naturalists have recorded and named something like 4,000 species of them, but we will not go into the subject so deeply. Suffice it to say that the microscropic vegetables can swim in most cases and supply food for animals also microscopic in their young stages, such as the daphnia, cyclops and other forms of entomostraca, which in turn feed young fishes.

To be complete such experiments should begin in February, when the earliest trout of the year may begin feeding; but these experiments began in April, in time, however, for the production of food for the later hatch to get their first meal. The water now on Long Island was a trifle warmer and presumably more favorable to the production of such life as was desired. The temperature of the water during the season was as follows, mean temperatures only for each month being given in scale of Fahrenheit:

	Rockery.	1st Pool.	2d Pool.	3d Pool.	4th Pool.
April	56.5	55.10	59	59.75	60
May	58.5	60	61.25	62	62.10
June	62.75	64.10	65	65.75	66.25
July	69.25	73.25	75.10	76	78
August	72.75	74.5	76.25	76.75	77.50

With August the record ended. Neither time nor inclination allowed further observations, for the season had covered the production of food during the most critical period of the life of a baby trout.

The "Rockery" received the first water from the spring pond, already mentioned, and in the basin at its top was placed both old and fresh cow ordure weekly. In the first pool there was a division of the water, and in one-half horse dung was frequently put, both fresh and stale, and in all the pools was a deposit of duck dung of the previous year, well dissolved, and stocked with all the forms of life which was thought desirable to cultivate. At different times water was taken from each of the five places in this way: One gallon from the surface by immersing the measure, one gallon from the middle, and one from the bottom by means of tubes, and the contents filtered through No. 8 wire cloth, cheese cloth, and then through the finest of mill silk bolting cloth. The last would retain almost all but the smaller diatoms, and they were caught in a funnel of filtering paper below all the other strainers.

This work, being done twice each month for the five months including April and August, should give a fair average of the amount of food in the pools during the season in which the operations were conducted. The following gives the amount of entomostraca obtained, and excluding snails and the diatoms. In other words, the amount of food available for trout fry in their first season, such as they can see, seize, swallow and assimilate. The pools contained about 150 cubic feet of water, or 1,125 gallons, of which 15 gallons, or $\frac{1}{75}$, were strained on ten different days, at the 1st and 15th of each month.

Of the above-named food 2.35 grams were caught, equaling .225 grams per day. This multiplied by 75 gives us 16.875 grams for the entire water per day, and again multiplied by the 153 days gives a total of 2,581.875 grams in the whole season. Dividing this by 24 gives us 107.578oz., a trifle less than 6¾lbs. avoirdupois.

We must consider the fact that no fish were feeding in these pools, and that the calculation is made as if the animals lived only one day and were replaced by others. This is not the fact, and how long they may live I cannot say, but if each individual lived a week the amount of food produced would be less than 1lb. in the entire season, as the calculation is for a daily renewal of all life. Two hundred baby trout could have lived there during the first week of their lives and fed well; after that time, when their appetites began to get sharper, say in a fortnight, all the food to be found would be just what came in the water supply, and that would not have fed half a dozen when two months old. If I had been skeptical of the practical utility of this scheme before this experiment there has been nothing to convince me of error; still, if other trials under other circumstances show that it is practicable to raise enough natural food to rear 20,000, or even 10,000, to be six months old, I must try the plan which has proved to be successful. While writing this I do not know that any other men but Mr. Clark and myself have worked in this field in America, still it is to be hoped that they have done so, and that they will publish their experience. Such work is very interesting to one who has a taste for it, as most fish culturists have, and this paper may stimulate others to similar trials. I think one plan was to have a number of separate ponds in which to breed the food and to tap them in succession, and allow each one to furnish food to the fish, which were not to be driven to the pasture, but to remain in one pond and get the food supply from different sources at different times. This is certainly the best plan, as any trout breeder will certify, because it is a difficult matter to get the last dozen trout from a pool containing vegetation or hiding places of any kind. At present writing I have less faith in the scheme than when I began to experiment with it.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A New Chicago Bass Country.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—I mentioned last week that a friend and myself had discovered a lake down in Indiana, where we intended to catch about 450 bass. We made the trip, but owing to a newly discovered clause in the Indiana fish laws—as see the "Game Laws in Brief"—by which, since 1895, it has been unlawful to take any fish from Indiana lakes for any other purpose but that of stocking other waters, we did not catch the 450 bass, which we will get some other time. But the trip resulted in the discovery of about 450 lakes and streams full of bass which I had no idea lay so close to Chicago, whose vicinity I fondly dreamed I had pretty fairly explored. Indeed, though we got no fishing, I got almost more news than I knew what to do with, and returned very much surprised at the extent of fishing country there is lying at the door of Chicago, to which, so far as I can learn, the Chicago anglers rarely go. Moreover it is a strange and interesting country, and well worth careful study. For instance, so far from its being a low and marshy country, it is one of swift and cold streams; and so far from being occupied only by bass and pickerel as fish life, it also carries trout. I venture the assertion that FOREST AND STREAM is the first newspaper to discover the fact that there are trout in Indiana, as it was the first to publish the fact that there are trout within eighty miles north of Chicago.

Our newly discovered country lies within sixty-five to eighty miles from Chicago, to the southeast, just at that point below the foot of Lake Michigan where all the Eastbound railway trains make their turn around the lake and start for the East. I came pretty near discovering this country four years ago, when Alex. Loyd and I made our expedition to explore the headwaters of the Calumet River and discover its source—something which at that time had never been properly done. As readers of FOREST AND STREAM probably do not remember, we followed the Calumet far up through the marsh region which lies outside the sandhills that hedge the lower end of Lake Michigan to a point near Chesterton, just above the mouth of Salt Creek. Here we broke an oar and were compelled to abandon the expedition, this being the proper finishing touch to most great expeditions, which come back with explanations and leave the results behind. On this last occasion I actually got the results, and am prepared to say that I have found the head of the Calumet River—its very head, the utmost and ultimate spring from which it begins to flow. A great many men have found the headwaters of the Nile, but does history say anything about anybody having found the headwaters of the Calumet? I opine not. And I opine further that even to-day there are very few Chicago sportsmen who can guess within thirty miles of where the head of the Calumet really is. Most of them would believe it rose in some marshy spring hole barely above the level of the Tolleston marsh. I was surprised to learn how far from true this is, and surprised to learn also how close upon the trail of the Calumet Mr. Loyd and I were on that fateful evening when, just at dusk, we broke an oar and had to seek shelter at a light gleaming dimly across the wide and desolate marsh. At that point we heard of an old mill pond up Salt Creek where once upon a time the bass were of enormous size, but which was partly drained twenty years ago. We heard vaguely also of another pond, nearly up to that mysterious town known in Chicago as Valparaiso, but universally in Indiana called "Valpo." At a time subsequent to that voyage of discovery my friend Harryman and myself went fishing in Salt Creek, and found it held fine bass and excellent croppies. We did not then know how near we were to this country of which I am now writing, but we shall presently see that we were treading upon the very heel thereof. On this recent trip I heard fluently discussed these very points to which on the earlier trips I had attained, and found that some of them were not more than ten or twenty miles from the spot where I then actually stood. Then I was very proud that fortune had brought what zeal had sought, and that not to some one else, but to FOREST AND STREAM belonged the glory of having set at rest the gravest of preëxisting doubts, and of having discovered the actual head of the Calumet. Not only both these vaguely known ponds have been definitely located, but others, half a dozen of them, have been discovered. There shall appear to the anglers of Chicago an opportunity for bass fishing in a new sort of water—to wit, the mill pond, which hath in all time been held excellent.

On this late trip Mr. Phillips and I went to Haskells, on the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, at the point where it crosses the Monon line. Thence we walked four miles, which we discovered it took just fifty-seven minutes to do with one's kit on his back—this fact being stated for the benefit of those who wish to know about the schedule. At the end of the four miles we arrived at the village of Westville, a pretty little place of a few hundred inhabitants, and here we were received with the most cordial hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. E. Ansley, who certainly treated us better than any two hungry fishermen ever deserved. Here we lived as royal personages for the time of our stay, with horses and carriages at our disposal for the exploration of the land whenever it suited us to cease loafing and visiting. It was out of this visit, made without any geographical plans in view at all, that there arose the chance discovery of the head of the Calumet and also of a vast and unexplored region of great sporting interest, which, though occupied for some generations by settlers, has never until this date been properly discovered and charted. It chances that Rob Ansley is the county surveyor for that county, and in his work of running the ditches of the drainage work along the Kankakee and other streams of that region has become very familiar with the topography of the country. Moreover, I became acquainted, of course, with Dr. B. W. Hollenbeck, a friend of the family, and an enthusiastic angler, who has fished in every lake and stream within fifty miles of Westville. Thus alike the material of discovery and the means thereto lay fairly at hand, thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM luck. The rest was simply matter of detail, as will appear hereinafter.

On the first evening of my stay at Westville I rode out with Charlie Ansley to the little lake where Mr. Phillips and I intended to do our fishing. We found it a pretty sheet of water of about a quarter of a mile in diameter, round as a dollar and very clear. It had no inlet or outlet, and was commonly reputed to be fed by springs. Originally there were no fish at all in this little lake, but about twelve years ago a local angler began to put into it the bass and sunfish he was catching in other waters near by, and before long the fishing became very good. The bass from this lake are very bright and clean-run looking fish, and Mr. Phillips, who had great sport here last year with the fly, says they are as gamy as any he ever took. At the time of our visit the caddis fly was just beginning to come up, so that we knew there would be fine fly-fishing in a week or so. This lake has a great local reputation, but not all who go there are able to take a good basket of fish, for the bass, though of the big-mouth variety, are as capricious as small-mouths. I should not call this a good frog water, but better for minnows, from all I could learn. There is no feeding ground of any definition and all the shore seemed much alike.

Schools of Black Bass.

The bass here have a peculiar habit, which I have never heard of their having in any other water, and this I had full opportunity of seeing illustrated. I was standing on the bluff above the lake when I saw a commotion in the water and thought a heavy bass was rising there. I spoke to Charlie about it, but he said, "No, that's a school."

"A school of what?" I asked him, and he replied that they were black bass. This I did not believe, but told him they must be croppies or perch, which often travel thus in large schools at the surface of the water, just as these fish could now be seen doing. He insisted that they were black bass and later I learned absolutely that this was the case. We saw at times as many as three of these schools playing at once. They came on, leaping half out of the water, or with their backs half out of the water, making a constant bubbling commotion on the surface of the water like a school of small porpoises, one after another rolling up and then down. This always was in water apparently as deep as any in the lake, from 20 to 40ft., and the schools would work around on a space of not more than a few acres in extent, disappearing for perhaps half an hour at a time.

I could never determine what they were doing in these schools, nor did I ever find anyone who could tell. Of course I have seen bass feeding in schools, but this was usually in shallow water and not then always on the surface. If these bass were feeding it was impossible to tell what they were pursuing. Certainly it was not minnows, for the fish were not in action enough for that and were not scattered and plunging, but in a regular and solid body and not over shallow water at all. One would believe they were feeding on caddis, but the day was cold and no flies were coming up, and one would not look for the flies over the deep water. Moreover, we were within 10ft. of the school once or twice, and I can say that no fly was on the water. I have seen trout acting this way and never knew them to bite then, but the trout played higher in the air. I can describe the action in no way better than by comparing it to the play of a school of porpoises.

Yet there was this difference, these bass would take food, at least would strike at anything thrown among them. Mr. Phillips told me that he had his best fly-fishing last summer by following up these schools and casting the fly over them. They would strike it as soon as it landed among them, but it was difficult to get near without alarming them, at which they would at once sink, rising again perhaps 200yds. away in a few minutes. I asked Mr. Phillips if he always took black bass in this casting and never croppies or perch, and he said it was always black bass. He said that a bait of any kind was struck in the same way, usually as it sank lower down into the water, sometimes 10ft. below the surface, the fish appearing to follow it down, or to strike it as it followed them down. Whether they struck in hunger, in sport or in anger we could never tell; but certain it is that the bass of this lake will strike when thus playing in schools if one be able to get near enough to place the bait fairly among them. Some fishermen were on the lake while we were there, and these told us that the fish we saw were "silver bass" (croppies). This idea was opposed by Mr. Phillips, who proposed to go out and get close to a school to see about it. We were lucky enough on two occasions to have the schools rise almost under the boat, once coming head on to us at a distance of only a few yards and sinking not more than 10ft. from us, as we were perfectly still at the time. I saw the fish plainly, and know they were black bass. It may be that black bass do this in other localities, but it was a new habit for them in my experience, and a very curious and inexplicable one. I should say that the food supply in this little lake was limited, and though there are a few large bass taken there each season, they are not very common. All the bass in the schools seemed of the same size, probably 2-year-olds, and of about a pound weight. The weather was very cold and lowering at that time, but those living near the lake said the weather made no difference in this schooling up of the fish, and that they seemed to do it all summer long. We saw no schools except over very deep water, and though at times the bass of this lake go out into the lilypads and rushes in the evening in search of something to eat, as all well-regulated big-mouth bass should do, we saw not a rise in the edge of the lake that day. There were some old spawning beds in parts of the lake, but local observers said the bass in this cold lake had not yet spawned.

I accepted the common belief that this lake was a spring-fed water until I met Dr. Hollenbeck, who told me that it was not so at all, but that it was just a cone-like hole down in the ground, which had always had water in it. Yet since the settlement of that country the lake has shrunk nearly a third in size and has lost from 5 to 10ft. in depth, this possibly being some mysterious result from the draining of the country about, which in places was low and marshy.

Mystery and History.

Westville lies in the heart of a weird and mysterious region. Once upon a time, and this was not so very long ago, there was a regular gang of horse thieves who operated in Indiana and Illinois, and had their headquarters on an island in the great upper marsh of the Kankakee. To this island they are reputed to have retreated by boat, running through ill known channels into which the officers never tried to pursue them. A criminal once in the marsh of this region was safe, and it is of record that in some of the train robberies which occurred three years ago the robbers were traced to points in northern Indiana near the wild marsh region, where they seemed swallowed up by the earth. A native of that country will go where others dare not go on the bog, and no mountain fastness was ever more secure than these of the marshes before the big ditches were cut through. It is of record that a gang of counterfeiters was a few years ago traced to such a spot in the river wilderness along the Kankakee, and they were found to have a complete plant and central headquarters there. The draining of the marshes may bring to light other strange things. Already two mastodon skeletons have been discovered in the marsh near Westville. It is well known that the entire marsh for miles near there is full of a fine quality of bog iron. We saw places where the earth was red for great distances with the iron, which discolors the soil like red paint, and lies upon the surface for acres. What there is below the Kankakee marsh no one knows. Its bottom has never been found. In one of its lakes, known as Mud Lake, the mud is so soft that it will carry up almost no weight at all and is practically bottomless. The water is shallow over most of this mud, and this fact makes the place a veritable man trap. Swimmers think the water shallow enough to be waded, and perhaps attempt to cross a part of it in this way. If once they get fairly into the soft mud, their fate is sealed. Dozens of boys and men have perished miserably in this lake, and of the lost ones not even one body has ever been recovered. The mysterious marsh has never told its secrets.

Westville may thus be seen to have features of interest. Moreover it is in a way famous, having produced one or two celebrities in its time. Mr. and Mrs. Ansley, for instance, occupy the house which was owned by the family of Loie Fuller, the dancer, who attained such vogue in Paris and returned to this country with the name "La Loie." In this little village La Loie was brought up—well, I won't say how many years ago. You can still, even at this day, see there the footprints made by La Loie (in the ceiling) at the house we lived in while we were discovering the Calumet. In fact, as I said, while we did not get fish, we got all sorts of discoveries, from mastodons, danseuses and horse thieves to glacial epochs, terminal moraines, bog iron, bass lakes and mill ponds, of which more at another time.

Waterford Bass.

Mr. C. Grundseth, of Waterford, Wis., is good enough to write in regard to some fine fishing in the Fox River near his place. Waterford is seven miles from Burlington, which point is on the Wisconsin Central road. Mr. Grundseth says that the river at Waterford is very deep above the dam, averaging 10ft. for a stretch of five miles. This makes good fishing for large and small-mouth bass, pickerel, pike, and occasionally muscallonge. The fish in this part of the river grow very large, but it seems that the pernicious practice of ice-fishing is carried on. One pickerel was caught last winter which weighed 32lbs., and Mr. Grundseth says he has often caught them weighing 19, 15 and 13lbs., and many over 10lbs. One black bass was caught last winter which weighed 7¼lbs. Mr. Grundseth kindly asks me to come up and investigate some of these big fish, and it would be a pleasure to do so some day.

The Chicago Clam Preserve.

Hon. A. Nelson Cheney, State Fishculturist of New York, has written me for the benefit of Constant Reader, who recently made some inquiries about starting a clam preserve in or near Chicago. Mr. Cheney states that since making his scientific reply to the queries aforesaid he has discovered the following information in regard to large clams, which, in the form of a clipping from a periodical, he incloses to me. It reads as follows:

> Men have stepped into the open jaws of huge clams accidentally at low tide, and the clams, closing their jaws, have held them fast till the tide rose, when the men were drowned. Other men have reached for a lure in the form of a luminous spot. The instant they touched it the shells of a clam closed on their arms and in a few minutes the men were drowned. Some of the clams that trap men are found embedded in the coral reefs of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and the men captured are pearl divers. The flesh of one of the huge clams sometimes weighs 20lbs., and added to that is the 500lbs. or more of shell. The shell is something like 5ft. long by 2½ft. wide. Poets are fond of saying that these shells are the cradles of sea goddesses, since they are very beautiful if polished. They are also used as baptismal fonts.

I am afraid that Constant Reader may be a trifle shocked and apprehensive when he reads the above and considers the dangers which may arise from the industry which he proposes to inaugurate. Still, I am satisfied that local pride will cause him to unite with me in the belief that we want nothing but the biggest kind of clams on earth for the Chicago clam preserve. I trust that eventually we shall elicit much information in regard to this interesting question. But I do not believe any sea goddess will ever come out of a clam here in Chicago. The climate is not right for that.

Mr. T. H. Glover is a very good friend of mine, whom I have never seen and who lives way down in Texas. He reads all the current literature and all the magazines, even down to the little modern vest-pocket magazines that you can buy three for a cent. In one of the latter publications he has found something by the pen of Ouida, of which he makes inclosure to me. One naturally associates the name of Ouida with tall guardsmen with long, tawny moustaches and more or less indifferent morals, but it seems that Ouida can occasionally take a fall out of hard cold facts as well as anybody and show a level-headedness worthy of a better fate than hers. In the extract which my Texas friend admires Ouida has written something about "Gold that Glitters," and I am sure that her words will jump well with the inclinations of many a man who is in the city and wants to get out in the wider, open air. The words are a sermon too, and one well worth laying to heart. She says:

> When all green places have been destroyed in the builder's lust of gain; when all the lands are but mountains of bricks and piles of wood and iron; when there is no moisture anywhere and no rain ever falls; when the sky is a vault of smoke and all the rivers reek with poison; when forest and stream, the moor and meadow and all the old green wayside beauty are things vanished and forgotten; when every gentle, timid thing of brake and bush, of air and water, has been killed because it robbed them of a berry or a fruit; when the earth is one vast city, whose young children behold neither the green of the field nor the blue of the sky, and hear no song but the hiss of the steam, and know no music but the roar of the furnace; when the old sweet silence of the country side, and the old sweet sounds of waking birds, and the old sweet fall of summer showers, and the grace of a hedgerow bough, and the glow of the purple heather, and the note of the cuckoo and cushat, and the freedom of waste and of woodland are all things dead and remembered of no man; then the world, like the Eastern king, will perish miserably of famine and of drought, with gold in its stiffened hands, and gold in its withered lips and gold everywhere; gold that the people can neither eat nor drink, gold that cares nothing for them, but mocks them horribly; gold for which their fathers sold peace and health, and holiness and beauty; gold that is one vast grave.

Yet there are those who still want more gold. They realize not that they will be playing in hard luck if they make all the money in the world and still can't eat and digest a good beefsteak. For my part, it gives me a shiver to think of that, and I think I shall stop counting my gold and go fishing in self-defense. Behold, on the meadows lieth the hay and the sun shineth well to-day. Why sit we here idly working? E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE LAKE CRESCENT TROUT.

PROF. JORDAN having decided that the two specimens of trout sent him from Lake Crescent, termed locally a blue-back and a speckled, were to him new and as yet undescribed, and having named them, the one *Crescentis* and the other *Beardsleii*, we who are interested in the matter are naturally doing our best to bring to his notice and inspection at as early a date as possible specimens of the other varieties of trout found in that prolific lake and unknown to me, viz., the mountain trout, silver trout and half-breed, which I have seen and caught, together with such others as may be there. Therefore by proxy, for I am unfortunately so situated that I cannot act in person, I am endeavoring to supply the demand.

From a letter just received from Mr. Carrigan, my coworker in my Lake Crescent trip, I learn that on April 17 I was reduced from my position of high hook, for on that day Mrs. Michell, fishing with the gear I had devised and left with her, succeeded in taking a blue-back whose length was 30in., depth 8½in., weight 12lbs., thus breaking my record, for my largest scored but 11½lbs. So I surrender the champion belt, only too pleased that it falls into the hands of so charming and worthy a successor.

On the afternoon of that day Mrs. Carrigan and Miss Beazley, of Missouri, having driven out to Lake Crescent to visit Mrs. Michell, enthused by the sight of the big trout, and prompted by ambition and the desire to send specimens to President Jordan, went fishing also. Mr. Carrigan writes: "Mrs. Michell managed the boat; Mrs. Carrigan and Miss Beazley fished. They returned in triumph with four trout weighing 21lbs. Yesterday forenoon (18th) they went out again and returned with a fine lot of fish, among which were one blue-back, 10lbs., 29½in. long; another of 1lb., a speckled trout of 8lbs., 27in., and another of 2lbs."

The big blue-back differed from those caught by me last October only in that it proved game and a strong fighter until landed, and made several strong rushes and leaps before it was brought to the boat. Mine caught in October did all their fighting while deep down.

The speckled trout of 8lbs. beat my largest badly, mine was but 2½lbs.; and the largest I saw was 4½lbs. But the most valuable of the catch was the young blue-back, for there was a remarkable difference in its coloration and that of those I took in October, or the 10-pounder taken by the ladies, thus described, "Midway between the medium line and the bottom of the belly there extended from just behind the gills to the tail a line of dark round spots, decreasing in diameter from ½in. at the gills to less than ¼in. at the tail; these spots are not distinctly black, but resemble the dark dull appearance produced on human flesh by a blow or bruise; they show plainly through the silvery white scales, and there are on each side seventeen."

This is part of what Prof. Jordan says of the specimens which Mrs. Michell sent to him from Lake Crescent: "Recently one specimen of the rainbow and two of the blue-back found in Lake Crescent have been sent to me for examination. I find myself forced to agree with Admiral Beardslee in the opinion that each of these forms is distinct from any previously recorded or named. The two are allied to each other rather than to any other form, and the nearest affinities of both seem to be with the steelhead trout (*Salmo gairdneri*) rather than any other. But to place the two as subspecies of *Salmo gairdneri* is simply a provisional arrangement, and there is just as good warrant in regarding each as a distinct species. From all forms of *gairdneri* both the new forms differ in the large size of the head, in the form of the head and opercles and in coloration, the size of the scales, form of the gill rakers, form of the opercles, form of the pyloric cocca, and outline of caudal."

Taking into consideration the unprecedented earliness of the blue-back catch this year, on March 12, and the unusually good fishing in April, as indicated by the facts in this letter, I think it safe to strongly indorse my statements in previous letters, that the spring fishing at Lake Crescent must be magnificent, for there I am told the big fish will take large salmon flies or brown hackles, and I will again give my prophecy that the lake will, before this season is over, contribute again two at least and I think more additions to the listed *Salmonidæ*.

May 10.—I inclose a letter just received from Mr. Carrigan, which indicates that Lake Crescent is proving a veritable bonanza in the way of big and new trout:

"PORT ANGELES, May 5, 1896.—I have just forwarded to Prof. Jordan a magnificent blue-back (*S. Crescentis*, Jordan) weighing 14lbs. and measuring 32in. by 8½in. Ben Lewis caught it Sunday afternoon late and at once started for Port Angeles to turn it over to me. He rowed the lake eight miles, and footed it into Angeles twenty miles more, carrying the trout in his pack and arriving at midnight. I have to-day packed and sent it to the professor, for I want him to see a grown-up specimen.

"Ben says that a great number of very large trout are jumping just before dark every pleasant evening; and he told me about another entirely new variety that he takes in the lake at a depth of from 80 to 100ft, with set lines placed out over night. He has never known of one taken by any other method. He says they are different from any other trout in the lake. They run in weight from 3 to 4lbs.; are long and slender, and have grayish-green backs, and below the median line the sides and belly are gleaming white."

The people on the lake are now in shape to take care of fishermen who don't want too much luxury, and to give them a good time. I only wish I could join in the amusement, as I heartily commend the trip to any one who can afford the time and cost. Now is his opportunity to get a trout named after him. PISECO.

This Salmon Took the Fly Twice within Fifteen Minutes.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, Chamberlain Shoals, June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not a great many years ago it was claimed that a salmon never took a fly the second time within two or three days. It has, however, been proved during the last few years beyond doubt that salmon have taken the fly the day following their being hooked and lost. So far as I know, however, the following circumstance is unique:

On the 5th of the present month I was fishing at Jordan's Portage Pool, on the Restigouche River, when I hooked a salmon on a new double dusty-miller fly. The fish was what is generally known to fishermen as a "jigger," and in about ten minutes broke my casting line. I put on a new casting line and the same kind of fly. This occupied something less than fifteen minutes, including moving back to my old position. On the third cast I hooked a fish, also a very lively "jigger," which took me about half an hour in killing and weighed 25lbs. Judge of my surprise on finding in my captive's mouth the remains of the casting line and fly which I had just lost. There can be no doubt of this being the same fish. The pool had been fished the previous day, for the first time this season, by one of my party, and he had not lost either casting line or fly. There had up to that date only been three or four persons fishing below me, and none had met an accident similar to mine. The second fly in the salmon's mouth was a new double dusty-miller, and the recaptured casting line when added to what had remained on my line made it complete. Additional evidence is the fact that my casting line broke at a knot, and when both that which had been lost and that which remained were placed together the cast was complete, and the distance between the knots at point of fracture was the same as between the other knots. This fish therefore took the fly twice within fifteen minutes. There cannot be any doubt of this fact.

FRANCIS W. CAMPBELL.

The Canadian Salmon Season.

DEE SIDE, Metapedia, Quebec, June 11.—Since I wrote you last week there has been splendid fishing. The water holds good and all anglers find good fishing. From two to six fish a day are secured, and they run a very large average, from 19lbs. to 36lbs. One of the tidal nets had a 44 and a 45lb. one morning. When I tell you that 7 cents per pound is now paid instead of the usual 15 cents, you may understand that the commercial catch is wonderful. I am told at Gaspé you can buy at 4½ cents and 5 cents per pound. Many anglers are on their grounds, and the express generally has from thirty to forty boxes of anglers' fish to carry. You can thus form an idea of the quantity caught. Every day loaded canoes pass down with fish to the station. My own score is only ten bright fish yet.

The kelts are all gone to sea; fish are in very fine condition; many break away and it is not uncommon for a fish to take you from one to one and one-half miles down river before you can land him, if at all, as the current is

very strong, and when he takes the notion and gets going in the strong water you must go with him, in fact to get ahead of him is the only way you can land him.

Mr. Mitchell, of Norwich, had ten fish last week and I heard he added ten to his score in three days of this week. I gave him fifty for a total score, with which I know he will be satisfied and he will get them, I hope. Some new blood is on the river. Mr. Ayer, of Bangor, Dr. Jarvis, of Hartford, are well up river. Mott, Holbrook and Ried, of New York, are doing well on the Dawson water; a new party is also on the Metapedia River, up which runs the I. C. R. You may safely put this season down as the red-lettered one for angling on the Restigouche.

JOHN MOWAT.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The largest fish that, to my knowledge, was ever taken with line and hook from this end of Lake Champlain was captured a few days ago by James Brennan, while fishing for bullheads from a boat tied to the C. V. R. R. bridge.

Mr. Brennan had made a good catch of bullheads, and was cleaning them before starting for home. He had one line in the water while dressing his fish, and this line began to run out at a rate that quite frightened him. He thought at first that he had hooked the great Lake Champlain sea serpent; but after one hour's hard work he managed to kill his fish, which proved to be a rock sturgeon weighing 33lbs.

I have the fish mounted, and will be pleased to show it to any of the great family of FOREST AND STREAM readers that may happen this way during the summer.

The bass and pike fishing here at present is very good. Good strings of pike are being brought in every day; but I am sorry to say most of the bass were taken out of season.

W. MCCOMB, JR.

Loon Lake in Maine.

LOON LAKE, Rangeley, Maine.—Mr. E. A. Fanwell returned home Wednesday. He had great sport fishing at Loon Lake; in one hour he caught twenty-five trout, the largest weighing 2½lbs. (a very handsome trout), and he is having it mounted. Mr. H. H. Bates while at Loon Lake caught over 200 trout and saw seven deer in the lake at one time. Mr. George York is having fine success fishing, in half an hour he caught fifteen, largest 1½lbs. Fishing never was better. This is a fine place to spend your vacation; each person or family can have a camp by themselves and all the comforts of camp life.

R. S. YORK.

Cayuga Lake Sturgeon and Muscallonge.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 13.—A sturgeon weighing 32lbs. was caught on the 11th inst. in the Ithaca Inlet. This is the heaviest fish taken from local waters in recent years. At Union Springs, one day recently, a 16lb. muscallonge was taken by a native from the wilds of Auburn, N. Y.

M. CHILL.

Game and Fish Protection.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION IN NEW JERSEY.

BY H. P. FROTHINGHAM.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

I HAVE been asked to present to you my views on the progress made in the protection of fish and game in the State of New Jersey, and I shall do so in as brief and still comprehensive a manner as possible. It would be useless for me to say anything to you, gentlemen, on the necessity of such protection, and consequently I shall at once proceed to give you my views as to why fish and game are not better protacted in New Jersey; and I feel confident that a great deal of what I shall say pertaining to New Jersey will apply to a considerable extent also to other States.

The average citizen generally pictures to himself as the worst enemy of fish and game the man who goes skulking through the forest looking after traps, or, armed with a gun having a caliber of a 10lb. cannon, destroys everything that presents itself in fur or feathers. Then we also hear of the man who sneaks to the river shore at night with huge nets and with one sweep captures enough fish to supply the fish markets of New York for a week. Again the picture is presented to us of the farmer who jealously guards his property against all trespassers in order that his revenue may be increased by unsportsmanlike methods of taking fish and game. From still another quarter comes a cry that if fish wardens were more vigilant violators of the law would be fewer in number. To offset this there arises a cry that wardens are unmerciful, and frequently enforce the laws to the letter where common sense would dictate the exercise of clemency.

Now I have no doubt whatever that if we could do away with all these objectionable features there would be more fish and game and more happiness generally; but in my opinion we must look further for the causes which tend at the present day toward the decrease of fish and game, and among the first and greatest of these causes I should class injudicious legislation. In the halls of our legislatures protection to fish and game is not always the impulse which actuates the lawmakers in passing laws pertaining to the protection of fish and game. Too frequently laws are introduced and passed for the purpose of attaining some private end, or for the purpose of gratifying some particular friend of one of the legislators; and although these laws, as applied in the particular cases which gave rise to their enactment, may be harmless, they too frequently do mischief in localities for which they were not intended. Then again there is at times a disposition on the part of the lawmakers to go too far—to provide penalties out of all proportion to the character of the offense sought to be punished. What is to be thought of a law, for instance, which provides that corporations which disturb the habits of fish shall be imprisoned for two years, and which gives every justice of the peace in the State the right to impose this penalty? Under this law a justice of the peace in Squedunkville was empowered to send to State prison the Erie Railroad Company, the Standard Oil Company, or any other corporation, officers, directors, stockholders, agents and all, for having interfered with the spawning of a sucker. Still this law existed on the statute books of New Jersey during the present generation, and the commissioners and wardens were by virtue of their oaths of office supposed to enforce it. I might call attention to other laws equally ridiculous which you will find on the statute books of some of the States, but I trust there is no need of my citing any others for the purpose of explaining my meaning. A law in order to be properly enforced must be respected; it must be free from those absurdities which frequently serve as a justification on the part of the general public for a continued violation of a great many of our laws. The public is very quick to perceive the motive of a law, and if this motive does not command respect you cannot hope that the law will do so. If a law is passed for the benefit of a certain individual or a class of individuals, or if its enactment is dictated by politics, it at once becomes inoperative to a certain degree, and, what is worse, the odium attaching to one law is apt to taint all others. Friends of proper fish and game legislation may camp out in the corridors of our State capitols, within easy gunshot of the Senate, the House of Assembly and the Executive Chamber, but in spite of all their watchfulness some obnoxious features are almost sure to creep into laws pertaining to fish and game. Eternal vigilance may be the price of liberty, but you cannot obtain consistent fish and game laws at the same bargain.

The next evil concerning which I desire to say a few words is the direct result of the foregoing. Inconsistent legislation conveys the idea to the mind of the casual observer that fish and game laws are passed for the benefit of a very few and to the injury of the masses. Thus in New Jersey a great deal of fault is found with the laws governing the taking of fish by the use of nets in the inland tide waters. These laws are more numerous even than the bodies of water to which they apply, for some of the creeks have different laws every few miles, and what is lawful on the north shore of a bay may be criminal on the south shore. This inequality of regulation gives rise to numerous complaints, and I cannot say that the majority of these complaints are not well founded. The Commission at the last session of the Legislature attempted to secure the passage of a uniform law concerning tide water; our wardens had ascertained the desires of the people living along the sea coast, and it was presumed that the proposed measure would meet with little opposition. We felt confident that the vast majority of those directly interested approved of the law as suggested by the Commission, but it was this large majority that remained at home, confident that their interests would be taken care of; on the other hand, each individual who wanted some privilege not enjoyed by his neighbors under the old laws, and each man who thought he knew all about salt-water fish and their habits because perhaps he might have smoked herrings or made fish barrels for a year or two, hurried to Trenton, and altogether there was such a din of opposition that the legislators buried the measure in committee. The result is that particular localities and certain individuals enjoy privileges not common to all, and the impression continues that our fish and game laws are not made for the benefit of everybody, but that they confer special rights on a favored few. Our laws pertaining to shad prohibit the taking of this fish on Sundays, and the law is a very wholesome one, as it permits the shad to ascend to their spawning ground unmolested for one day in the week. This law is objected to by some because Delaware, our neighboring State, has no such restrictive legislation. Jerseymen complain that they are not accorded the rights enjoyed by their competitors in Delaware. They seem unmindful of the fact that the circumstances in New Jersey are wholly different from those in Delaware, that the shad water over which the latter has control is small compared to the Delaware River, and that laws which apply to the bay would not be suited as well to the river. Still there is here an apparent inconsistency, sufficient to afford an opportunity to the carping critic.

Unfortunately the faults in the fish and game laws are ever being paraded before the public. What is true of the law protecting food fish is also true in a measure of the laws protecting fish whose principal use is to afford sport for the angler. Thus in New Jersey, on account of its geographical position, there is a continual contention between the gunners of the northern and of the southern parts. The former want an early open season and the latter prefer to do their shooting later; and both are right, for there is a difference of two or three weeks in the seasons between the two sections. No matter how the law is framed, it will be partial to one or the other. It is consequently not at all a matter of surprise that people should argue that fish and game laws are made for certain localities and individuals; and not until people alter their opinions, and are taught to believe that fish and game laws are passed for the benefit of all, that they are not intended to be restrictive of the liberty of any person or class of persons, but that their sole object is the preservation of animals for the enjoyment of all who love sport, will our fish and game laws receive that support to which they are justly entitled.

Another evil working against the proper enforcement of the law, and one bearing a close relationship to the foregoing, is the method of conducting politics at the present time. Too frequently are laws dictated by political influence, and too frequently are appointments interfered with in the same manner. Men who are appointed to office, and who are desirous of doing all in their power for the protection of fish and game, are hampered by the power of politics, and this is frequently too great to be ignored. Concessions to those in high political authority are necessary at times, and men intrusted with the enforcement of the laws are required at times to wander from what they recognize as the strict path of duty for the purpose of placating a power which, if offended, might wipe out the entire machinery of fish and game protection. This may not be a pleasing statement to make, but I am willing to leave it to anyone who has had experience in the enforcement of laws whether he has not at times felt the influence of the political boss, and whether such influence was not prejudicial to the cause of sport.

In connection with legislation and the enforcement of the laws I desire to say a few words concerning the attitude of the newspaper press of the State, and I say with perfect frankness that the newspapers have been with us on general principles and opposed to us in nearly every particular. This may seem strange, but it is easy of explanation. The average human being desires to see the perpetuation of useful animals of all kinds, and consequently favors such restrictive or prohibitive legislation as may be necessary to attain that end. It is on this account that the press supports laws and measures advocated by the Commission, and we have no better friends than editors and reporters. But let a violator of the law be brought to book and another tale unfolds itself. The idea of protecting fish and game is all right, but the man who is called upon to pay twenty dollars for having killed a rabbit or a song bird is certain to have the sympathy of a great many people, and this sympathy is almost always reflected in the columns of newspapers. The general principle is lost sight of in the extending of sympathy; the warden's side of the story is not sought for, but everything that may extenuate the circumstances of the offense is dwelt upon, and in nine cases out of ten it is made to appear that the prosecution was unjust and uncalled for. The editors of newspapers and a great many other people seem to be in the position of the character in the play who was in favor of the law, but against its enforcement.

In relation to the men who violate the letter of the law I shall have very little to say. The wardens appointed by the Commission have been doing some very good missionary work; their general terms are $20 a lesson, although the price charged varies with the conditions of the occasion. I have known cases where wardens out of sympathy for some poverty-stricken offender contributed toward the payment of the fine and costs, and I have known cases where unusually stupid pupils were "kept in" for ninety days. Perhaps two little stories just recurring to my mind may give you some idea as to the character of violators of the law in New Jersey. A warden had made a complaint against a man for having taken three trout under the legal size; the accused promptly admitted his guilt and inquired of the justice how much his experience would cost him. "Sixty dollars and the costs of prosecution," was the reply. "That is rather a high price to pay for three little trout," replied the offender, as he reached down into his pocket for his wallet. "I should say so," chimed in one of those individuals who are so frequently found in courts of justice; "I tell you, these fish and game laws are nothing but outrages on the public; they are made for some brownstone front dudes with silver thing-um-ma-jigs to go fishing, and they are nothing but robbery as far as the poor man is concerned." The defendant stopped for just one instant in the exploration of his pocket, apparently astonished at the interference, and then produced the necessary funds and liquidated his indebtedness to the State. Then, turning to his would-be defender, he said: "I think, my friend, you are mistaken. The fish and game laws are all right, and I should have known better. Even if there were no law against the taking of small trout, I ought to have known better; for I am old enough and have fished enough to know that if all the little fellows are taken out there will never be any big ones. The game laws are made for the poor more than for the rich, for the rich can go to Canada or the Adirondacks and get all the fishing and hunting they want; but the poor have to stay at home, and these men," pointing to the warden, "are trying to preserve some fishing for the poor man. It serves me just right, and I know you are wrong. Come, Warden, have a drink with me."

In another case a warden was called upon by a well-known guide from Greenwood Lake, who said to him: "Mr. Warden, I wish that you would prosecute me. I have been keeping a set line in the water and don't want you to arrest me." "Had you not better wait until I secure the evidence?" inquired the warden. "Oh, no," was the reply; "I have done wrong and I am willing to pay for it. Besides that you will get the evidence fast enough, and then I'll have the bother of going through this when perhaps I have less time than I have now. Besides that, I don't want to have those fellows up there say that I have been arrested, and so I want to square up now." The warden did not exactly like the turn affairs had taken, but the guide insisted, and so the warden accepted the amount of the fine and costs. On the following morning he appeared before the justice of the peace and as warden complained that a certain guide had violated the law; as attorney for the accused he entered a plea of guilty and paid the penalty stipulated by law.

I have said, gentlemen, that our wardens have done some missionary work, and I think you will agree with me as to the quality of this work when you see that it made a defender of the laws out of a man who was paying $60, and that it touched the conscience of a Greenwood Lake guide. The violators of the law, gentlemen, are with us. Now if we can convince the people that fish and game laws are passed for the benefit of all, and that the faults of these laws are not due to their principle, if we can induce the politicians to keep their hands off, and if we can persuade the press to give us a consistent support, the cause of protection for fish and game will be materially advanced. A campaign of education among the masses will be more fruitful of good results than the application of the rigors of the law to the offenders.

FOREST AND STREAM, published at New York, comes to us regularly, and each issue is full of interest. It recalls to us the many pleasant days we have had in mountain fastnesses pulling the speckled beauties from the cold, rushing waters, or toiling up the side of some rugged slope. It is refreshing to turn from hard mental labor to the perusal of the pages of this paper. To those who love to hunt and fish and climb, the paper will always be welcome, and the way in which it champions the protection of wild game has won for it the confidence of sportsmen everywhere.—*Illinois Wesleyan Magazine.*

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

STUD FEES.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I happened to come across a copy of an English sporting paper a few days ago, one specially devoted to dogs and poultry. In looking over the advertisements of stud dogs, I noticed the extreme difference in the stud fees between the rates asked in this country and the rates charged in England. It is a fact, I think, that good dogs command a higher price in England than they do in this country, all the imported dogs costing a handsome figure and the references to English sales almost invariably refer to high prices. The stud fees for dogs of good breeding and with some fame as winners ran from £2 up to £6, rarely higher, and then the higher price seemed to be warranted by the dog's individual merit, purity of blood and great success in competition. Some of the stud fees were as low as £1.

No doubt the more reasonable rate of stud services enables breeders to keep in the dog business, where otherwise they would be forced out of it. Moreover, they can sell good dogs at a cheap figure, which in turn places them within the reach of those whose love for the dog is great while their bank account may be small. This keeps up a general interest in the dog world, and places it on a permanent basis. People can then keep dogs without suffering from the discouraging expense consequent on high prices. When the financial capability of men is strained to the utmost in keeping a kennel, a slight depression in business is sufficient to force them out of the fancy. Dogs should be on a basis within the means of all. They should not be made an expensive luxury. The higher the price, the fewer the number who can afford to own well-bred dogs. But as the love of the dog is irrepressible in man, when he can not own a well-bred dog he contents himself with the ownership of a cur, so that high prices in well-bred dogs tends directly to the encouragement of the cur.

From a business standpoint, there is nothing to justify the charge of $50 or $75 or even $100, as is usual. If a stud dog costs $500 there is nothing to justify a charge of $50 for a stud fee. The price is often paid for the reputation gained from one performance either on the bench or in the field, regardless of whether the performance was a fluke or from specially favorable opportunity, or from weak competition.

The disproportion between the value of the dog and the stud fee is more distinctly shown in comparing them with the business of horse and cattle breeding, wherein a $50 or $100 stud fee represents anywhere from $10,000 to $50,000 invested. The death rate is incomparably less in cattle and horses than in dogs, hence the owner gets a greater corresponding return from his cows, oxen and horses, besides having the advantage of an established market value instead of a value fixed by individual and passing fashion. This is a matter worthy of the study of breeders. Their own interests are hurt by high prices. The dog, being a sentimental appendage to a home, cannot be cultivated by the masses if his price is beyond their reach. His life at best is short. His market value is what it may happen to be. When money is plentiful, much of it may be spent carelessly. With a stringency in money comes a more careful disbursement. Make the prices so that people can buy. If the dog business is dull and high prices are still made, breeders have only themselves to blame for the consequent dull market. H.

National Beagle Club of America.

A FIELD trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, June 5. The members present were Messrs. J. W. Appleton, chairman; Hermann F. Schellhass, Geo. B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, John Bateman, George Laick, N. A. Baldwin and George W. Rogers.

The committee on selecting judges submitted the following names to officiate as judges at the club's coming field trials, to be held at Hempstead, L. I., during the week commencing Oct. 26: Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass., and Charles Quynn, Frederick, Md., who were duly elected.

The first Futurity to be introduced at any field trials will be held at these trials. The number and quality of the dogs nominated will insure a hot race in this event, that will interest all lovers of the beagle. The club has received up to date forty entries in the '97 Futurity stake, and by this time next year the number of entries that will be received promises to make this event a permanent feature at the trials that will attract a large number of entries. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Diplomatic Snap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Numbers of your contributors have given amusing and interesting recitals of exhibitions of high intelligence on the part of their various canine friends; but I do not recall any case where a dog was shown to be an habitual and deliberate liar. I once owned such a dog when I was a small boy. This was a small dog of uncertain breed, mainly terrier, I believe. His color was white ground with brown spots. His name was Snap. The neighbors dignified him by calling him Snap as a prefix, and adding our family patronymic as the other part of his name.

Snap was very active and energetic, both mentally and physically, and withal was so officious that he poked his nose into nearly everything, both actually and metaphorically assuming on all occasions to be about the most important personage on the premises. My father, who lived in a small town, was accustomed to purchasing ready-dressed hogs in the winter, and cutting them up would cure the meat in his own smoke-house. On such occasions Snap would voluntarily assume the guardianship over or rather under the hogs as they hung on a pole during the night. He would remain all night out in the cold, lying under the hung-up pork, and would not permit a cow or horse, or anything else, to approach within 20 or 30yds.

On one occasion a brood of young chickens turned out without a mother. They were placed temporarily in a barrel that stood in the yard. Without suggestion from any source Snap assumed the charge of these orphan chickens. He laid himself down by the barrel, at short intervals jumping up and placing his forefeet on the upper edge, to look down at his self-appropriated charges. He would not permit any chicken, turkey, horse or cow to approach the barrel. But I started out to tell about Snap's prevarications.

There stood in the back entry of the house a lounge, which Snap was very fond of reclining upon; but my mother invariably whipped him off when she found him there. So Snap took his naps on the lounge with one eye open and one ear cocked up. Whenever he heard any one approaching during these stolen siestas, he, with a great show of vigilance, rushed out into the back porch and barked fiercely and vociferously, as if he was on the point of tearing to pieces some intruder. These tactics he invariably pursued, to our great amusement, evidently with the deliberate purpose of creating the impression that he was at the post of duty, and full of zeal to guard the house against any invasions of unauthorized man or beast. This is as palpable lying as was ever practiced by any biped. COAHOMA.

American Spaniel Club.

AT a meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, held at Dr. S. J. Bradbury's office, 110 East Twenty-second street, on Tuesday, June 9, there were present: E. M. Oldham, President; Dr. S. J. Bradbury, Treasurer; Mr. M. A. Viti, and Rowland P. Keasbey, Secretary. Resolutions upon the death of the late Dr. Nicholas Rowe were adopted.

The committee on changes in the classification reported that they had made a new classification.

The inclosed classification was read and adopted to go into effect at once: Field spaniels, over 28lbs., challenge classes, dogs and bitches respectively; field spaniels, black, over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; field spaniels, any other color, over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, black or liver, not over 28lbs., challenge classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, any other color, challenge class, dogs and bitches; cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, red or liver, not over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, any other color, open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; Clumber spaniels, challenge class, dogs and bitches, open class, dogs and bitches; Irish water spaniels, challenge class, dogs and bitches, open class, dogs and bitches.

The meeting adjourned until some time in July, when the question of field trials will be taken up and acted upon. Mr. H. K. Bloodgood has offered the club the use of 2,000 acres at New Marlborough, Mass. The American Spaniel Club's second annual sweepstakes for sporting spaniels over 28lbs., whelped in 1896, to be judged at the Westminster Kennel Club's show in 1897. Forty per cent. of the stakes to go to the first prize, 30 per cent. to the second, 20 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth. The club to add at least $30 to the stakes. The president of the Spaniel Club also offers a silver medal to the winner of this stake. Entries for this stake to be as follows: Nominations made on or before July 1, 1896, to be accompanied by $1 entry fee. Nominations not made by July 1, and made on or before September 1, to be accompanied by a $2 entry fee. Nominations not made by September 1, and made on or before November 1, to be accompanied by a $3 entry fee. No nominations received after November 1. The final entry fee of $3 to be paid on or before January 1, 1897. All nominations upon which final fees are not paid by January 1 to be forfeited to the stakes.

New England Beagle Club.

LINDEN, Mass., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A field trial committee meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at the residence of Mr. A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., June 7. President Joslin in the chair. There were present Messrs. H. S. Joslin, A. D. Fiske, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark. The only business to come before the meeting was the selecting of judges for the fall field trials, and Mr. C. J. Quynn, of Frederick, Md., and Mr. B. S. Turpin, of Dorchester, Mass., were unanimously elected. W. S. CLARK, Sec'y-Treas.

The Pointer Club Trials.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What is the Pointer Club thinking about giving the announcement with such great flourish to hold a trial equal to any of them, and having at this time given not the first real intimation thereof? What owner or handler will prepare himself or dog for such uncertain affairs? I will predict now that the whole matter will fizzle down to (at least this year) a love affair between members only.

A POINTER MAN.

American Dachshund Club.

THE fifth meeting of the American Dachshund Club was held on June 11. New members joined as follows: C. M. Trowbridge, Worth Kennels, Hudson, N. Y.; J. R. Walker, La Grange, Ill.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Carl Boening, 233 East Twenty-second street, Chicago.

The club recommends for judges: G. Muss-Arnolt and Jas. Mortimer.

The secretary was instructed to make proper arrangements with the show committees in regard to classifications, and to have a pamphlet printed containing the constitution, the by-laws and the standard of the club.

The club will offer, in addition to the Venlo Challenge cup and the Klein's Breeder's Trophy, two special prizes of $5 each, at every show where two or more members compete. The officers elected were: L. Boening, President; C. M. Trowbridge, Vice-President; A. Froembling, Secretary-Treasurer.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Horace Cox announces for early publication a new and enlarged edition of "The Terrier" division of Rawdon Lee's "Modern Dogs." Among the most important alterations and additions are the illustrations of bull and some other terriers with their ears uncut, a departure necessitated by the recent discontinuance of such mutilation. The drawings are by Arthur Wardle.

From the *Breeder and Sportsman* the following is taken: "J. O. is Fellows (Uncle Dick), the judge of the Los Angeles and Oakland dog shows, started for the East on June 2. He goes via Portland and will spend a few days in Montana with McDougal, the well-known greyhound fancier. Uncle Dick had a royal good time during his stay on the coast and will remember his two days' stay in Stockton for many years. He has made many friends during his sojourn in this State and will undoubtedly be asked to return in the fall to judge at Stockton and San Jose."

The following, clipped from the New York *Herald*, adds one more contribution to the testimony concerning the dog's intelligence and devotion. It also shows how little a dog is understood by his owner. But the story speaks for itself: "A little Irish setter named Pat, owned by Charles Wallott, of Brooklyn, saved two lives last night, and is likely to be regarded with reverence by the dwellers in the tenements near his master's home. Pat is devoted to Mr. Wallott's two sons, respectively 15 and 17 years old. They sleep in a room on the top floor of the two-story building occupied by Mr. Wallott, and usually go to bed early. The lads were fast asleep a half hour before midnight last night, when a night lamp in their room exploded and set some of their clothing afire. Pat saw the blaze as he was dozing at the foot of their bed, and jumping up, began barking and then ran downstairs, howling louder with each bound until he found Mr. and Mrs. Wallott, who were sitting in front of their door chatting to some neighbors. Pat danced around Mr. Wallott, barking and howling alternately, striving in every dog-like way to attract his master's attention. Mr. Wallott drove him away twice, and threatened to whip him if he didn't stop his noise. The threat didn't frighten Pat a bit. He finally took Mr. Wallott's trousers leg in his teeth and fairly pulled him into the house, where, looking up, Mr. Wallott saw flames in the boys' room. He rushed to his sons' rescue, and found the room filled with smoke. He groped about and finally found his younger son unconscious on the bed. The elder was wandering about, endeavoring to find an exit from the room. Mr. Wallott led and carried his children downstairs, whence they were taken into the house of friends. The younger son was revived there after a short time, and the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the flames after they had done damage amounting to about $1,000. The alarm of fire caused a panic among the inmates of the big tenements which adjoined Wallott's house, and in a short time after Pat had succeeded in giving the alarm the street was filled with men and women in their night clothing waiting for their homes to be consumed. The flames, however, were confined to Wallott's house. Pat has been owned a few months, but the dog has devoted himself to the two boys. Now all the members of the family will devote themselves to Pat."

The judges at Providence are as follows: George Jarvis, New York, English setters and Gordon setters and pointers; George S. Thomas, Salem, Mass., greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles, bull dogs, fox, Scottish, Bedlington, bull, Irish, Black and Tan, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, poodles, Great Danes, dachshunde and pugs. Dr. S. J. Bradbury, all sporting spaniels. C. F. Clarkson, Cambridge, Mass., Boston terriers. All other breeds, James Watson, New York. The Boston Terrier Club offers the following special prizes, open to club members only: $10 for the best dog, bitch and puppy respectively, and the club's silver cup for the best dog or bitch never before shown.

Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Jr., was severely injured in a runaway accident on June 15. He, with his brother, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, were riding after a spirited horse near the depot at Westbury, L. I. The horse took fright, upset the vehicle, throwing Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., on top of his head, injuring him severely. Mr. Frank Hitchcock was bruised and shaken up, but not seriously injured.

As evidence of the enthusiasm with which the revival of the trials has been received in Ireland, we may mention that at the last meeting of the committee of the Irish Kennel Association it was decided to establish a fund with the object of purchasing a grand challenge cup to be offered for competition on the occasio . The exact conditions under which the cup is to be offered have not yet been decided on, but there is every probability that, as befits its importance, it will be for the best dog at the trials—setter or pointer.—*The Stock-Keeper (England).*

From the *Herald* we learn that the greyhounds of the late Colonel North were sold at auction on June 13. The sum realized was far less than expected. The hound Young Fullerton, son of the Waterloo cup winner, was bought in, the price offered not being satisfactory. The hound Duennium Ago, which cost Colonel North 1,050 guineas, fetched only seventy guineas. Simonian was

knocked down at 150 guineas. Nestor, twenty-one guineas, and Old Boots at five guineas.

Owing to the absence of a quorum there was no meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club on June 11, the date appointed for the meeting. If the club does not take some definite action soon, it will attain to the dignity of a landmark.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JUNE.

Annual Cruise, BROWN University—
20. 3d run, race at New Bedford, run to Quamquisett Harbor.
21. 3d run, to Vineyard Haven.
22. 4th run, to Cuttyhunk.
23. 5th run, to Stonington.
24. 6th run, to Shelter Island.
25. 7th run, to New London.
27. Disband at New London.
19. Winthrop, evening race.
20. Larchmont, spring, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
20. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito boats, Atlantic City.
20. Wateside, open.
20. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20 and 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
M 20. Dorchester, open, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
23-24. Seawanhaka, trial races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
24. Roy. St. Lawrence, 15ft, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Chicago, special, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27. Roy. St. Lawrence, four classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
27. Winthrop, open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
27. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, 1st cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 27. Duxbury, An., Plymouth, Plymouth Harbor.
S 27. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Stamford, special, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
29. Pavonia, An., Communipaw, New York Bay.
S 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.

THE annual regatta of the New York Y. C. came near being a case of a very small tail wagging a very large dog. In spite of the efforts of some members of the club to extend the right of representation to the owners of the smaller yachts down to 10 tons, the one racing class of the year is denied official recognition by the club. On the day of the annual regatta, however, a special race was arranged for the 30ft. class, not as a part of the regatta, but as a distinct and separate affair. The usual programme of the regatta contained no mention of the special class, and no intimation that any member of the club had ever fallen so low as to own a "yot" of less than the required tonnage. At the same time the club issued a separate circular concerning the race for the 30ft. class, over a new and special course up Raritan Bay from the Spit. After the "regatta" was started the yacht race was also started by the same committee. By great good luck for the club Colonia turned up to give battle to Emerald, otherwise the members on the steamer would have gone off one way after a lot of old yachts, one in each class, while a fine fleet of eight modern racing yachts were sailing a hot race in another. As it was, the fighting of the thirties was the one thing beside the race of the two schooners that a yachtsman would care to look at.

It may be all right to limit the voting power in a very large club, but the limit of mere size of yacht is a most absurd one to-day. A man who buys an old tub of a schooner for $1,000 is, as a matter of course, competent and qualified to vote on the affairs of the club. A man who owns a racing 30-footer costing three or four times that amount is not thus competent.

WE notice with pleasure that one British yachting journal, the *Yachtsman*, has taken a view of the Niagara incident that is not only fair and just, but marked by plain common sense; something that cannot be said of the remarks of the *Field*, echoed almost *verbatim* by the *Yachting World* and the comments of some yachtsmen. We can understand, after all the talk about the misuse of ballast on Vigilant, Defender and Ethelwynn, and in view of the novelty, to British eyes, of the simple device of carrying water in tanks connected by a pipe, how suspicion has arisen; but there is at the same time no justification whatever for such action as has been taken on the complaint, apparently, of some anonymous member of the Y. R. A. Far from being a stranger and unknown, Mr. Gould has raced for three seasons in British waters in Vigilant and Niagara, and both he and his brother have shown themselves to be exceptionally good sportsmen, in that they have neither boasted before a race nor whined afterward when they were beaten. Neither the failure of Vigilant nor the equally notable success last year of Niagara has called from them complaints or boasts.

With the reputation which he has made abroad, Mr. Gould was fairly entitled to very different treatment from that accorded him by the Y. R. A.—a hasty examination of his yacht on the ground of an anonymous complaint that was without justifiable foundation. The description of the size, location and arrangement of the tanks given by the *Yachtsman* shows just such a state of affairs as we outlined last week, a simple and convenient plan of carrying fresh water, and one that at the same time could not possibly be used to any good purpose for shifting ballast to windward. The small weight of water, the limited distance from the centerline at which the tanks are located, the long time necessary to run the water from one tank to another, and the fact that water will not run up hill, are all against the truth of the accusation, and should have appealed not only to the expert, but to any yachtsman of average intelligence.

So far as we can judge from the reports, instead of assuming that Mr. Gould was all that his previous conduct would imply him to be, and acting on this assumption, the suppositious infringement of the rule has been as widely and publicly exploited as possible, and in a way to awaken a very general suspicion of another "Yankee trick." We hope at least that the author of the complaint will be compelled to disclose himself.

Niagara's Water Tanks.

From the Yachtsman.

THE activity of the Y. R. A. Council is becoming quite phenomenal. Time was when our ambition soared no higher than to wake that once lethargic body into some semblance of life, and, whether through our kindly influence or not, it has of late years shown many symptoms of a commendable enthusiasm. Indeed the great difficulty to contend with now is to direct all the new-born energy of the Council in the right or, at all events, into harmless channels, but that this is not always possible has been illustrated recently in a most unfortunate manner. Our readers will remember the incident of the collapse of the Royal Sovereign's steering gear during the Royal Thames match on May 22, for this has been duly reported in these columns. But we did not mention a fact that was known to many on board, viz., that a Y. R. A. Council meeting utilized the opportunity to consider a report made to it that Niagara was fitted with water tanks capable of being used for shifting ballast.

Now, no doubt the Council was bound to inquire into the truth of this "report," and it did so in the proper way—by sending three representatives aboard the yacht at the conclusion of the race. Fortunately the repairs to the Royal Sovereign's steering gear were completed in time to enable these magi to board the yacht before the skipper had an opportunity of concealing his suspected mechanism. On May 27 the Secretary of the Y. R. A. wrote the following letter to Mr. Howard Gould, which, no doubt, was intended to be as agreeable as any communication of such a nature can be made. Our readers may judge of its recipient's joy:

"YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 24 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W., May 27, 1896.—*Dear Sir:* A report was made to the Council of the Y. R. A. that your yacht, Niagara, was fitted with a water tank under the seat on each side of the cabin, and that these tanks are connected by a pipe, so as to make it possible by merely turning a cock to run the water from one tank to another, and thus use them for shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases.

"Three members of the Council were in consequence requested to inspect the tanks, which they did immediately after the race of the R. T. Y. C. on the 23d inst., and in your absence were afforded every facility by Captain Barr.

"The members of the Council do not wish to convey any idea on their part that the tanks have been used for the purpose indicated—on the contrary, their impression was the other way; but I am requested to suggest that, in order to place the matter beyond suspicion, it would be desirable to make it impracticable to run the water from one tank to the other, which could be readily done by a small alteration of the pipes. I should be glad to hear, for the information of the Council, that this will be done at once. Faithfully yours,

"To Howard Gould, Esq." "DIXON KEMP, Sec'y."

Now, we happen to have seen the water tanks on board the Niagara, and the true state of the case is this: There is absolutely no room whatever under the floor for any tanks, and the builder, with his usual astuteness, hit upon this "arrangement that we are not used to on this side of the Atlantic" (as the *Field* puts it), just as he has taught us many other things that our designers did not know before. True, there is a connecting pipe between the two tanks (which, by the way, are only a foot or so below the l.w.l.), and there is a cock in this pipe for the obvious purpose of preventing the water of one tank from running into the other when the yacht is under way. If that cock were not there, there would certainly be a shifting of ballast—to leeward. As it is, water can be put into both tanks at once, and when a sufficient supply has been taken, the cock shuts one tank off from the other. Now, we quite fail to see how these tanks could be used for shifting ballast. It takes nearly ten minutes for one, when filled, to empty itself into the other, and this can only be done when the yacht is heeled. We presume that nobody contemplates the possibility of the leeward tank suddenly running its contents up into the weather one. Another kindly suggestion has been made—viz., that because the tanks are of copper they are unfit to carry fresh water. But if Mr. Herreshoff has made this great mistake, the tanks are surely available for the supply of washing water—and the Niagara has a standing crew of seven hands.

We regard this incident as peculiarly unfortunate, because the suspicion, which many men would treat as a gross insult, has attached to a foreign gentleman, and one who has done much for British yachting, and who is known to be a thorough sportsman. But the fact that Mr. Gould is an American makes the matter still worse, for, notwithstanding any disclaimers, yachtsmen in America will regard this as a national insult. As we have said, the Y. R. A. Council acted promptly enough in view of the "report" made to them, but we think that everyone is entitled to know who made this report. The members of the Yacht Racing Association, at all events, are within their rights in asking for this information.

The *Field* of June 6, in connection with the two letters which we published last week, has the following explanation: "[In the article referred to the following passage occurs: 'The tanks were found to be fitted underneath the sofa seats in the bilges, and are connected by a pipe, so it was quite obvious they could be used as a shifting water ballast. The captain states the tanks were used for carrying fresh water on passages. *No proof appears to exist that they have been so used.*' The words, 'no proof appears,' etc., by some accident got transposed and the sentence should have read, 'It was quite obvious they could be used as shifting water ballast; no proof appears to exist that they have been so used.']"

The *Field* might well have gone further in correcting the entire sentence, as it is by no means obvious how, in the absence of a pump or similar appliance, the water could be forced into the weather tank. The small diameter of the connecting pipe would make it impracticable to obtain any advantage by allowing the weather tank to empty into the lee one prior to going about.

Shackamaxon Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

THE ninth annual regatta of the Shackamaxon Y. C. was sailed on June 10 over the regular course from the stakeboat anchored off the club house at pier 49½ Delaware River, to Wheat Sheaf Bar Buoy at the upper end of the Wheat Sheaf Bar and return, distance 30 miles, the wind being southwest, a free run to upper buoy and dead to the windward to the home buoy.

Thirty-two yachts started: nine third class, nine second class, nine first class and eight fourth class.

The times were:

THIRD CLASS—START 11:20.

	Upper Buoy.	Home Buoy.
McGinty, Capt. Abel Pedlow	1 38 00	4 40 40
Elsie	1 33 00	4 41 30
Nana	1 34 00	4 43 00
SECOND CLASS—START 11:35.		
Woodman and Fiorrie, George Smith	1 57 22	4 38 00
Mabel, Albert James	1 56 35	4 39 00
Budwise, Wm. Shane	1 56 00	4 40 00
FIRST CLASS—START 11:41.		
Emma A, Henry S. Anderson	2 32 15	5 07 00
Annie, Charles Stanford	2 29 00	5 08 00
Edith M., Charles Shallcross	2 30 30	5 13 30
FOURTH CLASS—START 11:45.		
Millie	2 29 45	4 53 30
Sallie B	2 29 40	4 54 15
Emma	2 27 45	5 05 00

The judges were Samuel Balsley, Shackamaxon Y. C.; John McKane, Keystone Y. C., Tacony; and John Rowland, Southwark Y. C.

The regatta committee included Fred Anderson, Max Schladensky and Wm. Jones.

The officers of the club are Com. James Slemmer, Vice-Com Charles Balerle, Sec. Henry S. Anderson, Fin. Sec. R. B. Murphy, Treas. James Slemmer, Fleet Capt. Charles Stanford.

Oceanic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SOUTH BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 13.

THE Oceanic Y. C., of South Brooklyn, sailed its annual regatta on Saturday over courses on the Upper Bay, the times being:

CATBOATS—25FT. AND OVER.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anna K., James Kane	4 01 07	1 34 07
Ripple, A. James	4 14 09	1 48 16
Dolphin, J. W. Reynolds	4 09 02	1 49 31
B. K. W., P. A. White	3 55 20	1 28 45
Charley, C. W. Buns	3 56 00	1 29 00
Winnie, H. Patterson	3 56 16	1 29 16
SECOND CLASS—24FT. AND UNDER		
Gotham, F. Johnston	4 12 49	1 43 32
Vanquish, C. Clement	4 16 31	1 46 13
W. G., J. Wissner	4 12 40	1 45 10
Victor, A. Merthens	4 12 10	1 45 30
Dreadnaught, C. Wise	4 13 31	1 45 30
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.		
Jennie, Dr. Kahn	4 02 45	1 31 22
Rex, C. Wise	4 14 56	1 43 05
Willie, J. Besser	4 14 57	1 43 06
Juanita, C. White	4 14 56	1 43 05
Billy Boy, P. Averill	4 15 00	1 43 06

Encinal Y. C. Open Regatta.

ALAMEDA—SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Saturday, May 30.

The first regatta of the Encinal Y. C. was sailed on May 30, the times being:

CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Florence	3 40 35	5 07 05	1 26 30	1 26 55
Fawn	3 40 15	5 04 20	1 24 05	1 24 05
Lapwing	3 41 27	5 13 35	1 31 08	1 28 41
CLASS 2.				
Caprice	3 41 45	Withdrew.		
Vixen	3 43 06	5 16 59	1 34 47	1 34 47
CLASS 3.				
Dulce	3 40 25	5 31 15	1 50 50	1 50 50
SPECIAL.				
El Sueno	3 43 52	4 50 35	1 06 43	Withdrew.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Y. C. have issued the following: "Owners of yachts who contemplate making entries in any of the regattas to be held by the clubs of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, of which organization this club is a member, are requested to apply immediately for permanent racing numbers to Messrs. Rohm & Co., of No. 157 Fulton street, New York. In the application it is necessary to state the name of the yacht, class and rig. In view of this arrangement the clubs of the Y. R. U. will not hereafter provide racing numbers. The attention of members is called to an error in the 'Schedule of Seawanhaka Racing Events,' recently issued, in which the dates of the International Challenge Cup Races are erroneously given as July 15 and succeeding days until decided. This should be corrected to read July 13 and succeeding days until decided."

We have received from the J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., a copy of a new work which we can recommend to all interested in yachts and vessels generally. The book, which is one of the "Nautical Series," published by the Lippincott Co. in this country and Chas. Griffin & Co. in London, is called "Know Your Own Ship." The book, according to the subtitle, is "a simple explanation of the stability, construction, tonnage and freeboard of ships; specially arranged for the use of ships' officers, superintendents, draftsmen and others, by Thomas Walton, N.A., lecturer to ships' officers, Government Navigation School, Leith." The book contains in a condensed, simplified and practical form a great amount of information relating to vessels that is practically inaccessible to the average reader because it is to be found only in large and expensive works, in connection with the more intricate and abstruse portions of naval architecture, and often set forth in a form only intelligible to the student. Beginning with displacement and taking up in turn such subjects as moments, buoyancy, strain, structure, stability, etc., Mr. Taylor has succeeded admirably in setting forth the main facts in a simple form; the manner of treatment being similar to that attempted in the present series of articles on "Yacht Designing" which we are now publishing. Such subjects as stability and metacentric height are treated in language within the reach of any intelligent reader. The book is devoted, so far as specific examples go, solely to merchant vessels, and does not touch upon yachts; but the yachtsman will find it a most useful work and well worth his careful study.

The novel and useful form of Coast Pilot introduced by N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, the yacht photographer, a few years ago, in which the latest sailing directions are supplemented by photos taken by Mr. Stebbins of the various lighthouses, beacons, buoys and other marks, has just reached a second edition, materially revised and extended so as to include the two books originally issued to cover the Atlantic coast. The new book, a long quarto in a canvas cover, embraces the coast from Galveston to Bass Harbor, Me. It is illustrated by a very large number of reproductions from photos showing all the aids to navigation on the coast. It is needless to speak of the utility of the book in picking up strange landmarks, the pictures show at a glance what might not be revealed by a close study of many lines of print. The book has met with deserved favor from yachtsmen, steamboat men and small coasters.

Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1896 calls for little comment in addition to what we have often before said of it, as it has long since reached a point where the only field for growth was in size. It is the same handsome and comprehensive green and gold volume, with an extended and corrected list of yachts, both British and foreign. Among the new yachts enrolled are Varuna, designed by Watson and building by A. & J. Inglis for Eugene Higgins, 1,500 tons, 264ft. b. p., 35 1ft. beam and 18.3ft. hold; Margarita, also designed by Watson and building at the Alisa S.B. Co.'s yard, Trood, Scotland, for A. J. Drexel, 1,322 tons, 253.5ft. b. p., 33.7ft. beam and 18.4ft. hold; and a third, still larger, designed by Watson and building by J. & G. Thomson, Glasgow, for Ogden Goelet, 1,737 tons, 279.5ft. b. p., 36.67ft. beam and 18 3ft. hold. All of these will have quadruple expansion engines. The book may be had of Thomas Congdon, principal surveyor of Lloyds for the United States, Kemble Building, Whitehall St., New York.

The Larchmont Y. C. has issued the following circular relating to the 14ft. and 30ft. special classes:

It is the intention of the club to give eight races for these classes during the season of 1896.

For each race the club will give an appropriate record prize to the winning boat and a like prize to the second boat in each class, if four or more boats start, and a like prize to the third boat if eight or more boats start.

Com. H. M. Gillig offers two valuable prizes to be awarded at the end of the season to the yacht which has won the greatest number of first prizes in her class.

The Larchmont Y. C. offers two prizes to be awarded at the end of the season to the yachts which have won the greatest number of points in their respective classes in such races, the points counting as follows: The winner in each race shall be credited with four points. The second yacht in each race shall be credited with two points. The third yacht in each race shall be credited with one point.

If either yacht in her respective class winning the greatest number of races should also have won the greatest number of points, such yacht will receive the commodore's prize, and the yacht winning the second largest number of points will receive the prize offered by the club.

In case of a tie for either prize, the tie will be sailed off in a special race. John F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony, Henry C. Wintringham, Regatta Committee.

We have received from a correspondent a photo of a yacht, a snap shot taken from a passing steamer in the Narrows, New York Bay, on May 31. The photographer is ignorant of the name of the yacht, but offers to send a copy of the photo to the owner should he make himself known. The picture, which is a very good one, shows a yawl, in model similar to a Cape cat, with a plumb stem and short counter, and long low cabin house. She is on port tack, with two reefs in mainsail and whole mizzen and jib, apparently heading north on the wind. We shall be glad to forward the picture to the owner on application.

The year book of the New York Y. C. for 1896 is a large volume, the largest of its kind, containing the constitution, by-laws, racing rules, etc., of the club. The private signals of 490 members are given, the total membership of the club being nearly 1,200.

We are indebted to the secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, for a copy of the club book for 1896. The club, now in its twelfth season, has met with remarkable success through the spirit and good management of its founders and their successors, and is now in a most prosperous condition.

The first of the three yachts building by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. was launched on June 4. She is named Siren and was designed by a Chicago yachtsman. The other two are Vincedor, the Berriman yacht for the international race, and Vanessa, owned by W. R. Crawford, of Chicago. The latter is a bulb-fin, in model and dimensions similar to Niagara.

Lasca, schr., has been sold by John E. Brooks to James L. Watson, of Rochester, owner of the steam yacht Algonquin, formerly Gadabout IV.

The Board of Commissioners of Lincoln Park, Chicago, has at length agreed to the plans of the Lincoln Park Y. C., and that club will be aided in constructing a suitable basin and anchorage such as have long been needed at Chicago.

The Eastern Y. C. has arranged the following programme for the season: June 27, race for knockabouts; July 30, race for knockabouts; Aug. 15, racing run from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, with prizes for special 30ft. class and other seventh class sloops; Aug. 18, races for special 30ft. class, other seventh class sloops and knockabouts; Aug. 19, races for special 30ft. class and other seventh class sloops; Sept. 19, race for knockabouts. No announcement has yet been made concerning the annual regatta.

The Rochester Y. C. has issued a very neat little club book, with list of members and yachts, etc. The club opened the season with a cruising race to Sodus on May 30 and a cruise home next day. The little cutter Iris, owned by F. T. Christy, made a remarkably good showing on both occasions. The first club race will be on June 27, the squadron review on July 4, ladies' day July 9, with club races on July 18 and 30, Aug. 8 and 27.

On June 9 a steel steam yacht was launched at the yard of the D. R. I. S. B. and S. E. Co. for Stephen W. Roach, owner of the steam yacht Emmeline. Parthenia, as the new yacht is named, is 142ft. over all, 115ft. 9in. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 9ft. hold, with triple expansion engines, 25, 16 and 9 by 14in. She has Almy boilers and her wheel is three-bladed, 5ft. 6in. diameter and 7ft. pitch.

Vice-Com. Henry C. Ward, N. Y. Y. C., schr. Clytie, has offered a very handsome loving cup, to be called the Walrus cup, to the schooner of the New York Y. C. which shall win the greatest number of runs on the annual cruise.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. will hold a special race on Tuesday, June 30, open to yachts of any recognized yacht club, the committee reserving the right to reject any entry. The classes will be special 30ft., special 21ft., special 24ft., 15ft., all without time allowance; cabin cats, 30ft. and under; open cats, all sizes, shifting ballast; open sloops, all sizes, shifting ballast. The race will be under the rules of the Y. R. A. Entries must be made in writing to George E. Gutland, 11 Wall street, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

Thirty-foot Class, Special Race.

NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, June 11.

THE first important race of the new 30ft. special class took place on June 11 on New York Bay, the weather conditions being such as are but too seldom met with about New York in early summer—a strong, true wind all day from W.N.W., with smooth water, the weather being clear and just cool enough for both yachtsmen and spectators. The one serious drawback was the lack of any means of following the boats, so that but a small part of an exceptionally fine display of yacht racing was seen by others than the contestants and some of the clammers about Sandy Hook. The race was a special one, for prizes given by the New York Y. C. of $75, $50 and $25, and it was started by the regatta committee of the club. The course was a special one, as follows:

From a line between Buoy 13 and the committee boat anchored east of it, two cables' length; around Buoy 12, near Southwest Spit (red nun with perch and ball), leaving it to starboard; around float displaying red flag with white stripe, one mile S., half W. from Old Orchard Shoal Light, leaving it to starboard, to a line drawn as for the start. Buoy 9 (west bank) and the bell buoy, midway between buoys 9 and 11 (west bank), must be left to the westward both going and returning.

The starters were: Hera, R. N. Ellis; Wawa, James Stillman; Esperanza, A. S Van Wickle; Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea; Mai, O. G. Jennings; Departure, C. B. Seeley; Musme, J. M. MacDonough; Asahi, Bayard Thayer.

Departure is the new Gardner sharpie fin-keel, the others being all Herreshoff boats.

While half a dozen of the boats were in a close tangle at the weather end of the line awaiting the gun, Wawa, sailed by Edmund Fish, went over the leeward end with a rush and with nothing to trouble her. This fine start she soon improved into an open lead of the fleet, which she held all day. She was one of several, including Musme, sailed by J. F. Lovejoy, which had the good judgment to turn in a single reef before the start; Musme soon shook herself free from the others and took second place for the day. As they went reaching down by the west bank, those with reefs having all the sail they wanted and the others luffing and begging with very much more, they made a fine sight, with their bright mahogany topsides and pine decks. Taken in detail at anchor their appearance is not specially pleasing, the bow has an awkward knuckle and the bowsprit is very short, suggesting the idea that the yachts would have been quite as good and much handsomer if the limit of over all length had been made large enough to admit of a jib tack at the stem head, as in El Chico and the older Herreshoff fins. The transom and counter of the new model, however, is more yacht-like and shapely than in El Chico and Wenonah. While the mahogany topsides and white pine decks show in very pleasing contrast, the use of oak for the wales, as in all the Herreshoff craft, entirely destroys the sheerline, making the deck look too wide and the side too low. The cabin houses, alike on all, are suggestive of the prompter's box at the opera or some other unshipshape and land-lubberly construction, and detract very much from the appearance. When under way, however, and in such a breeze and bobbie as on Thursday, all of these defects disappear and only the good points of the boats are visible; they are wonderfully lively and quick in all their movements and make a beautiful marine picture. The Gardner boat was visible only from the lee side and at a disadvantage, but she too has a peculiar streak of ugliness in her sharpie stem, with its abrupt angle just above the water; she seemed to trim very much by the stern and showed remarkably little freeboard. The cabin house was less painfully in evidence than in the other boats.

With wind and tide both helping they went gayly along by the west bank and down the main channel, Wawa first, Musme second, then Vaquero III. and Mai, both with whole sail and staggering under it, Hera, Esperanza, Asahi and Departure. This order was maintained as long as they were in sight, but the greater part of the race, the reach across to the markboat after luffing round the Spit Buoy, and the third reach home on the other tack, was lost in sight. The race was officially timed:

START 11:30:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa	1 58 54	2 27 54
Musme	1 59 54	2 28 54
Asahi	2 00 30	2 29 30
Esperanza	2 01 24	2 30 24
Departure	2 05 30	2 35 30
Hera	Withdrew.	
Vaquero III	Withdrew.	
Mai	Withdrew.	

Wawa wins $75, Musme $50, and Asahi, sailed by Capt. Nat Watson, $25.

New York Y. C. Fifty-first Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Thursday, June 11.

THE New York Y. C. was in rare luck for its annual regatta on Thursday of last week. The day was simply perfect, clear, bright and bracing, with a rattling breeze from W.N.W., a most grateful change from the preceding days of fog and rain and raw easterly winds. Lander with his orchestra and Delmonico with his luncheon were aboard the steamer Taurus in fine racing form, fit to grace any regatta, and the club flag flew proudly over a fine fleet of yachts. Most of these, however, were of the would-be "protected cruiser" class, "tea-kettles," small and large. Of sailing yachts there were comparatively few and of racing yachts still fewer; in fact, the whole annual regatta resolved itself into a match between two yachts. Interesting as this was from the reputations of the two craft, the very successful Emerald and the well-known Colonia making her debut as a schooner, and close and exciting as the race was from start to finish, it made but a poor apology for the annual regatta which was once the great event of the season. Why the entry list was so small and the starters still fewer in number, and why but eight yachts finished, are hard questions to answer; but the result remains, that the regatta open only to club yachts and those of large size is a thing of the past. The conditions of Thursday were far above the average—ideal weather, a long and obstinate duel between two noted yachts, all of it plainly visible, and incidentally a view of the warships anchored off States Island and of a real yacht race; taking all of these together, the day was a success, but with such weather as on Wednesday, without Colonia, and without the merely incidental view of the 30-rooters, it would have been a dismal failure.

The regatta was under the usual conditions, open to club yachts only, the courses being from off Buoy 13, outside the Narrows, down by the Ship Channel and Southwest Spit and out by the Hook; the larger yachts, all above 65ft. racing length, going around the Sandy Hook Lightship and home as they came, the smaller turning the Scotland Lightship and returning. The usual prizes were offered for both racing and cruising trim. In the absence of the three members of the regatta committee, Fleet Captain Griswold and Messrs. Tams and W. E. Iselin had charge for the day, accompanying Com. Brown on the steam yacht Sylvia. The entries were:

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

	Length.	Allows.
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	89.51	Allows.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	....	Not meas.

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	82.38	Allows.
Clytie, H. C. Ward	79.46	0 01 48

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.82	Allows.
Elsemarie, J. B. King	74.67	0 00 04

FIFTH CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Eclipse, L. J. Colionan	54.99	0 00 00
Wasp, H. F. Lippitt	54.97	0 00 00

SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.

Uvira, E. M. Lockwood	47.18	Allows.
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.04	0 07 50

SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Choctaw, J. M. Strong	47.08	Allows.
Olga, C. P. Buchanan	34.76	0 20 00

MIXED CLASS—RULE 4—CRUISING TRIM.

Ramona, schooner, H. M Gillig	105.84	Allows.
Wayward, cutter, Duncan Elsworth	65.58	0 16 48

At the last moment Amorita came down and Mr. Brokaw announced that the centerboard had jammed and that the yacht consequently would not start; she draws but 12ft. of water and consequently requires a centerboard to prevent leeway. The owner of the old sloop Eclipse, in spite of all he has done to improve her, not unnaturally had no desire merely to follow Wasp over the course and did not start. The "mixed" class, as prearranged, promised to be well worthy of its name, with the big old schooner Ramona matched against the cruising Burgess cutter Wayward, but unfortunately it was "spoiled" by the absence of Ramona. The committee wisely exercised their discretion, and for once applied the rule to the purpose for which it was intended—of gathering up at the last possible moment all the yachts that were without class competitors and making one class of them. This brought the two cutters Wayward and Wasp together, and made as good a race as was possible under the circumstances. It turned out by no means interesting, as the two were minutes apart all day and the smaller won by allowance; but it was better than a sail over for each.

Not only "wind and weather," but everything else permitted a punctual start and the gun was not only fired promptly at 11, as per programme, but all of the yachts were at the line and ready for the start. The tide was running about half ebb and the wind was coming over the Staten Island hills in chunks, the water being smooth. After a ten-minute interval the starting gun for the smaller yachts was fired at 11:10:00, and Norota led the way over the line, the times being:

Norota	11 10 00	Olga	11 11 24
Uvira	11 10 43	Wayward	11 11 39
Wasp	11 10 58	Choctaw	11 12 26

Meanwhile the two big schooners were maneuvering up toward the Narrows, Colonia keeping to windward; they came down with a rush, Colonia carrying her No. 1 jibtopsail, while Emerald's stay was bare. Both carried clubtopsails. The first over the line was Iroquois, near the leeward end, where a white steam yacht barred her way, a most unnecessary proceeding where room was so plentiful. The times of the schooners were:

Iroquois	11 16 56	Elsemarie	11 20 17
Colonia	11 17 06	Clytie	11 21 45
Emerald	11 17 33		

The first incident of the day was the loss of Uvira's bowsprit when but a short distance from the line, compelling her to retire. The fleet went down the channel with a rush, Colonia soon being in the lead; the two were timed at the Spit, Colonia 11:50:00, Emerald 11:50:40. As both were timed from a moving vessel, the apparent gain of a few seconds for Emerald is not reliable, and only shows that the two had held about even on the reach of seven miles.

The wind was nearly astern after they had jibed over for the short leg out to Buoy 5 off the point of the Hook. Colonia got her spinaker ready on the starboard side, setting it on the foremast. Emerald set hers a little later to port and on the mainmast. After passing the buoy they had the wind dead aft, so nearly so that they ran out to the mark on opposite jibes, as did the smaller yachts astern.

Which of the exerts was right and which wrong was an open question, Emerald made a perceptible gain, and when she took in her spinaker near the mark was on Colonia's lee beam. On the other hand, while she had to take in her spinaker boom to leeward and jibe over, Colonia merely had to trim down as she luffed around the Lightship, she also being the inside boat. The result was that Colonia was timed with a lead of an even minute, instead of 27s. at starting. The approximate times at the Sandy Hook Lightship were:

Colonia	12 43 40	Iroquois	12 54 00
Emerald	12 44 40	Wasp	12 55 20
Wayward	12 50 00	Elsemarie	12 58 20

Once trimmed down, the pair on starboard tack, the fine work of the day commenced. Colonia swung a big clubtopsail, but it did not set properly. Emerald had her club set over the jibheader, the tack started on both. The clubtopsail was not tacked down, and after about 15 minutes on the wind she lowered it. There was no question between the two in carrying power; while Emerald came home without her clubtopsail, and at times with the two working topsails clewed down, Colonia easily carried her clubtopsail, though she had it shaking much of the time, and gained little by it. She showed, however, ample power to carry her racing rig at all times.

The first development on the wind was the pointing of Emerald, very much higher than that of Colonia. At 12:51:00 Colonia went on port tack and crossed Emerald's bows, at once tacking again on her weather. At 12:55:00 Emerald went on port tack only to find Colonia to windward again. When she went about Colonia's foregaff fouled the springstay, and after holding along for a few minutes she went about and slacked her halyards to clear it, leaving Emerald free, she holding her port tack and soon lowering her clubtopsail. They parted now, on opposite tacks, and then both went about, coming together at about 1:10:00, when Emerald crossed Colonia's bows. To all appearances Colonia was doing better work on the port than on the starboard tack. She did not point with Emerald, and she was luffed up at times, presumably to set up halyards and sheets. They stood on toward the Highlands, Emerald now gaining, and at 1:40:00 both were close into the beach off Sandy Hook somewhere abreast of Spermaceti Cove. Colonia was to windward, and from the steamer it was a question whether Emerald could cross her when both had to tack for water. Colonia was drawing some 4ft. more water than Emerald, and this probably led her to tack first, at 1:47:00. Emerald held on until it seemed as though her bowsprit was somewhere in among the scrub cedars on the Hook, but at 1:50:00 she came about on port tack. The two now stood up along the beach until they could tack well clear of Buoy 5.

The wind had been much lighter outside the Hook all day, when the yachts passed the point of the Hook and started to beat in to the Spit Buoy they felt the full force of it, and Emerald lowered both topsails to the caps. They were not closely timed at the Spit, but Emerald had a lead that meant a gain of over two minutes in the windward work.

Once around the buoys they had a close reach in, a fine bit of sailing for the spectators. Emerald heeled as the puffs caught her until she was far down on her beam ends. Colonia stuck to her clubtopsail while the other was under lower sails, but she gained nothing by the big kite. She also carried a baby jibtopsail until the tack parted. Finally she parted the sheet of her foretopsail and took that in. While she gained on Emerald, especially when the latter rolled down almost flat, she failed to catch her. Just short of the line Elsemarie carried away the whole head of her jib. The official times were:

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald	11 17 33	3 07 56	3 50 23	3 50 23
Colonia	11 17 06	3 09 04	3 51 58	Not meas.

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Iroquois	11 16 56	3 36 29	4 19 33	4 19 33
Clytie	11 21 45	Withdrew.		

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

Elsemarie	11 20 17	3 36 03	4 15 46	4 15 46

SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.

Norota	11 10 36	3 29 35	4 18 59	4 11 09
Uvira	11 10 43	Disabled.		

SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Choctaw	11 12 26	3 24 38	4 12 12	4 12 12
Olga	11 11 24	Not timed.		

MIXED CLASS—CRUISING TRIM.

Wasp	11 10 58	3 42 51	4 31 50	4 21 23
Wayward	11 11 39	3 34 30	4 22 51	4 22 51

Colonia is not yet measured, but it is certain that she will allow time to Emerald; the latter wins a $900 cup. Iroquois wins a $100 cup; Norota wins a $300 cup; Choctaw wins a $200 cup and Wasp wins a $100 cup in the mixed class.

The race between Colonia and Emerald, fine as were the conditions, cannot be taken as in any way conclusive. The older boat is in perfect racing form, the result of three seasons of thorough working up and successful racing. Colonia, on the other hand, is in nearly all respects a new boat, the rig, the ballasting and the centerboard being all new. She was hurried away from the yard only a day or two before the race, with no time for trial, and is yet far from ready. The strong wind was also against her in this race, as sails and gear were not yet stretched to place. The showing under these circumstances promises some lively racing in the future meetings of the pair.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 6.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, was sailed on June 6, over a 20-mile course on the Delaware, starting from the club station at Essington. The times were:

FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS, SLOOPS AND YAWLS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Venitza	11 30 00	5 10 28	5 40 28
Mascotte	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Narounya	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

THIRD-CLASS SLOOPS.

	Allowance.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mona	.. .. ..	5 16 45	5 46 45	.. .. ..
Ethel	1 52 00	5 11 37	5 41 37	5 39 45
Kathleen	2 46 00	5 12 04	5 42 04	5 39 58
Saracen	4 23 00	5 10 24	5 40 24	5 36 01
Irex	9 16 00	5 19 36	5 49 36	5 40 20
Athalia	10 14 00	5 18 51	5 48 51	5 38 37

The Ogdensburgh Y. C. Cup.

THE following announcement is made by the Ogdensburgh Y. C.: The Ogdensburgh Y. C. has offered a $300 cup to be competed for by half-raters on July 28; the cup to be the personal property of owner of winning boat. The course will be an equilateral triangle, each side about one mile, in open water, clear of all headlands, and sailed under the rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Mr. W. P. Stephens, yachting editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, has kindly consented to act as referee of this race. We have received assurance of entries from several Long Island Sound and Canadian yacht owners, and trust you can find it convenient to enter your boat. The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co. have made a special rate from New York for this occasion, whereby half-raters can be loaded into large cars with end doors and shipped to Ogdensburgh and return by fast freight, at $1.56 per 1000lbs., each way, for actual weight. For instance, a boat weighing 3000lbs., the charge for round trip would be $9.36. We will be pleased to furnish entry blanks and any other information upon application to the secretary.

OGDENSBURGH YACHT CLUB, A. R. PORTE, Sec'y.

Douglaston Y. C. Annual Regatta.

DOUGLASTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 13.

THE annual regatta of the Douglaston Y. C. was sailed on June 13 in a fresh breeze from N.E. which fell before the larger yachts had finished in the afternoon; the smaller craft had enough to make a very fine race.

Among the starters in the 15ft. class was Ideal, a new boat designed by W. P. Stephens for H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., and built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. She came down from the St. Lawrence by rail and was rigged and launched on Thursday afternoon. She is similar to Ethelwynn, but with 2in. more beam and a larger sail plan. She is very handsomely finished, the deck of Spanish cedar and the topsides in white enamel. Her rig is similar to Ethelwynn, with silk sails by Wilson & Griffin. The courses were:

Classes 1, 2 and 3, from line between the club house and a stakeboat anchored in Little Neck Bay around Gangway buoy, to be left on starboard hand; thence to starting line, leaving stakeboat on port hand; thence to Gangway buoy, leaving it on starboard hand; thence to starting point, stakeboat on starboard hand; about 20 miles.

Class 5, from a line between the club house and a stakeboat anchored in Little Neck Bay, around Gangway Buoy, to be left on starboard hand to starting point, leaving stakeboat on port hand, around a stakeboat anchored in Pelham Bay, opposite Stepping Stone Light, leaving it on Starboard hand, to starting point, stakeboat on starboard hand. About fifteen miles.

Classes 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, from a line between the club house and a stakeboat anchored in Little Neck Bay, around a stakeboat anchored N. E. of Throgg's Neck, around a stakeboat anchored in Pelham Bay, opposite Stepping Stone Light, both marks to be left on the starboard hand, thence to the starting point, stakeboat on port hand, thence around the stakeboat in Pelham Bay, thence to starting point, leaving both stakeboats on starboard hand.

The Douglaston Y. C. is fortunate in the possession of a cosy floating house, which lies through the season in Douglaston Bay, but which on occasions like this is towed out to the mouth of Little Neck Bay, at the head of the racing courses. From the house the courses for the smaller yachts were plainly visible, though the steam yacht Belle Haxen, Com. Hoyt, carried the committee and guests over the inner course. The race of the large yachts, around the Gangway Buoy, was visible only in part.

The regatta was under the rules of the Y. R. U., with a one-gun start in all classes. The first gun was fired at 12:20, and the start for Class 3 at 12:30, Coya going over promptly, with Ellide on her weather quarter. The next class started at 12:35, Oconee over first, followed by Molly Bawn to windward of Exonian. They all trimmed close for the reach across to the Stepping Stones. Molly Bawn held a good wind and worked well out from the start. The catboats started at 12:40, Mary II. going over on the gun, followed by Caper, Violet, Baby, Melita. The 21-footers and 15-footers started at 12:45, Ideal, with a single reef in, making the best start, followed by Olita, Celia, Houri, Paprika, Hope, Ulmec, Question. These and the cats in Classes 11, 12 and 13 had an easy reach across wind and tide, the latter running to windward, to the Throgg's Neck Buoy, a little over a mile; then about a mile and a half of windward work to the City Island mark; and then three legs of reaching across the Sound and back, so that the race was nearly all a reach. Mary II. held her lead to the first mark, the fleet being remarkably well bunched when the small size of some of the boats is considered; the little Paprika made a close race across with the 21-footer Celia. The order of the 15-footers was Paprika, Ulmec, Hope, Olita, Question and Ideal. All but the new boat had started with whole sail, and after coming on the wind she shook out her reef.

While Mary held out toward the channel on port tack, Presto stood in nearer the Pelham shore, and at the end of the windward leg was far ahead. Paprika improved her position on the fleet of 15-footers to windward, and did still better when she started sheet for the free reach to the line. Hope was about a minute astern of her, and Ulmec third, the others well strung out astern. Near the end of the round Ideal passed Olita and left the latter at the tail. The order of the turn was: Presto, Houri, Oconee, Punch, Molly, Bawn, Celia, Mary, Paprika, Hope, Ulmec, Question, Ideal and Olita. On the way across to the City Island mark, Mary lowered her mainsail and withdrew. Going out and back Paprika gained considerably, Ulmec picked up and passed Hope, and Ideal passed Question. Houri, with a new suit of Wilson & Griffin sails of very light material, easily left Celia. The official times were:

CLASS 3—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS, 30 TO 36FT.—START 12:30.

	Finish.
Mignon, Joseph Fournier	4 07 35
Coya, Wm. Grace	4 19 45
Ellide, W. W. Hollingsworth	4 29 55

CLASS 5—CABIN CATS, 25 TO 30FT.—START 12:35.

Mollie Bawn, F. M. Brown	3 04 50
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	3 24 46
Exonian, W. R. Fleming	Withdrew

CLASS 9—15 FOOTERS—START 12:45.

Olita, H. C. Rouse	2 33 31
Question, L. D. Huntington	2 32 30
Hope, Arthur Iselin	2 29 50
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	2 24 10
Ulmec, W. W. Howard	2 27 00
Ideal, H. O. Havermeyer, Jr.	2 24 15

CLASS 10—21-FOOTERS—START 12:45.

Houri, E. Burton Hart, Jr.	2 15 00
Celia, W. F. Gould	2 20 55

CLASS 11—CABIN CATS, UNDER 25FT.—START 12:40.

Presto, F. M. Randall	2 17 30
Mary II., W. E. Elsworth	Withdrew.
Caper, Edward G. Unitt	Withdrew.
Melita, O. H. Chelborg	2 40 50

CLASS 12—OPEN CATS, 22FT. AND UNDER—START 12:40.

Punch, A. Clark	2 22 00
Violet, G. A. S. Wheaters	2 27 40

CLASS 13—OPEN CATS, BETWEEN 20 AND 25FT.—START 12:40

Baby, D. A. Corry	2 34 00

The winners are: Mignon, Mollie Bawn, Paprika, Ulmec (second prize), Houri, Punch and Baby. Presto is a new cabin cat, designed and built by the Crosby Co., of Bay Ridge. After the race the club house was towed back to its moorings and the members and their guests spent the evening in dancing.

San Francisco Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Saturday, May 30.

THE annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco was sailed in a strong breeze on May 30, the times being:

CLASS 4.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ceres	12 07 58	Withdrew.		

YAWLS.

Nereid	12 16 00	3 03 52	2 47 52	2 46 38
Arcturus	12 20 40	3 58 32	3 37 52	3 37 38
Guinevere	12 21 02	3 13 40	2 52 38	2 50 08

CLASS 3.

Truant	12 34 11	3 27 38	2 53 27	2 52 53
Æolus	12 35 08	3 34 16	2 59 13	2 59 13
Mignon	12 35 24	3 40 16	3 04 52	3 04 43

CLASS 2.

Emma	12 46 45	3 25 14	2 38 29	2 35 31
Harpoon	12 47 16	3 20 31	2 33 15	2 32 55
Freda	12 55 00	Withdrew.		

CLASS 1.

Clara	1 00 26	3 33 11	2 32 45	2 31 44
Elia	1 01 07	3 31 19	2 30 12	2 30 12
Louis	1 08 32	Withdrew.		
Speedwell	1 08 49	3 34 41	2 25 52	2 25 41

SPECIAL.

La Paloma	1 08 21	4 12 44	3 06 23	3 06 23
Seven Bells	1 08 32	4 22 50	3 13 58	3 13 58

The wind and tide were so strong that only Ceres started in the smaller classes, and she could barely cross the starting line in the channel against the tide.

Newport Y. C. Opening Race.

NEWPORT—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Saturday, May 30.

THE opening regatta of the Newport Y. C. was sailed on May 30, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—START 2:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sea Maid, Arnold James	4 21 35	2 21 35	2 21 35
Prunella, R. Wood	4 47 51	2 47 51	2 43 33
Ite, C. U. Coffin	Disabled.		

THIRD CLASS—START 2:05.

Niobrara, J. H. Scannevin	4 38 33	2 33 33	2 33 33
Guide, W. Tripp	4 56 00	2 51 00	Not meas.
Emma Dame, E. A. Hazard	5 00 33	2 55 33	2 55 33

FOURTH CLASS—START 2:10.

Vesper, C. S. Plummer	4 53 00	2 43 00	2 43 00
Secretary, G. S. Slocum	5 25 50	3 15 50	3 14 46
Shadow, F. Dawnes	Did not finish.		

Meteor II.

MAKING all due allowance for the enthusiasm which always greets a new yacht of the largest class, especially when owned by a millionaire or even by royalty, it nevertheless appears that Mr. Watson has distinguished himself in his latest production, and that she is a remarkably fast yacht. Just how fast it is difficult yet to say, as she is being tried by a new standard that is very imperfectly understood by yachtsmen. As quoted below from the *Field*, with some 2,000ft. more sail she measures by the new rule but little more than the old rating yachts of the class. The *Field* describes her as follows:

"On leaving the dock at Southampton, the German Emperor's Meteor sailed for Cowes, whither sundry fittings had been forwarded from the Clyde. In the small hours of Wednesday morning she arrived at Tilbury, where she took up a berth near Satanita, completely dwarfing such, by comparison, small fry as Caress and The Saint, wedged in between the two giants. Like her predecessors, the new Meteor's topsides are painted dark blue, which, if anything, deludes the eye into an exaggerated estimate of her by no means diminutive proportions. The rumor that she is fitted with a wheel forward of the mast is without foundation. She has, indeed, a detachable wheel for cruising purposes, but when in use it merely takes the place of the tiller, the compass in that case being shifted to a skylight further aft. Her round steel boom appears to be shorter than the octagonal boom of Valkyrie III., and certainly gives the impression of great strength. Her topsail halyards are brought down below the deck and made fast to the housed portion of the mast in the forecastle. This part of the vessel is lit up by a couple of large hatches, one forward and one abaft the mast. It contains three rows of folding bunks, while on the starboard side a snug little cabin is partitioned off for the use of her skipper, Gomes.

For the bulkheads throughout the whole of the vessel—excepting of course in the forecastle—light woods and a flowered cretonne have been used, which has the effect of making the interior appear very roomy and airy. The saloon is most tastefully upholstered in dark green leather, with the imperial crown and the motto of the garter stamped in gold. Two swing tables are placed in front of the two orthodox couches, of which the one on the port side has been docked to allow space for a small escritoire. The three cabins, which follow aft, are commodious and light apartments and fitted with wide bunks. Right aft is the ladies' cabin, across the whole width of the vessel. The space opposite the foot of the companion is fitted with a comfortable lounge, while a number of small closets, cupboards and a separate bath-room lead out of the passage. At present the cabins are occupied by Lord Lonsdale, Mr. R. Allan and Capt. Arenhold, of which the last named, a retired naval officer and marine painter of no mean talent, will be remembered as having last year had command of the Emperor's 20-rater Vineta. Lord Lonsdale's sturdy little ocean-going steam launch Sybil, fitted with a powerful search-light forward of the funnel, is in attendance on the Meteor. The large cutter will leave shortly for the Elbe, whence she proceeds by the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal to Kiel for the racing on the Baltic. She will return in the early part of July and compete in the different regattas with the large class. According to present arrangements, the German Emperor will not come to Cowes for the regattas.

It is a very wonderful provision of the new rating rule that the Meteor can have 2,000 sq. ft. more canvas than Britannia and Satanita, and 1,400 sq. ft. than Ailsa, and yet only rate 101.1, or possibly 101.2. This is bringing in the old length class type with a very heavy vengeance indeed; practically the tax on sail has been wiped out, at any rate as far as the large class is concerned.

Her dimensions, as quoted by the same authority, are: l.w.l. 89ft., beam 24ft. 3in., draft about 17ft., boom 97ft., gaff 59ft., sail area about 12,960sq. ft.

The regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Y. C. was sailed off Dover on June 5; Britannia, Ailsa, Meteor and Satanita starting in the order named at 11:30 A. M., with a light southwest wind. The course was about fifty miles. The Saint, The Penitent and Niagara started at noon, in the order given.

Up to 12:30 P. M. only the faintest airs had assisted the racers, but Meteor had stolen away to the westward and was about a mile ahead of Satanita, only these two yachts having succeeded in weathering the pier end. Britannia and Ailsa, farther out in the channel, were obliged to anchor in order to prevent the tide from driving them away. In the 52ft. class, at the same hour, The Saint had a long lead on Niagara. The Penitent was badly handicapped. Fifty minutes elapsed before she crossed the line and went in chase of her opponents.

The course for the large yachts is to Boulogne-sur-Mer and back, and the course for the smaller yachts was originally twenty-four miles, but owing to the paltry wind the distance was reduced to twelve miles.

Niagara crossed the finish line at 5 hours 10 minutes and 48 seconds—nine minutes ahead of The Saint and eleven minutes before The Penitent. Meteor won the race for the large yachts, with Britannia second.

The regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C. was sailed on June 11, and resulted in another victory for Meteor. The weather conditions were not favorable to a speedy race, but Meteor sustained her reputation of being the best boat in soft winds.

At the time of the start, which was made at 10:45, the wind was very light. As soon as Meteor was fairly started she began to gain on Hester and soon passed her.

The boats were timed when they passed Calshot, and Meteor was then two minutes ahead of Britannia. Hester and Ailsa were in the rear of the Prince of Wales's cutter, while Satanita, after being recalled at the start, was fifteen minutes astern of the leader and practically out of the race. Meteor continued to gain slowly but surely, and the next time a watch was put on the boats she was fifteen minutes ahead of Britannia.

A little while afterward the yachts were in the doldrums and the race became wearisome. They drifted with the tide and in this Meteor proved herself the best boat of the lot. Satanita, seeing there was no possible chance for her, gave up the race. Hour after hour passed, with occasionally little puffs of wind, of which full advantage was taken, and it was not until 7h. 52m. 50s. that Meteor went over the finish line. Britannia was second at 8h. 18m. 30s., and Ailsa third at 8h. 19m. 20s. The only feature of the race was Meteor's wonderful performance despite the almost complete absence of wind.

The 20-raters Niagara, Audrey and The Penitent also raced over the Brambles course, a distance of thirty-two miles. The Penitent won, with Audrey second and Niagara last.

On June 13 Britannia, Meteor, Ailsa, Satanita and Hester started in the race for any yachts exceeding 39 rating, under the auspices of the Royal Southern Y. C., for prizes of £30 to the winner and £20 to the second. The course was around the Calshot Spit Lightship to East Lepe and East Sturbridge Buoys, back to the West Brambles Buoy, and thence to the starting line, twice around, a distance of forty-five miles.

The weather was fine and a whole sail breeze was blowing from the southeast when the starting gun was fired. The boats got away well together, the times at the start being:

Satanita	10 30 15	Hester	10 30 50
Ailsa	10 30 30	Meteor	10 31 03
Britannia	10 30 34		

It was a beat to the Calshot Spit Lightship and then a reach on the port tack to the East Lepe Buoy, at which point the times of the boats were taken as follows:

Satanita	11 02 10	Meteor	11 05 05
Ailsa	11 03 04	Hester	11 06 30
Britannia	11 04 36		

Passing Cowes the times were:

Satanita	11 20 00	Meteor	11 24 47
Ailsa	11 21 45	Hester	11 31 50
Britannia	11 24 10		

Before reaching Old Castle Point Meteor got to windward of Britannia and passed her. Later Meteor went ashore, but remained fast only a few minutes. After floating she continued in the race. Shortly after the yachts had passed Cowes the wind changed and headed the boats, and they beat across Osborne Bay. The race was stopped at the end of the first round. The yachts finished as follows:

Meteor	2 47 50	Satanita	3 55 19
Britannia	3 49 04		

Britannia won on time allowance.

The wind fell off in the afternoon. The twenty-raters went over the course prescribed for them. The Saint finished first, the Audrey second and The Penitent third. Mr. Howard Gould's yacht Niagara has been docked and consequently did not sail in the race.

In the Royal Southern regatta on June 12 the 52-footers, The Saint, The Penitent, Audrey and Niagara started at 10:30 A. M. At the conclusion of the first round the yachts held the positions in the order named; The Saint won, and The Penitent was second. The times of finish were as follows: The Saint, 4h. 20m. 30s.; The Penitent, 4h. 22m. 31s.; Audrey, 4h. 30m. 26s., and Niagara, 4h. 33m. 41s.

The Orillia Yacht and Canoe Club was formed at Orillia, Ontario, last week with the following officers: Com., Thomas H. Sheppard; Vice-Com., George Curran; Sec.-Treas., E. W. Strathy. Mr. Andrew Fait has generously given the club the free use of his magnificent club house at the lake side, and Com. Sheppard has donated a $50 challenge cup, which will be competed for for the first time on Dominion Day, July 1.

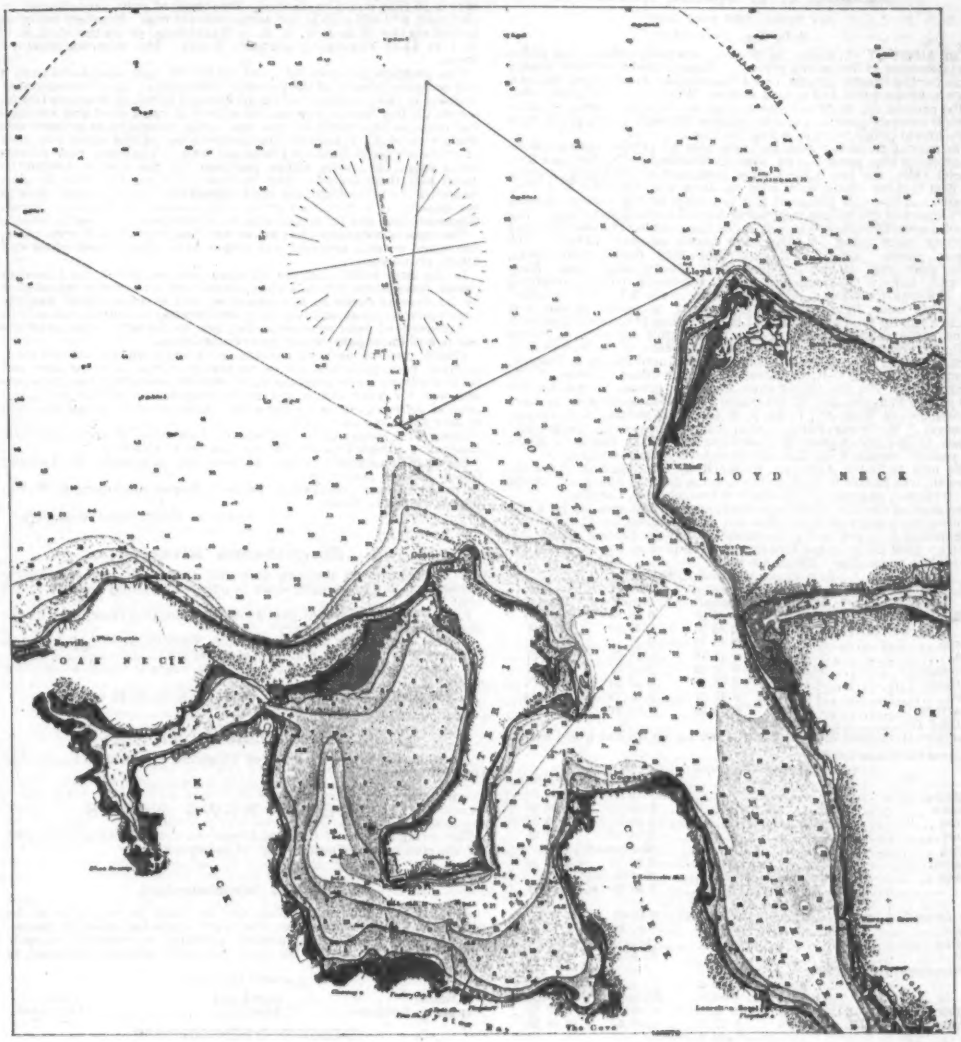

CHART OF COURSES FOR SEAWANHAKA TRIAL AND CUP RACES, OFF OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Trial Races.

ON Monday next, June 22, the trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the selection of a defender for its international cup begin at Oyster Bay, continuing on the two following days. The following conditions governing both the trial and cup races were published early in the season, but in answer to many inquiries we repeat them:

GENERAL REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE MATCH AND TRIAL RACES FOR 1896.

I. The courses shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class, each leg of the triangular course shall be two nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be three nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles.

II. The start shall be a one-gun flying start.

III. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

IV. Yachts must not exceed 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{\text{L. W. L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$

V. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of 300lbs. shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent crew.

VI. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)

VII. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

VIII. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length. The area of spinnaker and balloon jib shall each be limited to four-tenths of the total area of the mainsail and jib used in windward work.

IX. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

The race committee also announce the following programme for the trial races, subject to change, of which due announcement will be given:

TRIAL RACES TO SELECT THE DEFENDER FOR THE YEAR 1896 OF THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP FOR SMALL YACHTS, JUNE 22, 23, 24.

Courses.—1. The course for the first and third trial races shall be triangular and shall be as follows:

Triangular Course.—From a line between Center Island Buoy off the entrance to Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, and the committee steamer anchored S.E. of the same.

E. by N. ½ N.—Two miles around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand.

N.W.—Two miles around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand.

S. by W. ½ W.—Two miles across finish line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer anchored N.W. of the same.

Course to be sailed over twice; total distance twelve nautical miles.

On the second round yachts will leave Center Island Buoy on the port hand.

Note.—The race committee may in their discretion direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the starboard hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the committee steamer at the start to the N.W. of Center Island Buoy. In this case the committee steamer will be anchored S.E. of Center Island Buoy at the finish.

2. The course for the second trial race shall be a course to windward or leeward and return.

Course to Windward or Leeward and Return.—From a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the starboard hand; distance 3 miles and return; course to be sailed over twice; total distance 12 nautical miles. The direction will be signaled by the general yacht signal code from the committee steamer at least 15 minutes before the preparatory signal.

Start and Signals.—The start will be a one-gun flying start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer.

First Signal.—Preparatory (whistle 15 seconds long). The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted.

There will be an interval of 5 minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal.—Start (whistle 15 seconds long). The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that the flags and balls constitute the signals, the whistles merely calling attention thereto.

Special Conditions.—1. The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

2. The owner of each yacht entering for the trial races must on or before June 20 furnish to the secretary of the committee the racing measurement of his yacht certified by the measurer of the S. C. Y. C.

3. Each yacht must carry a racing number (which may be obtained at the club house on the morning of the first race) fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

4. In the event of a race being postponed or ordered recalled, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

Entries.—All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts entered belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the secretary of the race committee and will be furnished with printed or written blanks upon or in accordance with which entries must be made, and at the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht to compete in the trial races, all the privileges of the club house at Oyster Bay will be extended to the owners and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by the said races, upon the same terms as to members of the club.

Race Committee.
OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman, 64 Leonard street, N. Y.
CHARLES W. Wetmore, 35 Wall street, N. Y.
WALTER C. KERR, 26 Cortlandt street, N. Y.
D. LEROY DRESSER, 55 White street, N. Y.
CHARLES A. SPERMAN, Secretary, 64 Leonard street, N. Y.

The club measurer, Mr. Hyslop, will be on hand to measure the yachts, but it is quite probable that there may not be time to measure all before the races. Yachts may be entered upon the certificate of measurement of the clubs to which they belong, subject to verification or remeasurement at the option of the committee or upon protest.

In one of the circulars sent out a misprint of dates of the cup races occurs, the correct dates being July 13 and succeeding days.

Racing numbers may be had, at a cost of 25 cents per set, of Rehm & Co., 197 Fulton street, New York.

Columbia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Thursday, June 11.

THE Columbia Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 11 in a strong westerly wind, the course being a triangle on the Hudson from off the club house, Eighty-sixth street, New York, across the river to a stakeboat off Fort Lee, then down to a stakeboat off Guttenburg and home, two rounds making 15 miles. The times were:

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 31FT.				
Cygnet	11 00 00	12 53 05	1 53 05	1 53 05
Pauline	11 05 07	Did not finish.		
Ramona	11 00 05	1 28 05	2 28 00	2 27 23
CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 27FT.				
Moya	11 01 05	Did not finish.		
Veta	11 05 00	1 15 00	2 10 00	2 10 00
Camille	11 08 05	Did not finish.		
CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 27FT.				
Lurline	11 01 30	1 18 30	16 15	. . . .
Dorothy	11 05 00	1 14 15	11 35	. . . .
Polly	11 03 05	1 34 00	30 55	. . . .
CLASS F—CABIN BOATS.				
Frankie A	11 06 20	1 49 20	43 00	2 43 00
CLASS K—NAPHTHA LAUNCH				
Rambler	11 56 30	1 43 40	47 10	1 47 10
Banshee	11 57 25	1 50 35	53 10	1 30 48
Mabel	11 56 35	2 01 00	04 25	1 41 40

Moya and Ramona each lost her topmast.

Atlantic Y. C. Special Races.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 13.

THE Atlantic Y. C., under its present energetic officers, has joined the procession of live racing clubs and inaugurated a series of weekly races for the smaller classes, in addition to the stereotyped fixtures of an annual regatta and annual cruise. Whether it is a good policy at the present day to close these smaller events to the yachts of sister clubs is an open question; in our opinion the club would profit by a more liberal policy, such as is now the rule.

The race of Saturday was for three sets of prizes: the handsome Washington cup, presented by Allan C. Washington for the new 30ft. special class; the two Adams cups, presented by Vice-Com. Adams, the first legs for which were won on June 6 by Choctaw and Step Lively; and the club prizes of $25 in several of the regular classes, the winners of the Adams cups being barred from these prizes. The courses were two triangles, each sailed three times, the starting and finishing lines being off the club house at Bay Ridge. The larger yachts sailed first past the Bay Ridge Bell Buoy, then past the Robbins Reef Bell Buoy, then past Buoy 14 and home; the catboats sailed the same course, omitting the Robbins Reef Buoy. The distances were 13½ and 10 miles. The wind was light from S.E., making a reach to the first mark, a run up the Bay, and a beat in from Buoy 14 to the line on each round. The entries were: For the Washington cup—Wawa, James Stillman; Esperanza, A. S. Van Wickle; Departure, C. Barnum Seeley; Hera, Ralph N. Ellis; Mai, O. G. Jennings; Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea; Argonaut, J. R. Maxwell; Caroline, Pembroke Jones; Musme, J. M. Macdonough. For the Adams cups and club prizes—Sloops, cutters and yawls: Penguin, Geo. E. Brightson; Swannanoa, Stephen Loines; Tigress, James Weir, Jr.; Lynx, R. B. Lynch; Wabossa, H. B. Shaen; Choctaw, J. M. Strong; Sultan (yawl), John H. Cromwell. Cabin cats: Streak, C. H. Lary; Squaw, H. S. Jewell; Ethel, F. M. Randall. Mainsail yachts: Presto, F. M. Randall; Step Lively, F. M. Randall.

The new 30-footer Argonaut, designed by Wintringham for J. R. Maxwell, was unable to start owing to some delay in fitting out; there was, however, another new Herreshoff boat present, Caroline.

The start of the 30ft. class was made at 2:55, Mai, steered by L. D. Huntington, going over first. Mai and Asahi made a hot race, the latter finishing first, but being protested by Mai for fouling her at the Robbin's Reef Buoy on the first round. The protest will be heard by the regatta committee. The times were:

30FT. CLASS—START 2:55:00.

	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Elapsed.
Asahi	0 52 47	0 48 20	0 48 33	2 29 40
Mai	0 53 44	0 48 24	0 47 59	2 30 07
Musme	0 54 34	0 48 10	0 47 53	2 30 37
Hera	0 55 06	0 48 28	0 48 23	2 31 57
Esperanza	0 55 24	0 50 22	0 48 21	2 34 07
Caroline	0 56 23	0 50 00	0 48 54	2 35 26
Wawa	0 55 36	0 49 57	0 51 15	2 36 48
Departure	0 57 39	0 53 14	0 50 41	2 41 34
Vaquero III	Withdrew.			

Vaquero III. picked up some obstruction on her fin and withdrew.

Adams cups; start 3:05:00:

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Penguin	2 29 53	2 29 53
Choctaw	2 30 44	2 28 36
Tigress	2 45 57	2 39 37
Sultan	2 54 42	2 41 05
Cygnet	Not timed.	
Acushla	2 34 19	2 30 15
Feydeh	Not timed.	
Iris	3 20 20	2 42 01

CATS.

Step Lively	2 18 05	2 18 05
Squaw	2 17 51	2 16 42
Dorothy	Not timed.	
Ethel	2 38 15	2 27 36

Club prizes; start 3:05:00:

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Penguin	3 10 00	5 39 53	2 29 53	2 29 53
Choctaw	3 06 30	5 37 14	2 30 44	2 28 36

SLOOPS—CLASS 6.

Tigress	3 09 07	5 55 04	2 45 57	2 39 37
Sultan	3 06 19	6 02 51	2 54 32	2 41 05

SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

Cygnet	3 07 23	6 17 18	3 09 45	3 09 45
Acushla	3 06 44	5 41 03	2 34 19	2 30 15

CATBOATS—CLASS 1.

Step Lively	3 15 47	5 27 52	2 12 05	2 12 05
Squaw	3 15 46	5 33 37	2 17 51	2 16 42

CATBOATS—CLASS 2.

Ethel	3 18 07	5 56 22	2 38 15	2 38 15

The ownership of the Washington prize is as yet undecided. Acushla was first in the general race and wins $35; she was barred for the Adams cups, not having started in the first race. Choctaw wins one Adams cup and Step Lively the other, each having won a leg on June 6. The club prizes go to Tigress, Acushla and Iris. The house was open to ladies during the afternoon, and in the evening a special entertainment took place under the direction of Prof. Hermann, of the steam yacht Fra Diavolo.

Hudson River Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, June 13.

THE annual regatta of the Hudson River Y. C. was sailed on June 13 over the club's triangular course on the Hudson. The race started in a fresh N.E. breeze, but it soon fell and but a few of the fleet drifted home. The times were:

CLASS 4—CABIN CATS OVER 23FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Henrietta	11 25 00	4 30 00	5 05 00	5 05 00
Scray	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Adeline	11 25 00	Disabled.		

CLASS 7—OPEN CATS OVER 23FT.

Jas. T. Corlett	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
John H. Cameron	11 22 45	3 29 50	4 07 05	4 07 05
Mildred	11 19 37	Withdrew.		

CLASS 9—OPEN CATS OVER 17 TO 20FT.

C. T. Wills	11 21 35	1 43 31	2 21 56	2 21 56
Day Off	11 22 50	Withdrew.		

CLASS 10—OPEN CATS 17FT. AND UNDER.

Neversink	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Julie	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Adele Ray	11 25 00	2 10 15	2 45 15	2 44 10

Judges: Vice-Com. Grover, John Kelly and Frank Oliver.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

1-8. Atlantic Division Meet, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

Atlantic Division Meet.

LAKE HOPATCONG, JULY 1-8.

THE annual camp of the Atlantic Division will be held on Lake Hopatcong during the week July 1 to 8. The site chosen commands a splendid outlook over the western portion of the lake, is well removed from cottages and hotels and is situated on the point between Henderson Bay and Henderson Cove, just opposite the northern end of Chincopee Bridge, which separates Raccoon Island from the mainland.

The arrangements for the camp will comprise the furnishing of skids, tent floors—if desired—straw for tents, flag poles and ice at cost. Fire wood for fuel and camp-fires is abundant and the water off the point is deep and cool and all that could be desired for drinking purposes. The prevailing winds on the lake will sweep the camp, and malaria and mosquitoes are said to be unknown. Storage tents for duffle, etc., pending the arrival of owners, and for the use of members arriving unexpectedly, will be provided.

The scheme for transportation from New York and vicinity (if the estimated attendance warrants it) is a canal boat which will make the rounds of the club houses from Yonkers to Gravesend Bay, thence to the Passaic River and thence up the canal and into the lake. The boat will be retained during the camp and will serve not only as a "Home for the Friendless," but also for the delivery of duffle and canoes at the close of the camp. Members from along the Delaware can ship either by car direct to the lake or by lighter to New York; their canoes and duffle to be transferred to the canal boat at Jersey City. If the attendance does not warrant the use of a canal boat, canoes and duffle can be shipped to Hoboken or Communipaw, and thence by freight or members can procure individual transportation to the lake by regular canal boats should they so desire. Local transportation on the lake is all that could be desired. Two lines of swift launches ply at all hours, and will stop at the camp on every trip. Members can come by rail via the D. L. & W. R. R. to Hopatcong, or via the C. R. R. of N. J. to Lake Hopatcong (Nolan's Point). The launches meet all trains.

The question of a general mess cannot be well considered until a fair estimate is made of the probable attendance. Should the number warrant it, the proprietor of the Hollywood Hotel, on Raccoon Island, across the bay from the camp, has agreed to run a good and substantial mess at the camp for the use of the members at a reasonable charge per day. Otherwise the members can paddle about one-third of a mile across to Raccoon Island and walk to the hotel, where a separate room for meals will be provided for the members from the camp and their friends. The various clubs can also furnish club messes or members can cook for themselves. For the latter there is the benefit of a first-class store, well stocked, on Raccoon Island, where supplies and provisions can be ordered and delivered by launch.

The regatta committee has under way the programme for the races, for which several trophies and prizes have already been given and others promised.

In the firm belief that the strength and success of the American Canoe Association depends upon the interest and energy manifested by its several divisions, the executive and subcommittees heartily urge upon you to attend the camp, and thereby contribute not only to the pleasure of your summer outing, but to the entire success of the camp, and the satisfaction of your committees.

Please respond at your earliest opportunity on the inclosed card, whether your presence can be reckoned on, and for how long, and further advice respecting the exact cost of transportation for yourself, and for your canoe and duffle, programme of the races, and general information as to the mess, camp accommodation, etc., will be sent you at an early date.

Camp Site Committee: William C. Lawrence, Rear-Commodore, chairman; Joseph Edward Murray, Leavitt H. Cawley.

Regatta Committee: Henry H. Smythe, chairman; H. Lansing Quick, John M. Hamilton.

Transportation Committee: Percy F. Hogan, chairman; E. M. Underhill, James K. Haud.

JAMES K. HAND, Vice-Commodore.

Susquehanna River.

A CORRESPONDENT desiring to cruise on the Susquehanna River writes as follows; possibly some of our readers may be able to aid him:

1. At what point would you advise entering the river, so as to get the best canoeing and scenery?
2. How long will it take to go from Nineveh, New York State, to Sunbury, Pennsylvania, traveling not over six to eight hours a day?
3. What are the best points along the route at which to stop for meals?
4. Are there any dangerous places in the route to be avoided?

Housatonic River.

A CORRESPONDENT is desirous of obtaining information concerning the Housatonic River.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The spring regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. will be held on June 20, off the club house, Wissinoming, Philadelphia.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Joseph W. Robinson	Lawrence	Lawrence.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Upper Mississippi Schuetzenfest.

WINONA, June 8.—The twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Upper Mississippi Schuetzenfest closed Sunday with the crowning of the Schuetzenkönig, A. J. Vandeusen, of Winona, at the club's park. The fest has been running since Thursday. Sharpshooters from Milwaukee; Joliet and Peoria, Ill.; Davenport, Lyons and Dubuque, Ia.; La Crosse and other Wisconsin and Minnesota cities were present. In the team shoot Milwaukee won with 989, La Crosse 981, Davenport 974, Joliet 969, Winona (first team) 956, Sugar Loaf 924, Fountain City 909, Winona (second team) 867. A. J. Vandeusen, of Winona, made 53 bullseyes in the team shoot, with Geo. Ziegenfuss second, 41. In the king shoot A. J. Vandeusen broke the world's record with 371 red flag, tieing and beating F. C. Ross's New York record made in 1895; blue flag, Amel Berg, of Davenport, Ia., second. The prizes were very fine and were valued at $1,500. The cash prizes amounted to $1,200. On the other targets Berg won the standard, 47; honor, J. C. Heyumes, of Lyon Co., Ia., $100; man, Berg 95; people's, A. J. Vandeusen 72. The Winona boys have the finest range in the West. The next tournament will be held at La Crosse. F. J. S.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

WE would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 18-20.—SPOKANE, Wash.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club. H. Bolster, Sec'y of Association.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 25-26.—HOLLAND, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Holland Gun Club. Inanimate targets. Open to all. A. Harrington, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—All-day shoot of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

July 4.—GREGORY'S POINT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Naromake Gun Club. Targets. W. E. L. Capron, Sec'y.

July 21-22.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; $165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

Handicaps and Highest Possibles.

IN all branches of sport there is no form of contest that is more popular than a handicap race. Races of any kind where everybody starts from scratch never have the number of entries that a handicap event will have. Possible exceptions to this rule might be events where a considerable amount of money was added to the stakes; but the rule goes that whenever you want a large entry list a handicap of some sort is required.

Horse racing, foot racing, yachting, bicycling, etc., all have their handicap events. Were it not so in horse racing Hastings, Handspring, Clifford, etc., the crackerjacks of the turf, would clean up everything with as much ease as the crackerjacks of the shotgun carry off the bulk of the money at every tournament. The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., realized the necessity of encouraging the "amateur" at the recent New York State shoot and imposed a stiff handicap upon "known experts." The result, we think, was satisfactory to the majority, who felt that they were being given a show for "their white alley." Fully appreciating, as we do, the difficulties of the club's situation when tackling the question of imposing a handicap, we think a mistake was made in regard to the 50-target events. The rule adopted by the club was that experts must shoot into first or second place or else be out of the money. That is all right so far as 20-target events go, and we think that experts have no right to kick at that handicap; they'll get into money often enough to more than bring them even, if they shoot up to their gait.

But take a 25-target race: Where there are 50 to 60 entries, no unusual number nowadays, there is almost sure to be a straight score made. Experts, therefore, must break 25 or 24, or else be out of the money, and 24 out of 25 is a 96 per cent. clip! For that reason we would urge that in all 25-target events where a similar system of handicap is imposed experts must shoot into first, second or third place to be in for the money. In 50-target events we would suggest that experts must break 46 or better to get in for money. That would make the game hard enough to suit the rank and file, and yet give the experts a good show.

There is another form of handicapping that has great possibilities before it, if some of the mistakes that now exist in the system are eradicated in time. We refer to 50-target and 100-target handicap events, with allowances of extra targets to shoot at. We cannot call to mind just now any sport in which it is easier to "rope" or conceal from than it is in trap-shooting. Again a man is liable to go clean off in his shooting in one event and then break straight in the next. Handicap events with allowances of extra targets are therefore most uncertain affairs, and no matter how careful a handicapping committee may be, there is always sure to be a few unpleasant remarks made after it is all over. Personally we have assisted in fixing the handicaps in several 100-target events, so that we can speak with some degree of authority as to the anxieties and the unpleasantness attached to the duties of a handicap committee. It is only natural, therefore, that we should have looked round for some way to minimize those anxieties and that unpleasantness; and we think that in the following suggestions we have evolved something that may tend to help out handicap committees and to make such events as the above still more popular:

(i) All target handicap events to be high guns.

(ii) The handicap committee to fix a highest possible; the said highest possible to be a certain percentage below 100 per cent.

(iii) All ties to be shot off at ten targets per man.

In defense of (i): We would point out that the semi-expert and the amateur have their advantages in their handicap allowances; "high guns," therefore, does not injure their chances as much as it would if the event was a scratch one. There is also no dropping for place in "high guns."

Next as to (ii): In 50-target handicap events make the highest possible score 47 (or 48), beyond which no targets broke can be scored; in 100-target events make the highest possible 94 (or 93). To each of these rules should be added the following exception: "Unless a scratch man shall break more than 47 (or 48) in a 50-target race, or more than 94 (or 93) in a 100-target race; in such cases *that scratch man's score* to be the highest possible. The above rule imposes no impossibility on a scratch man or on a man with a small allowance, and is, we think, absolutely fair to all.

As to (iii): On the shoot-off of ties there would be no handicap; each shooter has had his chance in the original race, and by limiting the number of targets to 10 everybody has about an equal show. If a division was agreed upon there need be no shoot-off.

The number of high guns in a handicap event of the above nature should be regulated by the number of entries, as was done so successfully in the Grand American Handicap of 1896. Thus there might be one additional money for every 4 or 5 shooters over and above (say) 12 entries. For instance, 12 entries, 3 high guns; 16 (or 17) entries, 4 high guns; 20 (or 22) entries, 5 high guns; 24 (or 27) entries, 6 high guns, and so on. It must be remembered that even with a highest possible mark there may be several winning scores below that mark.

We offer the above suggestions with a view to eliciting criticism on the same, and shall be glad to hear from all who are interested in the subject.

Dedham's Sportsmen's Club.

BOSTON, June 11.—Owing to the inclement weather there were but very few shooters at the Dedham Sportsmen's grounds, Dedham, Mass., Saturday. The badge match, 20 regular, Keystone system, was won by Mr. Parsons by a score of 18 out of 20. Events Nos. 8 and 9 will show the scores in this match. Mr. Cole was a close second with 17 birds to his credit. Clean scores were made by Mr. Moore and Mr. Parsons, each making 1; 890 birds were thrown during the afternoon, with scores as below. The total scores of the members were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
B Smith	138	98	Parsons	135	108
Moore	138	100	Cole	135	99
Gordon	100	67	Hollis	110	49
Brown	100	55			

ROBERT SMITH.

Binghamton Gun Club's Practice.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 13.—The Binghamton Gun Club held a very interesting practice shoot at its grounds to-day. After a little preliminary practice the members shot a series of 10-bird sweeps. We had for a visitor Mr. Platt Adams, of New York city, who, as the score will show, was in good shooting trim. The weather conditions were unfavorable to good scores. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Waldron	5	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	5	8	8	9	9	9	8	9	8	
Brown	9	10	9	10	8	9	10	9	10	8
Boss	5	5	6	8	10	6	7	8	7	..
Vance	5	8	7	6	6	8	9	..	..	..
Stone	5	8	7	9	8	7	8	6	8	9
Bromley	..	..	..	6	5	6	7	7	8	..

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., June 10.—Please change the dates of the meeting and sixth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association from July 4 and 5 to July 21 and 22. I inclose you herewith a programme.

Trap-shooting in our State is almost dead and we do not anticipate any large attendance, but promise to give the boys the best there is in the box. JOHN J. SUMPTER, JR., Sec'y.

Limeport Gun Club.

STANDARD, Pa., June 6.—Regular monthly shoot of the Limeport Gun Club for gold medal and silver trophy. Score:

C W Schaeffer	1111100111011111011111101—20
Erdman	0111010110111101101111111—19
R M Schaeffer	1111111110011100000111111—18
Strohm	1011101111101010100111011—17
Engleman	1011100001101100000111111—14

Interstate Handicap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds will be held March 23, 24 and 25, 1897, at some point near New York city. ELMER E. SHAWER, Manager.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

The Naromake's Fourth.

A SWEEPSTAKE shoot of the Naromake Gun Club will be held on the club's grounds at Gregory's Point on July 4. Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each; cash prizes for three high guns.

Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

DAYTON, O., June 10.—The tenth annual convention of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League was held June 9, President C. W. Raymond. Treasurer Ed Taylor's report showed the League to be in a prosperous condition, free from debt, with a balance on hand of $87.45. The following clubs were admitted: Portsmouth, Lima, Iron City, Ironton and King's Smokeless. The executive committee submitted a new constitution, and after considerable discussion they were empowered to make such changes as they deemed necessary and submit the same in sixty days, so as to enable all the members to familiarize themselves with it, the committee's action to be final.

Circleville, Cleveland and Springfield were placed in nomination for the next annual meeting. The Cleveland delegation came prepared to make a great fight, and Mr. Saffold spoke at some length as to the benefit the league would derive by holding the next annual meeting in the northern part of the State, citing that there were a number of clubs in that section that would affiliate if this would be done. Dr. Waters, of Columbus, spoke in behalf of Springfield, and took the stand that it would be advisable to hold the meeting at Springfield, as it was more centrally located. Springfield was chosen by a large majority, and the vote was made unanimous on motion of the Cleveland delegation.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. C. M. Root, of Springfield; Vice-President, C. A. Young, Springfield; Secretary and Treasurer Ed Taylor, Cincinnati; Executive Committee, Ed Taylor and R. S. Waddell, Cincinnati; C. W. Raymond, Dayton, and George Haswell, Circleville.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The tournament was held on the grounds of the Buckeye Gun Club, and as this is one of the progressive clubs of the country the arrangements were of course complete. Mr. C. W. Raymond, of the home club, acted as manager and displayed considerable executive ability in handling the shoot. Everything passed off satisfactorily.

Two sets of traps were in position, one of bluerocks and one set of empire; empire targets were used. The Buckeye Club added $200 to the purses in the League events, and in addition threw the targets at the moderate charge of 2 cents. The system of dividing the purse in the League events was decidedly in favor of the poor shooter. After the birds were deducted the purse was divided into two equal parts and each part was then in turn divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. This virtually made six moneys. Any shooter sharing in a division of the first three moneys three times was debarred from sharing in any part of the last three moneys during the remainder of the tournament. In this way the better shots were out of this class after the first three or four events. This system, while very favorable to the poor shot, offers too much inducement to drop for place and not a little dropping was indulged in. Some shooters were even brazen enough to boast about it; several shooters would run 12 straight and then miss their last 3 birds to keep from going in the expert class.

The executive committee's attention was called to the fact, but as nothing was said in the programme about droppers no action could be taken. At the next tournament the purses will be divided on a different plan. There is some talk of adopting the Rose system, at any rate some provision will be made against droppers.

D. A. Upson was very much in evidence at the shoot, he captured two of the trophies and also made the best average of the shoot.

FIRST DAY.

On the opening day it rained steadily all day. The attendance was not very large. The event of the day was the contest for the *State Journal* cup, which was won by Upson, who scored 30 straight; two scored 29; Scott McDonald and Tippy McDonald missed their first one and then went out straight. In the League events Upson led with an average of 95.7, but in the open events Heikes was first with 98 8, while both scored the same number for the day, each scoring 221 out of 230, making an average of 96 per cent. Raymond was second with 93 per cent. Upson made one run of 93.

Aside from the names that appear in the table below, Hart, Kohle and Curphey shot in one or two of the League events. In the open events Winston shot at 30, broke 29, average 96.6. Cleve shot 30, broke 27, average 90. A number of others shot only in one event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*30*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Upson	13	14	15	14	13	15	20	30	140	134	95.7
Heikes	14	15	15	14	15	14	20	25	140	132	94.2
Redwing	14	13	15	13	14	15	19	27	140	130	92.8
Alkire	..	14	15	13	14	13	19	28	125	116	92.8
Raymond	14	14	14	15	14	13	18	27	140	129	92.1
Dando	13	15	14	11	14	12	20	28	140	127	90.7
McDonald	13	15	12	13	14	13	17	29	140	126	90
Taylor	13	14	15	11	13	15	18	..	110	99	90
Rike	14	13	14	11	13	13	19	28	140	125	89.2
Shorty	14	14	14	15	13	10	19	26	140	125	89.2
Tippy	10	11	14	13	15	13	16	29	140	121	86.4
J E Miller	..	12	15	13	11	12	15	..	95	78	84.2
Walt	..	..	..	..	11	14	17	..	50	42	84
Elliott	13	13	12	12	12	15	13	25	140	117	83.5
Cleve	15	15	14	11	12	12	16	21	140	116	82.8
Young	12	13	14	12	15	12	13	26	140	116	82.8
Norton	12	12	11	12	11	12	20	25	140	115	82.1
J Craig	..	..	..	..	14	11	15	..	50	40	80
Miller	11	13	15	9	12	11	16	22	140	110	78.5
Joe	12	10	12	12	12	12	17	23	140	110	78.5
Downs	13	15	12	12	10	10	12	..	110	84	76.3
Waddell	..	..	9	11	9	14	18	..	80	61	76.2
Wroe	..	..	..	..	11	12	15	..	50	38	76
Hutch	11	10	12	14	10	10	17	w	110	83	75.4
Ford	12	12	14	10	10	..	..	20	105	78	74.3
Pickaway	10	..	11	11	12	11	16	23	125	94	74.2
Z Craig	..	..	..	..	11	12	14	..	50	37	74
Jay	..	..	10	12	9	13	14	..	80	58	72.5
Mack	9	12	13	13	10	12	13	..	110	78	70.7
Henry	12	12	12	..	12	12	17	..	95	67	70.5
Protzman	13	8	10	13	8	12	13	..	110	77	70
Josse	6	12	7	13	13	..	..	..	75	51	68
Parks	..	..	11	9	8	8	14	..	80	50	62.5
King	..	..	..	7	11	10	..	..	45	28	62.2
Keifaber	6	8	6	7	5	8	8	..	110	48	43.6

OPEN EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	90	89	98.8	Alkire	75	67	89.3
Upson	90	87	96.6	Redwing	60	53	88.3
Raymond	90	85	94.4	Elliott	75	66	88
Young	90	85	94.4	Tippy	90	76	84.4
McDonald	105	99	94.2	Palmer	75	58	77.3
Rike	105	98	93.3	Protzman	45	33	73.3
Trimble	105	97	92.3	Josse	75	47	62.6

SECOND DAY.

Despite that the weather was threatening and an occasional shower fell, the total number that took part in the League events reached forty-four, somewhat higher than on the previous day. To-day the contest for the L. C. Smith cup took place, and Upson again carried off the honors; he also made the best average of the day in both the League and the open events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*50*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Upson	15	15	14	14	15	14	..	47	140	134	95.7
Heikes	13	15	14	14	15	15	18	46	160	150	93.7
McDonald	13	14	13	15	15	12	19	45	160	146	91.3
Redwing	13	14	15	14	13	13	17	47	160	146	91.3
Rike	14	13	14	15	12	10	19	47	160	144	90
Shorty	13	13	13	15	14	14	17	..	110	99	90
Alkire	14	13	15	14	11	14	14	47	160	142	88.7
Raymond	14	14	14	14	15	10	17	42	160	140	87.5
Elliott	15	11	15	13	11	12	18	44	160	138	86.2
Young	12	11	12	13	12	13	19	46	160	138	86.2
Z Craig	..	..	..	..	13	13	17	..	50	43	86
Waddell	12	11	13	14	12	w	1	45	125	107	85.6
Taylor	13	13	13	12	13	..	..	..	75	64	85.3
Tippy	15	14	12	11	13	9	17	44	160	135	84.3
Henry	..	..	..	..	12	13	17	..	50	42	84
Cleve	12	..	..	13	12	13	..	..	60	50	83.3
Dando	13	11	12	13	10	11	13	42	160	130	81.2
Norton	14	13	12	12	11	14	13	38	160	132	82.5
Saul	12	13	11	10	14	12	16	..	110	88	80
Joe	10	11	12	12	13	12	16	..	110	86	78.1
West	..	..	14	11	11	13	13	..	80	62	77.5
Goodman	..	..	12	14	11	10	15	..	80	62	77.5
J.E. Miller	10	12	12	10	13	12	..	..	90	69	76.6
Wood	13	..	12	12	9	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Glaser	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	30	23	76.6
Miller	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23	76.6
Protzman	11	12	12	11	10	10	17	..	110	84	76.6
Mackie	..	..	..	10	12	12	..	..	45	34	75.5
Wilson	12	12	..	11	10	..	..	..	60	45	75
Wroe	..	11	10	12	12	10	13	..	95	68	71.5
Hutch	..	..	10	12	10	11	15	..	80	57	71.2
Weaver	14	12	7	12	10	11	13	..	110	79	70.1
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	30	21	70
Pickaway	..	12	9	11	10	10	..	..	75	52	69.3
J. Craig	..	..	..	10	12	10	13	..	65	45	69.2
King	11	10	..	10	9	11	..	..	75	51	68
Kreitzer	11	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	45	30	66.6
Josse	8	12	10	10	8	8	..	..	90	56	62.2

Keifaber, Parks, Curtis, D. King, Archy and Suman also shot in one event or failed to reach an average of 60 per cent.

OPEN EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Upson	45	44	97.7	Tippy	75	64	85.3
Heikes	75	72	96	Gamble	75	64	85.3
Alkire	75	71	94.6	Trimble	105	89	84.7
Raymond	75	71	94.6	West	30	25	83.3
Winston	90	83	92.2	Waddell	105	87	82.8
Redwing	75	69	92	Kirby	90	74	82.2
McDonald	105	96	91.4	Cleve	60	48	80
Young	60	55	91.4	Jones	30	22	73.3
Elliott	105	95	90.4	Davenport	30	22	73.3
Norton	90	78	86.6	Rohll	75	49	65.3
Rike	90	78	86 6				

Taylor, Goodman, Pickaway, Lindsley, Keifaber, Protzman, Curtis, Glaser and Palmer shot in one event.

CUP SHOOT.

There were only 12 entries in this event, and of this number four tied on 47. Redwing lost one bird by pulling the wrong trigger. He has always been accustomed to shooting his left barrel, but he had the misfortune to break the mainspring in this lock, and then he tried to shoot it, although he had the other barrel loaded. The referee at first allowed him another bird, which he broke but afterward reversed his decision. Had the decision stood he would have won the cup on a score of 48. As it was, he got in the ties, but Upson shot him out. Alkire had but to break his last bird to tie Upson again; he failed to do this, however.

Alkire	11111111011111111111111111101111111111111111111101—47
Raymond	11111011111111111111001011111110011110111111110111111—42
Tippy	10111111111101111111110111101111111111111111111110101—44
Dando	11011111111101110111001111111111110011011111111111111—42
Redwing	11101111111111111111101111111111111111111111101111111—47
Upson	01111011111111111111111111111111111111011111111111111—47
Young	11111111111011111111111111110011111111011111111111111—46
McDonald	11111111111111101111111011111111011111110111111101111111—45
Heikes	11111111111110011111111111111111111011011111111111111111—46
Waddell	11110111100011011111111111111111111111111111111101111—45
Rike	01111101111111111111111111111111110111111111111111111—47
Norton	1101011110011111111111010011011110111111011111111011110—38
West	0111111111111010111111111111110001111101011111001111—40
Elliott	1111111111110110111100111110111111111111111111111110—44
Redwing	1111011111110110100111011 —19
Upson	1111111110111111111111111 —24
Alkire	1110111111111111111111110 —23
Rike	1110111110111101101111101 —20

THIRD DAY.

The weather was absolutely perfect, and the entries exceeded those of either of the previous days. There were two trophy events: one a two-men team race for State team championship, and the other a handicap event for an E. C. cup. The local team, composed of Rike and Heikes, managed to retain the cup, and C. E. Arnold, a young amateur from New Carlisle, won the cup.

Arnold, J. Craig, Norton, Trimble and Saul tied for the cup, and in the shoot off at 25 birds Arnold won, having 5 added in 25 and scoring 21. When the shoot off occurred it was nearly dark and the targets were very difficult to see, and the best night hawk won. This day Redwing carried off the honors with the fine average of 96.1. Heikes was again second.

In the table below the first five events are the regular League events, and the other 15-bird events were the open events. The 50-bird event is the handicap, and the number set in the last column represents the number each had added to his score. Heikes, Redwing and Upson were the only scratch men.

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	50	..	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Redwing	15	15	14	15	14	14	13	..	..	..	49	0	155	149	96.1
Heikes	14	12	15	14	14	15	15	15	14	15	46	0	200	189	94.5
Rike	15	15	14	13	14	..	..	..	..	14	46	1	170	160	94.1
Upson	14	13	15	12	15	..	14	..	..	..	47	..	140	130	92.8
Alkire	15	13	14	13	14	..	..	..	14	..	46	1	140	129	92.1
Dando	14	15	10	14	14	15	14	15	12	14	48	1	200	184	92
McDonald	13	15	15	12	11	15	15	14	14	15	44	1	200	183	91.5
Raymond	14	14	13	14	15	13	14	..	13	..	45	1	170	155	91.1
Norton	13	13	12	9	15	14	14	13	12	..	46	4	185	161	87
Henry	..	12	11	15	14	..	13	..	12	..	43	3	140	120	85.7
Young	12	12	13	11	15	13	..	..	..	..	44	1	140	120	85.7
Tippy	12	w	13	11	14	13	13	11	13	12	45	1	185	157	84.8
J Craig	..	..	10	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	45	6	95	80	84.2
Mackie	14	12	12	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	40	7	125	104	83.2
Z Craig	..	..	14	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	40	4	95	79	83.1
Hutch	12	12	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	42	6	125	108	82.4
Suman	..	..	15	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	37	82.2
Arnold	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	42	10	65	53	81.5
Dick	..	12	12	13	14	..	11	..	11	..	41	3	140	114	81.4
Protzman	9	11	10	13	11	12	9	..	..	13	36	7	155	124	80
Wroe	12	11	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	59	79.3
Jack	12	13	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	59	79.3
King	..	11	12	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	42	5	110	87	79
Pickaway	11	12	12	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	37	5	140	110	78.5
Elliott	15	10	13	12	11	11	14	..	..	..	35	8	155	121	78
J E Miller	11	12	11	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	38	8	125	94	75.2
Josse	11	11	11	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	36	8	125	94	75.2
Jones	13	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	45	75
Mackie	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	37	6	65	48	73.8
Saul	11	11	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	45	7	125	100	80
Weaver	10	12	11	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	55	73.3
Joe	12	10	10	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	40	7	125	91	72.8
Stiles	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	34	7	65	46	70.7
Lindsley	..	9	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	35	5	110	77	70
W Young	..	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21	70
Graham	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32	71.1
Downs	7	10	11	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	36	5	125	86	68.8
Jay	..	..	9	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	30	66.6
Kronthal	9	6	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	35	8	125	78	62.4
Swallow	11	2	12	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	33	58.3
Trimble	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	13	12	..	49	1	110	102	92.7
Winston	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	..	15	..	41	1	95	85	89.5
Gamble	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	12	13	42	2	110	92	83.6

The names of those who shot in but one event, or made an average of less than 60 per cent., are omitted.

Two-men team shoot:

Rike	1111111111111111111111111—25
Heikes	1011111111011111111111111—24—49
Upson	1111111111111111111111110—24
Redwing	1101111111111111111111111—24—48
McDonald	1011111111111111111111111—24
Raymond	1111110111111011111111111—23—47
Tippy	1111011111011111111111111—23
Z Craig	1111111001111111111111011—22—45
Palmer	1120111101111111111111111—23
Dando	1101011001111111111111111—21—44
Dick	1111111101111111110111111—23
J E Miller	1101110111101111001000111—17—40

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Iowa State Tournament.

DAVENPORT, Ia., June 10.—This morning opened with every promise for one of those rare days in June that the poets sing about, and the promise was fulfilled. Rain the previous night had laid all dust, and all through the day the hot sunshine was tempered by a cool breeze from the northeast. Before 9 o'clock the shooters had assembled in goodly numbers and several "extras" were shot. At the beginning, and in fact all through the forenoon, the traps persisted in breaking the targets in a most exasperating way, that got many of the men nervous and no doubt lowered some of their scores. The traps were new ones and the man who makes them was expected to be on hand to take care of them, but he failed to put in an appearance. R. B. Cook, the State secretary, took charge of everything and was about everywhere at once, getting the traps in running order and keeping the crowd in good humor. He succeeded in both.

Events No. 2 and No. 5 were at live birds. More than two-thirds of them did not fly when the traps were thrown, and it took a lot of scaring to put them on the wing, but nearly all "got right out of there" when they did go. Under the circumstances the scores are fairly good. To save time the birds were shot from known traps, and no birds except challenged ones gathered until the traps were all shot down. Star targets were used. They break very easily and go to dust when hit by shot in a way that does the shooter good. After the traps were properly adjusted they broke slightly more of the targets than is common with other targets. The Rose system of dividing purses was used. By this system each man in first place is credited with 5 points, each in second place 3 points, third place 2 points, and in fourth place 1 point. The purse is divided by the sum of the points, and each shooter's share is determined by the number of points to his credit. The plan appears to make an equitable division and stops dropping for place, as second place never yields as much as first. Scores of the programme events of the first day are as follows:

FIRST DAY, JUNE 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	*15*	*8*	*20*	*25*	*10*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Cook	12	8	18	22	7	18	98	80	81.6
Webster	13	5	15	..	7	..	53	40	75.4
H G Nichols	10	..	16	..	6	..	45	32	71.1
Northrup	12	..	13	21	..	9	80	55	68.7
Tucker	14	..	18	..	..	..	35	32	91.4
H Boltenstern	11	5	18	22	9	..	78	65	83.3
Walker	11	8	..	..	..	..	23	19	82.6
Lewis	13	7	18	20	5	13	98	76	76.5
V Boltenstern	11	8	17	24	9	..	78	69	88.7
Samuelson	11	7	..	..	9	..	33	27	81.8
Dow	7	4	12	14	8	10	98	55	56.1
Raisch	11	..	17	..	..	15	55	43	78.1
Werhend	11	..	18	..	..	13	55	42	76.3
Mudd	11	7	19	23	9	..	78	69	88.4
Couger	9	7	16	20	8	11	98	71	72.4
T B Nichols	11	..	18	..	..	..	35	29	82.8
Grimm	13	7	14	24	9	16	98	83	84.6
Hoffman	10	6	18	20	7	11	98	72	73.4
Gilbert	13	7	20	24	9	16	98	89	90.8
Budd	15	7	20	23	10	16	98	91	92.8
Trotter	14	8	17	25	8	16	98	88	89.7
Kirsher	9	7	8	..	..	..	43	24	55.7
M Boltenstern	..	..	15	..	9	..	30	24	80
Foley	15	..	20	20	..	13	80	68	85
A Miller	18	..	20	20	..	16	80	74	92.5
Avery	..	7	13	20	..	9	63	49	77.7
Agard	..	..	18	21	..	..	45	39	86.6
Minard	..	..	18	..	..	12	40	30	75
Ady	..	..	15	..	8	12	50	35	70

Events Nos. 1, 3 and 4 were at known angles; Nos. 2 and 5, live birds; and No. 6, expert rules, unknown traps.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 11.

The glorious weather still prevailed to-day, the boys were all in good humor and manifested it by numerous boyish pranks and practical jokes. There was very little trouble with the target traps; the targets flew fast and far, but they broke whenever they were hit. The live birds furnished to-day were—well, just a little the swiftest, toughest lot of old tailers that were ever put in traps. Lots of them carried two loads of shot over the boundary, leaving clouds of feathers floating above or beyond the traps. Taking it all round, it was the finest day's sport the writer ever saw at any tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	*20*	*8*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Grimm	16	7	15	7	10	15	22	108	92	85.1
Hoffman	17	5	11	6	9	11	21	108	80	74
Gilbert	19	8	12	9	9	18	23	108	98	90.7
Schricker	15	5	15	7	5	8	17	108	72	66.6
Raisch	16	..	13	10	..	..	18	70	57	81.4
Wehrend	18	..	14	8	..	..	20	70	60	85.7
Minard	17	..	12	7	..	..	20	70	56	80
Avery	16	7	10	9	8	14	18	108	82	75.9
Webster	14	3	12	7	..	..	..	53	36	67.8
Budd	20	6	15	9	10	18	25	108	103	95.3
Trotter	19	7	13	8	10	18	24	108	99	91.6
Miller	14	..	10	9	..	..	15	70	48	68.5
Harbaugh	16	5	9	4	8	..	..	63	42	66.6
Couger	16	6	9	7	6	14	20	108	78	72.1
Tucker	20	..	14	10	..	..	..	45	44	97.7
V Boltenstern	18	6	11	7	8	..	..	63	50	79.3
Jones	20	..	11	9	..	..	..	45	40	88.4
Northrup	12	..	11	5	..	..	..	45	28	62.2
Bosworth	16	5	10	7	..	12	14	98	64	65.3
M Boltenstern	18	5	12	8	7	..	19	88	69	78.4
Nichols	18	4	..	..	..	..	20	49	42	85.7
Day	19	7	..	6	8	..	17	72	57	79.1
Henry	19	6	12	9	..	12	22	98	68	68.3
Cook	14	4	15	7	8	14	21	108	83	76.8
Agard	17	..	13	8	..	..	21	70	59	84.2
Foley	19	..	15	..	..	..	22	60	56	93.3
H Boltenstern	17	4	12	8	10	..	20	88	71	80.6
Lewis	16	4	15	7	8	..	22	88	72	81.8
Samuelson	..	8	10	8	10	..	..	43	36	83.7

Events Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 7 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 2 and 5, live birds; No. 6 for Smith cup under expert rules.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 12.

The weather clerk surely stood in with the boys all through. Every day was just a little nicer than the previous one, and the first one was perfect. There was to-day a strong northwest wind that gave the pigeons a chance for their lives and the shooters an opportunity to use their utmost skill, and the way it played pranks with the targets made high scores hard to get. The entire programme was shot through and a large number of extras, both at targets and live birds.

Everybody was satisfied with everything, and there never was a tournament that ran more smoothly than the last two days of this one. In addition to the regular purses the management gave $25 for the highest average through the entire tournament, and $15 to the next highest. Budd took the first with an average of 93⁴⁄₅, Gilbert second with an average of 90¾. There was also $25 paid to the shooter who shot through the entire programme and made the lowest average, and $15 to second lowest. Couger got the $25, average 71¾. The $15 went to Cook, average 78. Cook can do better, but in this case he ran the entire tournament and shot in all programme events besides. It was with regret that the shooters separated and departed for their homes, promising to meet at Des Moines next year. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	*15*	*8*	*20*	*25*	*10*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Grimm	13	6	16	20	6	20	98	81	82.6
Gilbert	13	8	20	23	9	16	98	89	90.7
Budd	14	8	20	24	8	17	98	91	92.8
Cook	10	5	13	22	7	10	98	68	69.3
Arp	14	6	..	20	..	14	68	54	79.3
Dow	13	..	17	19	..	..	60	49	81.4
Henry	12	..	..	24	..	..	40	36	90
Schrickard	11	4	14	20	5	10	98	64	66.3
Minard	14	..	14	19	..	..	60	47	78.3
Schafer	9	6	..	..	..	..	23	15	65.5
Agard	6	..	17	19	..	..	60	42	70
Couger	12	6	13	17	6	15	98	69	70.4
Trotter	14	8	15	23	9	14	98	83	84.6
Lewis	13	7	14	21	..	14	88	69	78.5
Tucker	13	..	..	23	..	..	40	36	90
Pond	11	2	10	..	..	..	43	23	53.2
Miller	11	..	18	20	..	..	60	49	81.4
Walrod	13	7	..	20	..	13	68	53	78.1
Mudd	13	7	14	19	7	17	98	76	77.5

Nos. 2 and 5 were at live birds. No. 5 was for State trophy, two-men teams. Won by Gilbert and Avery.

At the annual meeting of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, authority was given to the board of directors to allow the secretary in the future a reasonable proportion of the receipts of the association in lieu of salary. The past year has been the only one in which a secretary has devoted nearly the time to the duties of the office that are required to boom the association. Under the new plan it is hoped the good work will go on.

Des Moines was selected as the next place of meeting. Game laws and the Funk bill and other matters of interest were discussed, but no definite action taken. New officers are: President, R. B. Cooke Davenport; Vice-President, Charlie Budd, Des Moines; Secretary Fred C. Whitney, Des Moines; Treasurer, Al. C. Mueller, Des Moines Directors: Sam Hoffman, Altantic; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; C. O Perkins, Nelson Royal and G. L. Eason, Des Moines.

SNAP SHOTS.

Sam Hoffman furnished most of the fun. He led the Indian squa and was appropriately dressed for the occasion.

Charley Grimm shot at an incomer and failed to stop it. As it flew toward him he dropped his gun, ran to head off the bird, and caught it on the wing within a foot of the boundary. The leap he made to reach the bird would do credit to a greyhound.

Budd and Grimm go to the Cleveland tournament from here.

Gilbert went home, and will go to the Mankato (Minn.) shoot.

Tucker goes to the Oskaloosa shoot next week.

A good many others went home to stay till some nearby event brings them out.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 8.—Since the tournament the bluerock smashers of Missoula have been content with letting a couple of weeks drift by without the witnessing of a club medal contest, but yesterday a half dozen of the boys concluded it about time to get back to work, and the following score was the result. Conditions, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Class A.

Brayton...10101100110000001000— 7 Evans.....11101011111101111111—17

Menard....11111111111101111111—19

Class B

Graham...11111101011010110010—13 Bishop....11001001101011100010—1

Allinson...11000101101001111011—12

W. C.

New York's State Shoot.

THE TOURNAMENT AT BUFFALO A THOROUGH SUCCESS.

THE New York State shoot of 1896 must be reckoned as one of the most successful the Association has ever held. The attendance was excellent and the boys stayed to the finish. The weather on the first two days of the week (June 8-9) was decidedly against the tournament, but the preparations made by the Audubon Gun Club for the comfort of its guests and their protection from bad weather or a hot sun robbed those two gloomy days of more than half their terrors. The last four days of the tournament were favored by as lovely weather for trap-shooting as could be desired, and affairs on those days went proportionately pleasantly.

It is hard to see where the tournament officials of the Audubon Gun Club could have improved matters by additional forethought. This is high commendation probably, but the club had spared no expense in arranging and providing for every possible contingency. When the Association voted at the Saratoga convention last year to hold the State shoot of 1896 at Buffalo under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club, the delegates of that club promised many things and talked volubly about what the club would do in '97. We heard those promises and that talk, and we now state positively that the Audubon Club made good every word spoken in its behalf at Saratoga's State shoot.

There was some preliminary practice work on Monday, June 8, but the week's work properly commenced when Mr. George Bleistein called to order

THE CONVENTION OF 1896.

The annual convention was held on Monday night, June 8, in the Colonial parlors of the Genesee Hotel. Mr. George Bleistein president of the tournament officers, occupied the chair, Mr. John B. Sage acting as secretary and treasurer.

The attendance of delegates was very large, and the hotel parlors were taxed to the utmost limits. Among the clubs represented were:

South Buffalo G. C.—L. C. Cranston, F. Anderson, Frank Long, Peter Sell.

Clyde G. C.—J. P. Howard, H. C. Watson, A. C. Burnett.

Whitesboro G. C.—Robert Wilkeson, J. P. Schad, E. D. Wayman, C. L. Roberts, A. S. Hemmler.

West Utica G. C.—Gustavus, J. P. Parker, W. Petre, F. Bard, P. Curnone.

West End G. C.—T. H. Green, A. J. McLure.

Watertown G. C.—W. H. Tallett, O. M. Paddock, J. R. Powling, George D. Oliver.

Union G. C., of Western New York.—J. Olmstead, E. F. Hammond, Kelsey, E. W. Skey, Hy. Myedale.

Syracuse G. C.—H. McMurchy, C. H. Mowry, Charles Wagner, Holloway, W. Hookway.

Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.—H. McMurchy, A. G. Courtney, Dan Walters, A. White, Dan Lefever.

Spencer Sportsmen's Association.—H. B. Whitney.

New York County G. C.—Carl von Lengerke, L. H. Schortemeier.

Rochester Rod and G. C.—W. C. Hadley, E. C. Meyer, Dr. J. Weller, S. Glover, J. J. Quirk.

Saratoga G. C.—Harry Livingston.

Audubon G. C., of Rochester.—H. M. Stewart, J. H. McGuire, W. J. Mann, R. Glover.

Manitou Beach Rod and G. C.—T. Lane, H. Perry, C. W. Lane, H. Lowden, J. M. Lowden.

Charlotte G. C.—W. M. Richmond, Arthur Rickman, Bert Rickman.

Canajoharie G. C.—Dr. S. A. Wessels, Charles Weeks.

Buffalo Audubon G. C.—H. D. Williams, E. C. Burkhardt, J. H. Ball, J. J. Reid, U. E. Story.

Buffalo G. C.—Jac Fisher, J. B. Marston, J. A. Dingens, Clinton Bidwell.

Binghamton G. C.—G. W. Kendall, H. W. Brown.

Auburn G. C.—C. W. Tuttle, G. Corning, Jr., J. E. Brigden, J. J. Carr, T. Church.

Keystone G. C., of Buffalo.—Otto Besser, Jr., F. D. Kinney, Jacob Koch, Orton Sampson, Fred Emond.

Long Island G. C.—L. H. Schortemeier.

New Utrecht G. C.—L. H. Schortemeier.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.—H. L. Gates, E. D. Fulford, J. W. Fulford, H. C. Brewster, H. C. Caulkins.

Peoria G. C., of Buffalo.—P. G. Meyer, James Lodge, G. O. Miller, H. D. Kirkover, A. C. Heinold.

Richfield G. C.—Dr. Borland, M. E. Barker.

Idle Hour G. C., of Buffalo.—Wm. Brammer, John Ambrose.

Rome G. C.—S. H. Beach, A. C. McAdam, H. M. Poole, J. J. Armstrong, W. P. Rayland.

There was some discussion on the question of the handicap imposed upon certain experts by the Audubon Gun Club, but the action of that club met with very general approval among the delegates present.

AT AUBURN IN 1897.

The chief business of the convention was the election of officers and the choosing of the scene for the thirty-ninth annual convention and tournament. Both Rome and Auburn entered the field as candidates for the State shoot of 1897, and after a lively debate the roll was called. Auburn took the lead from the start, and it was soon apparent that that city would have an easy victory. This being the case, on motion of W. P. Rayland, of Rome, the choice of Auburn was made unanimous. Auburn promised to guarantee $2,000 and throw targets at 2 cents each.

The following is a list of the officers for 1896-7: President, Charles G. Curtis; Vice-President, W. W. Dickinson; Secretary-Treasurer, Clarence E. Goodrich.

THE AUDUBON PARK GROUNDS.

The shoot was held at B. F. Smith's Audubon Park, 2265 Main street, about twenty-five minutes' ride by electric street cars from the center of the city. The location is very convenient and the trip an easy one.

Four sets of bluerock traps were used, Cruttenden & Card's kingbird target being thrown. This target is an excellent breaker and a good flyer; being slightly heavier than either the bluerock or empire, it can be thrown as far as either of those two targets with less tension on the mainspring of the traps. And the Audubon boys did throw them hard. On the first two days of the tournament (June 9-10) they were thrown as far and as fast as we have ever seen targets thrown. With a good wind blowing, added to fast targets, slow shots had no chance, while those who were accustomed to "pop ups" at home fell down by wholesale. No. 4 set of traps in particular was a very hard set to make a good score on, the flight of the targets at those traps on the first two days being variously estimated at from 75 to 90yds. Personally we think 75 to 80yds. was about the figure. This set was a brand new one that had just been received from Cleveland, and the springs were let down to the lowest notch, but still the targets flew as stated above. Had they been screwed up a few notches some of the targets would be going yet. Paul North, who arrived on the scene on Wednesday, reduced the speed somewhat, but still the shooting on that set was good and hard.

The traps were under the supervision of Jack Parker, who, together with the popular Crutty (W. H. Cruttenden), had control of the management of the shoot.

THE OFFICIALS.

The tournament officers were: President, George Bleistein; Vice-President, Chas. S. Burkhardt, president of the Audubon Gun Club; Secretary-Treasurer, George J. Schmidt, who occupies the same position in the Audubon Club.

In the cashier's office were: W. B. Hobart, of Newark, N. J., secretary of the New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League; John B. Sage, secretary of the New York State Association since 1883; and George J. Schmidt, who is referred to above. A State shoot with a programme of State and open events is virtually two shoots, and a certain amount of confusion is bound to occur at the start. But once started everything here went as smoothly as possible, the tournament passing off easily and pleasantly during the last four days of the shoot. Considering the large number of entries and the double programme, the cashier's department did its work exceedingly well and promptly. The work entailed upon this department at such a shoot as this was must be personally experienced if a correct appreciation of the conditions is to be made and just criticism upon its work to be passed.

The referees were practical shooters who knew their business and who performed their duties well. Of course, a few mistakes were made; no one man can see everything, particularly when it comes to small chips that fall edgewise to the referee. Still the referees used good judgment, and the wisdom of having experienced men to fill these important positions was well exemplified at this shoot. The names of the referees were: No. 1 traps, B. Tolsma; No. 2, Fred. Emond; No. 3, W. Meyers; No. 4, Al. Vagt.

The squad hustlers, each of whom walked many miles each day in the execution of his duties, were G. O. Miller, A. C. Suckol, Charles Doll and Al Avery. The double programme—State and open events—made their work much harder than usual. Of course, also, there were many shooters who forgot their names and caused the expenditure of considerable unnecessary lung power.

To give a list of those who were present during the week would take up a column or more of our valuable space. Those interested in that particular must refer to the table of each day's scores, which will be found in their proper positions. A list of

THE TRADE REPRESENTATIVES

shows that manufacturers and dealers of sporting goods were well represented. Among those present under this head were: Dan Lefever and Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Geo. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co.; Harvey McMurchy and R. Hunter, of the Hunter Arms (L. C. Smith gun) Co.; Sim Glover, shooting a Parker and using Schultze powder, and climbing to the top as usual; Jas. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Alderman U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.; A. P. Pope, pushing the interest of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, the U. S. agents for the Walsrode powder; M. Herrington, the New York representative of the Laflin & Rand W-A powder; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Co.; W. L. Colville and J. S. Fanning, representing the Gold Dust powder; Carl von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, representing the interests of Schultze powder and exhibiting a beautiful lot of Francotte guns; etc., etc.

THE HANDICAP ON EXPERTS.

As announced in the programme, experts were forced to shoot into first or second money or get nothing. This rule had the effect of drawing some additional entries, and also of keeping some of the boys shooting during the whole of the tournament. That it was a hard game for the experts is shown by the scores of the second day, when McMurchy broke 92 per cent, and never got a place all day, although he broke 47 out of 50 in the E. C. cup contest which A. M. Schemerhorn won with 49 out of 50, the 48 hole always being occupied. The handicap was not strictly adhered to all through the tournament, the tournament committee deciding to take the penalty off certain shooters. McMurchy, Elliott, E. D. Fulford and Sim Glover, however, bore the yoke through the entire shoot. It did not bother Glover much, as he shot a wonderful gait the whole of the tournament and finally landed a big winner when it was all over. He fully earned all he made, his great scores being the result of some magnificent shooting on hard-thrown targets.

THE STATE EVENTS.

The programme for each of the first three days contained two State events at 25 targets each. State event No. 4 was shot on the afternoon of the second day and was a merchandise event. The entry list in this event was very large and it took all Thursday morning to decide the ties for the merchandise prizes, there being eight classes of prize winners. The Audubon Club also announced 9 prizes for averages in these 6 events. Below is a list of the winners, with their averages, each man having shot at 150 targets:

	Shot at.	Av.		Shot at.	Av.
1. Glover	149	94.6	6. Edwards	129	86
2. McMurchy	137	91.3	6. R. Hunter	129	86
3. Livingston	136	90.6	7. Gates	128	85.3
4. Whitney	133	88.6	7. C. Lane	128	85.3
5. Tuttle	130	86.6	8. J. W Fulford	127	84.6
5. Hammond	130	86.6	9. Norris	125	83.3
			9. Schorty	125	83.3

Below is a table showing the scores made by each shooter in the above-mentioned 6 State events, and also giving each man's percentage of breaks:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Schorty	23	18	23	22	20	19	150	125	83.3
Glover	24	23	22	25	23	25	150	140	94.6
Levengston	23	20	23	24	23	23	150	136	90.6
Kelsey	23	21	22	19	17	19	150	121	80.6
A Baker	21	19	17	15	17	20	180	109	72.6
Byer	21	16	22	20	22	23	150	124	82.6
Hammond	23	19	25	20	20	21	150	130	86.6
Paddock	17	20	14	20	21	18	150	112	74.6
Tallett	20	22	22	20	18	22	150	124	82.6
Whitney	22	24	20	20	24	23	150	133	88.6
McMurchy	25	22	22	21	24	23	150	137	91.3
Nichols	16	18	14	..	..	..	75	48	64
Courtney	22	9	18	15	20	23	150	107	71.3
Corning	17	10	10	19	18	..	125	69	65.2
Simpson	15	19	..	..	..	..	75	57	76
Wagner	23	17	20	21	20	29	150	123	82
Edwards	24	20	21	23	19	22	150	129	86
Burnett	14	15	17	15	..	..	100	61	61
Swiveller	17	16	16	..	19	15	125	83	66.4
Frank	24	23	20	21	17	18	150	123	82
E C Meyer	19	20	22	16	21	19	150	117	78
C Lane	18	22	21	24	25	18	150	128	85.3
McClure	16	15	19	21	23	19	150	112	74.6
C S Burkhardt	23	24	18	16	21	22	150	113	75.3
Hanks	22	18	19	21	22	23	150	125	83.3
E C Burkhardt	19	20	16	19	15	18	150	107	71.3
Norris	23	20	19	21	23	22	150	128	85.3
Bennett	22	17	18	13	21	21	150	112	74.6
Heinold	20	15	14	20	19	18	150	106	70.6
Sauer	15	14	20	21	17	21	150	108	72
Pope	20	19	18	10	17	18	150	102	68
Borland	13	7	14	15	..	..	100	49	49
M E Barker	24	19	19	..	22	22	125	106	70.6
Friss	17	16	15	18	..	..	100	66	66
Zoeller	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	23	30.6
Floss	16	16	14	14	..	15	125	75	60
Weller	18	20	19	14	..	..	100	71	71
Oehmig	22	13	16	11	..	..	100	62	62
Brandel	17	11	11	18	..	..	100	57	57
Schwartz	20	14	16	17	18	20	150	105	70
Gates	23	20	22	20	20	23	150	128	85.3
Mayhew	21	17	13	23	22	22	140	118	78.6
Andrews	20	20	16	14	22	23	150	115	76.6
Tuttle	21	21	22	25	19	24	150	130	86.6
A M S	19	20	22	19	20	23	150	123	82
Hadley	22	17	18	20	20	..	125	97	77.6
Perry	18	14	..	..	..	..	50	32	64
W A Hunter	22	12	12	16	..	..	100	62	62
A S Hunter	18	20	18	..	..	..	75	56	74.6
J W Fulford	21	17	21	23	22	23	150	127	84.6
Wicks	19	20	19	20	..	..	100	78	78
Mosher	18	15	16	..	..	..	100	56	56
Richmond	16	14	20	21	24	21	150	116	77.3
Brown	21	19	19	23	..	..	100	79	79
Carr	15	17	20	..	20	14	125	86	68.8
Brainard	18	18	9	..	..	..	75	49	65.3
Musselman	21	18	20	..	..	..	75	59	78.6
Rayland	13	17	18	..	..	..	75	48	64
Lefever	24	20	20	19	20	19	150	122	81.3
Fisher	18	16	17	18	..	..	100	69	69
G S Wride	19	20	13	19	20	17	150	101	67.3
E D Fulford	23	20	..	25	24	22	125	113	90.4
Brigden	19	17	16	..	23	22	125	97	77.6
Clover	22	14	18	19	21	21	150	115	76.6
T G Wheeler	22	14	14	24	19	15	150	108	72
R Hunter	24	20	17	24	23	22	150	129	86
Stacy	20	20	18	20	16	19	150	113	75.3
Mowry	20	19	20	..	24	23	125	106	84.6
Holloway	20	17	15	..	..	..	75	52	69.2
Wessels	21	13	20	18	19	..	125	91	72.4
Krotz	..	..	14	..	18	..	50	32	64
Koch	21	13	..	21	..	20	100	74	74
A Barker	20	21	22	18	19	..	125	100	80
Ware	19	21	22	20	20	18	150	122	81.3
Skinner	20	17	15	..	..	..	75	51	68
Barnett	19	16	17	..	..	..	75	52	69.3
A Rickman	22	..	19	22	20	..	100	83	83
Paddleford	19	..	16	22	..	..	75	57	76
Kirkover	21	..	18	20	21	23	125	103	81.6
Horst	20	..	15	15	..	..	75	50	66.6
M Loudon	16	..	17	19	17	..	100	69	69
Church	17	..	16	..	..	..	50	33	66
P G Mayer	17	..	17	17	1	..	75	51	68
Dingens	15	..	..	10	..	..	50	25	50
Quirk	17	..	13	15	..	..	75	45	60
Kendall	15	..	20	15	23	15	125	87	69.6
B Rickman	21	..	19	18	..	..	75	58	77.3
Lewis	20	..	23	19	19	18	125	99	79.2
W T M	19	..	14	18	..	..	75	51	68
W E B	19	..	18	17	..	..	75	49	65.3
E W Smith	16	..	..	22	..	..	50	38	76
Norton	..	..	19	22	24	21	100	86	86
J E Lodge	..	..	15	10	..	7	75	32	42.6
U E Story	..	..	18	18	18	..	75	54	72
H Valentine	..	..	17	21	22	..	75	60	80
Hobbie	..	..	20	23	15	19	100	76	76
John Fulford	21	17	21	23	23	23	150	127	84.6
Forrester	..	..	..	..	26	21	50	44	88
G W H	..	..	..	..	20	17	50	37	74
Covert	..	..	..	..	16	15	50	31	62
E M Moody	..	..	..	..	..	21	19	50	40	80
H J Benedict	..	..	13	14	18	13	100	58	58
C A Ward	..	..	22	23	20	20	100	85	85
Truesdale	..	..	..	14	..	15	50	29	58
Grier	13	..	10	15	..	..	75	37	49.3

FIRST DAY, JUNE 9.

The heavy rain, dull sky and something that was more than a breeze, all contributed to keep scores down. The swift flight of the targets, particularly from No. 4 set of traps, was extremely hard to follow and goose eggs were more numerous than usual. McMurchy's average of 94 per cent. in the open events was really remarkable work and he fully deserved all the congratulations he received. Harry Whitney was a good second with 91 per cent. Our scores show that eighty-eight shooters took part in this day's events. Below is a list of the averages made by the twenty-two men who shot through the programme of eight events, a total of 170 targets:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
H McMurchy	160	94.1	Flick	137	80.5
H Whitney	156	91.7	Elliott	137	80.5
S Glover	150	88.2	E C Meyers	135	79.4
H M Levengston	150	88.2	Byer	132	77.6
C Lane	149	87.6	Courtney	132	77.6
C Wagner	148	87	Henry	131	77
Fanning	148	87	M E Barker	131	77
F D Kelsey	147	86.4	Simpson	129	75.8
H Valentine	140	82.3	Nicholls	128	72.3
Hammond	140	82.3	Graham	116	68.2
McVey	138	81.1	Corning	111	65.2

Open event No. 5 was placed on the programme as the Gold Dust event, 50 targets, unknown angles, entrance $3 (including price of shells and targets). Contestants were to use Gold Dust in this event, shells being provided by W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), the representative of the United States Smokeless Powder Co., of San Francisco. It was decided, however, to cut the event in half, making two 25-target events. The first 25 constituted the Gold Dust event, Mr. Colville adding cash and loaded shells equivalent to $100. The second 25 was the W-A event, the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. adding $50 to the purse through its representative, M. Herrington, of New York city. The scores in this event will be found under the head of No. 6.

Below is a table of the

SCORES OF JUNE 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	25	20	20
McMurchy	18	20	17	19	24	23	19	20
Whitney	19	18	18	19	19	23	20	20
Glover	17	20	11	20	23	23	18	18
Levengston	19	19	20	16	20	20	19	17
Lane	15	19	19	20	18	22	16	20
Wagner	20	19	17	20	22	19	14	17
Fanning	19	20	14	17	24	21	15	18
Kelsey	18	18	17	18	22	20	16	18
Valentine	17	18	18	17	22	20	18	15
Hammond	17	17	18	19	19	20	15	20
McVey	14	16	18	20	18	21	15	16
Flick	18	16	16	17	20	22	18	10
Frank	15	14	..	19	17	..	..	..
Weller	14	17	..	17	20	..	16	..
Skinner	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mayhew	17	18	16	19	21	..	17	..
Musselman	11	..	..	..	20	..	..	..
McClure	14	16	14	..	18	..	..	..
Ware	16	..	..	..	19	..	..	..
Borland	12	14	..	12	..	..	..	..
E C Burnett	16	..	..	..	19	..	..	..
Tuttle	14	16	12	16	22	21	14	..
Carr	13	15	12	..	20	..	14	18
A S Hunter	16	16	..	16	..	..	..	..
W A Hunter	7	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Richmond	15	20	..	..	..	15	..	..
Fries	13	..	..	..	20	..	..	..
Louden	14	15	..	..	18	..	..	..
C Burkh'rt	14	17	..	16	16	15	..	17
Hanks	16	..	..	18	19	..	..	18
E Burkh'rt	18	..	..	15	20	18	..	19
Norris	16	..	..	18	19	23	..	15
Bennett	16	..	..	18	20	16	..	..
Heinold	17	17	..	15	21	20	..	14
Paddock	17	16	18	..	20	20	..	..
Tallett	17	16	14	..	22	20	..	..
Hadley	17	18	11	14	18	..	..	..
Life	15	17	..	17	13	..	..	..
Andrews	17	16	..	..	17	..	..	..
Paddleford	10	11	15	12	..	..	9	..
Sherman	15	16	10	16	19	..	17	..

Those who shot in only one event were:

No. 1: Riesinger 16, Floss 11.

No. 2: Wride 16.

No. 5: Wessell 16, Reinecke 20, Swiveller 5, P. G. Meyer 19.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 10.

The change for the better in the weather to-day was a great relief. The sunshine was most grateful after the dampness and gloominess of the previous day, while the bracing breeze that came straight off the bosom of Lake Erie made things pleasant underfoot, if it did play pranks with Crutty's kingbirds. Strangely enough our scores show that 88 shooters took part in the day's events—precisely the same number that shot on the first day. The following is a list of the 25 shooters who shot through the programme of open events, 7 in number, calling for a total of 150 targets:

	Shot at.	Av.		Shot at.	Av.
Glover	155	91.1	Kelsey	128	75.2
McMurchy	151	88.8	Hammond	128	75.2
Lane	145	85.2	Graham	128	75.2
Byer	145	85.2	E C Meyers	127	74.6
Whitney	143	84.2	Herrington	127	74.6
Levengston	142	83.6	Tallett	126	74.1
Schortemeier	141	82.9	Clover	125	73.5
C Wagner	140	82.3	Flick	124	73 9
McVey	139	81.7	Pope	123	72.3
Edwards	134	78.8	Kendall	119	65.8
Elliott	132	77.6	Henry	108	63.5
Money	130	76.4	Weller	107	62.9
Fanning	129	75.8			

Outside of the State events, open event No. 6 was the feature. This was the E. C. Cup contest, 50 targets, unknown angles, $3, the cup and $50 added by the E. C. Powder Company. The entry list was very large in this event and the contest was productive of some excellent shooting. As will be seen by the scores, A. M. Schemerhorn (A. M. S.), of Cortland, N. Y., won the cup with the capital total of 48. Gates broke 47, leading Glover and McVey (Beck, of Indianapolis,) by one target. Below are the

SCORES OF JUNE 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20
Schorty	17	20	16	14	42	17	15
Kelsey	14	19	14	17	37	10	17
Byer	17	18	14	19	41	19	17
Glover	19	18	18	18	46	18	18
Levengston	17	18	14	18	44	15	16
Brigden	13	15	8	..	41	..	10
McVey	19	17	18	16	46	16	19
Tallett	15	16	15	18	36	14	13
Lane	18	17	13	17	42	19	19
Edwards	14	19	15	13	40	17	16
Nichols	12	7	7	..	..	..	..
Ware	14	13	..	..	37	..	..
C Burkhardt	15	16	..	13	33	..	18
Hanks	15	15	..	17	41	..	15
E Burkhardt	11	17	16	19	40	..	15
Frank	15	17	11	16	..	..	..
Brandel	12	14	..	14	..	..	..
A M S	13	18	..	14	48	..	..
Valentine	20	..	..	16	..	..	..
H Richardson	14	..	17	..	..	..	..
Gates	18	..	..	..	47	..	16
Wagner	13	18	17	17	41	18	16
Whitney	18	20	18	16	36	16	19
Kirkover	16	18	..	18	37	16	17
Lewis	15	..	..	15	..	..	..
Tuttle	17	..	..	15	42	..	17
Norton	18	17	16	19	42	..	..
Pope	17	18	15	16	39	16	12
Clover	9	17	13	18	38	14	16
Hammond	14	19	16	18	32	14	15
Schwartz	..	..	16	16	..	35	.. 9
Friss	..	..	..	16	..	37	.. ..
Thomas	16	16	..	17	..	12	.. ..
Von Lengerke	14	16	18	18	32	12	.. ..
Paddleford	..	..	17	..	..	20	.. ..
Courtney	..	..	15	..	19	40	.. ..
Wride	..	..	14	11	..	35	.. 13
E D Fulford	..	..	..	17	17	40	.. 19
Norris	16	16	14	18	39	..	16
Bennett	11	17	..	18	43	..	17
Heinold	15	17	13	18	40	..	11
Glover	16	16	11	15	40	17	18
Flick	16	16	11	12	39	14	16
Elliott	18	16	17	15	38	15	13
Money	15	17	16	16	35	14	17
Herrington	17	16	10	17	32	13	12
Henry	16	15	11	10	30	14	12
Kendall	17	17	8	18	34	11	12
Fanning	12	11	14	17	45	15	15
McMurchy	18	20	16	19	44	15	19
E C Meyer	17	16	14	17	39	18	11
Weller	16	16	11	16	28	19	8
North	16	16	..	17	30	..	..
Carr	14	..	..	..	37	..	17
McClure	18	..	..	9	..	..	..
Simpson	12	14	..	16	38	..	..
A S Hunter	14	..	..	..	30	..	..
Mayhew	16	..	16	..	45	18	..
W A Hunter	15	..	..	..	34	..	..
W E B	15	..	..	7	..	..	..
Hot Blast	13	13	..	16	35	14	..
Sauer	13	..	6	..	34	..	10
Sherman	16	16	..	16	35	15	11
Boyd	10	18	..	14	34	15	12
R Hunter	19	18	..	16	44	16	..
Mowry	17	..	15	14	..	..	..
Holloway	16	13	..	15	31	..	..
Hobbie	..	..	12	18	36	13	17
McArthur	..	..	..	16	26	..	..
Lefever	17	..	..	12	29	..	..
A Baker	17	..	..	15	43	..	15
Mosher	..	..	..	..	9	..	9 ..
Corning	..	..	..	..	10	33	.. ..
J W Fulton	..	..	..	..	40	..	15
M E Barker	18	..	..	..	37	..	18

Those who shot in only one event were:

No 1: Borst 12.

No. 2: Rayland 16, Brainard 14, Michaels 11, Ward 18, Eaton 13.

No. 3: Stacy 9.

No. 4: E. Burnett 15, Musselman 12, Lang 5, A. Burnett 12.

No. 5: Brown 39, Paddock 39.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 11.

This was another lovely day, with bright, warm sunshine and a cool, bracing breeze that made it feel good to be alive and able to be in the open air. The attendance kept up wonderfully for a tournament that had already lasted two full days. The score sheets show that ninety-five shooters took part in to-day's events; that total shows just how big an affair the New York State shoot of 1896 really was. The wind blew very strongly at times and targets in consequence became hard

to hit; at other times the breeze died away and then straights and "all-but-ones" became quite numerous. Below is a table showing the averages of those who shot through the programme of open events—170 targets in all:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
McMurchy	154	90.5	Byer	135	79.4
Whitney	160	94.1	Henry	148	87
Glover	157	92.3	T Graham	155	91.1
Levengston	145	85.2	Schortemeier	134	78.8
C Lane	148	87	Edwards	148	88
Wagner	136	80	Tuttle	144	84.6
Fanning	142	83.5	Hobbie	151	88.8
Kelsey	138	81.1	E D Fulford	147	86.4
McVey	148	87	Forrester	140	82.3
Flick	148	87	Mayhew	151	88.8
E C Meyer	143	84.1	Richmond	140	82.3

The main event in the open-to-all programme was No. 5, the Buffalo *Times* event, 50 targets, unknown angles, $3 entrance, $125 added to the purse by the *Times*, eight moneys. At one time it looked as if Glover with 48 and Whitney and McMurchy with 47 each would be easily in first and second place. T. C. Graham, however, with his Winchester and W-A powder, jumped in and broke 49, carrying off first money all alone. The scores in this event will be found in the table of scores under the head of No. 5.

The State events were three in number. The first was at 25 targets, unknown angles, $3 entrance, $75 added by the *Courier* Company, that company also adding $25 to the purse in the team shoot that takes place on the fourth day. No. 2 was a similar event with $75 added. The third event, State event No. 7, was the contest for the Lefever Arms Company's diamond medal. The conditions of the shoot are 20 singles, known traps and angles, and 5 pairs. In this contest Sim Glover added to his laurels by running 19 out of 20 in the singles and then breaking his 5 pairs without an error. A special feature of the shooting at doubles was the speed of the targets, the No. 4 set of traps being requisitioned for this part of the contest. Harry Whitney was second with 28, E. D. Fulford and F. D. Kelsey being third with 27. The entrance to this event was $3; the medal, won last year by Dan Lefever, and 25 per cent. of the purse going to the winner; the balance was divided into five moneys. Below are the scores of this event in detail:

LEFEVER DIAMOND MEDAL.

S Glover	10111111111111111111	11 11 11 11 11—29
H Whitney	11111111111111111111	10 11 11 10 11—28
E D Fulford	11111110111111111111	11 10 10 11 11—27
F D Kelsey	11111111111111111111	10 11 01 10 11—27
Edwards	11111111101111111101	11 11 11 10 10—26
A Forrester	11111111011010111111	11 11 11 10 11—26
C Lane	11101110111111110101	11 11 11 11 11—26
C Tuttle	11111111111110110111	01 11 10 11 11—26
H McMurchy	11111111101111111011	10 11 10 10 11—25
C Wagner	11011110111111011111	11 10 10 11 11—25
H L Gates	10011111111111011111	10 11 11 10 01—24
M Mayhew	11101011101101111111	10 10 10 11 10—22
O M Paddock	01111010111111111111	10 10 00 11 10—22
D Lefever	01111110111111010011	10 10 11 11 00—21
E C Meyer	11111111110101011111	11 00 10 10 00—21
L H Shortemeier	10111110111110111101	10 11 10 10 00—21
Seth Clover	10111111111111011000	10 11 10 10 00—20
C W Hobbie	00111111100111110111	11 00 11 01 00—20
J Koch	11110111111110110110	10 10 00 21 10—20
L V Byer	01011110011111101010	11 00 10 11 00—18
A P Pope	10111011111101010001	10 10 10 10 01—18
Stacy	11011011111100111010	10 00 10 10 00—17
Wats	10011111010001001101	00 00 10 10 11—15
G W Kendall	10111101100001001100	00 10 00 10 10—13
Hoyt	00111111110001000010	00 00 00 10 01—12

Stauber broke 11 and 10.

Below is the table of the

SCORES OF JUNE 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20
Forester	15	16	17	16	48	19	14	E C Meyer	15	20	15	16	41	20	16
Mayhew	19	16	18	19	48	19	18	Hobbie	20	19	17	15	42	19	19
Wagner	15	18	17	15	42	17	13	Hadley	15	17	15	..	40	..	..
Glover	18	19	19	17	48	17	19	Frank	16	18	15	12	43	13	..
Kelsey	16	18	18	17	42	15	17	G S Lewis	15	..	..	13	..	..	..
Beyer	16	20	17	16	35	15	16	Wride	10	17	9	..	34	..	..
Richmond	18	14	15	19	43	18	13	H Valentine	14	18	..	16	..	19	..
McVey	18	17	16	16	48	19	19	Lyons	10	11	..	..	..	..	..
Hammond	16	15	14	13	37	..	..	Grier	10	17	..	..	..	11	..
Whitney	18	20	20	19	47	18	18	A M S	18	17	..	..	..	15	..
Levengston	17	17	18	16	43	17	17	Lane	17	17	15	20	46	16	17
E D Fulford	17	19	19	17	44	14	17	C S Burkhardt	13	15	..	18	48	..	13
M E Barker	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	Hanks	16	17	..	17	48	..	18
E C Burhardt	15	15	..	9	36	..	..	Henry	17	15	16	12	43	20	15
Norris	10	18	..	16	32	16	15	T C Graham	18	19	16	18	49	19	16
Bennett	12	19	..	11	36	..	15	U M C	18	18	..	18	37	13	15
Heinold	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	McMurchy	18	18	18	18	47	17	18
Kirkover	16	19	..	15	46	20	18	Fanning	18	15	16	17	49	18	16
A J McClure	18	..	..	17	..	17	..	Money	15	15	18	11	30	9	18
Knapp	13	..	..	..	36	..	..	Edwards	17	17	16	20	40	15	18
Norton	15	17	13	15	39	..	18	Schorty	10	18	13	17	42	16	18
Deroo	14	..	14	15	..	..	..	Clover	17	14	16	19	44	18	16
A Baker	14	..	..	..	37	..	..	Brigden	16	..	..	15	44	..	16
Herrington	16	18	..	18	48	16	16	Tuttle	16	..	17	16	42	15	19
Flick	18	16	17	14	46	17	20	Carr	10	..	..	15	38	..	..
Hallowell	14	15	..	14	41	13	13	H Graham	12	..	15	..	41	14	..
R Hunter	16	17	12	12	39	..	..	Lefever	..	16	..	..	40	..	..
Sauer	16	..	..	13	..	13	8	H J Benedict	..	8	..	..	41	..	..
Kendall	16	17	..	15	37	7	17	Burd	..	..	15	..	..	..	18
J Fulford	16	..	..	..	42	..	..	Ward	..	..	..	16	39	..	..
Pope	8	..	..	..	39	..	..	G W H	..	..	..	..	9	..	8
Von Lengerke	14	16	12	8	37	..	..	Mowry	..	..	..	20	29	..	..
Floss	..	13	..	..	..	16	..	Tallett	..	..	..	15	45	14	16
E M Moody	..	15	..	7	..	..	..	J Schwartz	..	..	..	..	28	9	..
Covert	..	13	..	..	25	..	..	Gates	..	..	..	..	45	..	18

Those who shot in only one event were:

No. 1: A. Barker 12, Doan 15, Brown 17.

No. 3: Corning 10.

No. 4: Killick 13, R. H. 5, Sole 8.

No. 5: Moodie 34, Courtney 43, G. O. Miller 30, E. W. Smith 43, McArthur 34, Borst 37, Paddock 38, R. P. Wilson 29, P. G. Meyer 29.

No. 6: Daw 12, Hawkins 8, Inderbitzen 4, Snyder 7, Truesdale 18, Krotz 16, Burgundy 10.

No. 7: Fries 16.

FOURTH DAY, JUNE 12.

Less wind, a good light and targets thrown a little easier than during the first three days of the tournament, made the scores on this, the last target day of the shoot, run slightly higher as a general rule. Glover and Whitney tied for first honors with a percentage of 92.3, Lane being second with 90.6, and Flick third with just 90 per cent. The attendance was wonderfully good, 27 shooters taking part in all the open events, while the Audubon Club event, No. 5 in the open list, had 78 entries at $5 each. Below is a table of the averages made by the 27 shooters who shot through the programme of open events that called for a total of 170 targets:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
S Glover	157	92.3	L H Schortemeier	145	85.2
H Whitney	157	92.3	L V Beyer	143	84.1
C Lane	154	90.6	T C Graham	143	84.1
Flick	153	90	C Wagner	143	84.1
J A R Elliott	152	89.4	C W Hobbie	142	83.5
E C Meyers	152	89.4	J S Fanning	141	82.9
H M Levengston	151	88.8	C A Tuttle	138	81.1
F S Edwards	150	88.2	A P Pope	137	80.5
N Apgar	149	87.6	N E Money	136	80
H McMurchy	148	87	J Hallowell	134	78.8
A Forrester	147	86.4	M Mayhew	133	78.2
F D Kelsey	147	86.4	J G Lindsay	131	77
S Clover	145	85.2	M Herrington	129	75.8
McVey	145	85.2			

GENERAL AVERAGES.

With the close of to-day's programme of open events came the figuring up of the general averages of the four days. The 28 events on the programme, 7 for each day, made a total of 680 targets shot at. Out of all the shooters that took part in the New York State shoot of 1896 only 14 shot through the above list of events. Their names, the positions they occupied at the finish, the total number of targets broken by each out of the 680 shot at, and the amount of average money won by each follow:

1.	Glover	619	$35	8.	Flick	562	$10
2.	Whitney	616	$30	9.	Fanning 560 / Kelsey 560	$5
3.	McMurchy	613	$25	10.	Meyer	557	..
4.	Lane	596	$20	11.	Byer	555	..
5.	Levengston	588	$15	12.	T C Graham	548	..
6.	McVey	570	$10	13.	J G Henry	518	..
7.	Wagner	567	$10				

McMurchy's comparatively poor score is directly attributable to the breakdown of his gun, which compelled him to shoot nearly all day with a strange weapon.

STATE EVENTS.

There were only two events on the programme from which residents of other States were barred. The first was a $1 miss-and-out. This was shot off at the No. 1 set of traps, and resulted in Schortemeier winning first place and the privelege of a free passage to Mackinac and return on one of the magnificent steamers owned and run by the Northern Steampship Co.—the North West or the North Land. There were several other merchandise prizes that fell to the lot of the other shooters in this event. The scores were:

Miss-and out, entrance $1, merchandise prizes, 40 entries: Shorty 26, E. Fulford 25, J. Fulford 21, Hobbie 19, A. E. Story 16, Glover 16, Hammond 15, E. Meyer 14, Bennett 13, Whitney 13, Lane 12, H. Lowden 11, Gates 10, Hanks 8, Mayhew 8, Wagner 7, Norris 6, B. Wheeler 6, Frank 6, Howard 6, Benedict 6, Kelsey 5, E. C. B. 4, Lowden 4, Tuttle 4, M. E. Barker 4, Paddock 3, Tallett 3, Edwards 3, Ward 3, Norton 3, Livingston 3, Wride 3, Corning 2, Forrester 2, C. S. B. 2, Lefevre 2, A. M. S. 2, Baker 0, Byer 0.

The other State event was the 4-men team race, 25 targets per man, known angles, entrance $12 per man. First prize, $100 Parker gun to order winner, donated by Parker Bros.

ROCHESTER'S GREAT SCORE.

This contest was looked upon as quite an open affair and likely to be productive of a good and exciting contest. As a matter of fact, the scores ruled very high, but Rochester's total led the others by the comfortable margin of 5 breaks, the team representing the Rochester Rod and Gun Club piling up the big score of 98 out of 100, three out of the four men making straight scores. The squad in which this team shot was made up as follows: E. D. Fulford and J. W. Fulford, members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club, and the four men on the Rochester team. As will be seen by reference to the scores given below, this squad ran up the big total of 145 out of 150 shot at. It is true the targets were not thrown very far or fast to-day on this set of traps (No. 1), but still the totals are excellent under any conditions. Scores.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

E C Meyer	1111111111111110101111111—23
C Lane	1111111111111111111111111—25
L V Beyer	1111111111111111111111111—25
Glover	1111111111111111111111111—25—98

Audubon Gun Club.

Capt Forrester	1101110111101111111111111—23
Hanks	1111110111111111111111011—23
Norris	1111111111111111111111011—24
Kirkover	1111111111111111111101111—24—93

Oneida County Sportsmen's Club.

Gates	1111111111111110111111110—23
Mayhew	1011111111111111110111111—23
J W Fulford	1101111111111111111111111—24
E D Fulford	1111111111101111011111111—23—93

Auburn Gun Club.

Tuttle	1110110010111110011111111—19
Corning	1101110100001111010011111—16
Brigden	1111011111011111111111110—22
Carr	1111111011101111111100111—21—78

The Oneida County Sportsmen's Club and the Audubon Club shot off the tie for second place at 5 targets per man. The result was as follows the Utica team taking second place:

O. C. Sportsmen's Club: J. Fulford 5, Gates 5, E. D. Fulford 4, Mayhew 4—18.

Audubon Club: Kirkover 5, Forrester 4, Hanks 4, Norris 4—17.

BUFFALO AUDUBON CLUB EVENT.

The main event in to-day's open-to-all programme was the Buffalo Audubon Club event, 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets. For this event the club offered eight prizes, high guns to win. The handicapping was done by the officers of the local club, each man's allowance being figured upon the basis of his work during the previous three days. The fact that the above would be the basis upon which the club would figure out the handicap allowances was stated in the programme, so that no one had any kick coming to him if he did not get as many targets as he thought he ought to have had; it was his previous work during the tournament that settled the question of his allowance. The scores in this event were as follows:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	Handicap.	Shot at.	Broke.		1st 25.	2d 25.	Handicap.	Shot at.	Broke.
C von Lengerke	22	22	16	67	60	A Baker	18	23	10	68	51
J A R Elliott	22	24	11	61	57	Waltz	19	18	14	67	51
Hammond	23	23	11	61	57	McArthur	20	19	12	68	51
Carr	20	25	12	65	57	H Whitney	21	24	5	55	50
Floss	19	22	16	67	57	McVey	21	22	7	58	50
Krotz	21	19	16	68	56	S Clover	21	22	7	59	50
C W Hobbie	22	23	10	60	55	B F Smith	18	22	10	62	50
Brigden	21	23	11	61	55	U E Storey	15	22	13	64	50
N E Money	18	22	15	65	55	H Louden	17	21	12	65	50
Wride	19	21	15	67	55	Dr Borland	16	17	17	68	50
C Lane	24	23	7	57	54	M Mayhew	18	23	8	58	49
F S Edwards	23	23	8	58	54	H Graham	19	21	9	62	49
H Kirkover	23	23	8	59	54	O M Paddock	19	20	10	62	49
J W Fulford	23	22	9	59	54	L G Henry	21	18	10	64	49
J J Hallowell	20	22	12	63	54	Dingens	14	15	20	75	49
A P Pope	20	22	12	65	54	Sim Glover	22	22	4	54	48
J M Louden	18	23	13	65	54	W J Mann	18	24	6	57	48
E D Fulford	23	24	6	56	53	M Herrington	20	19	9	60	48
E C Meyer	20	24	9	59	53	Richmond	21	19	8	60	48
M E Barker	20	23	10	60	53	D Lefever	14	23	11	63	48
C S Burkhardt	17	24	12	63	53	L Swope	18	22	13	65	48
Fries	19	24	10	61	53	F Sauer	17	19	12	67	48
A Barker	16	24	13	65	53	Howard	14	20	14	70	48
A Heinold	15	23	15	66	53	Quirk	14	20	14	70	48
G Corning, Jr	17	18	18	72	53	H J Benedict	15	18	14	66	47
Norton	22	23	7	58	52	L V Byer	19	19	8	59	46
C A Ward	23	22	7	58	52	J S Fanning	17	21	8	60	46
L H Schortemeier	21	22	9	59	52	R Stacey	20	18	8	68	46
Hanks	22	21	9	59	52	Jos Schwartz	17	20	8	67	45
Flick	20	22	10	60	52	H McMurchy	20	21	3	14	44
L W Bennett	21	21	10	63	52	E C Burkhardt	18	17	9	66	44
J P Fisher	20	19	13	65	52	Oehmig	14	18	12	69	44
H M Levengston	23	22	6	56	51	C A Tuttle	18	18	3	57	39
N Apgar	21	23	7	57	51	A Coombs	16	12	10	70	38
A Forrester	20	24	7	57	51	C Klinck	18	15	9	65	37
F D Kelsey	21	23	7	57	51	Reid	12	10	11	66	33
C Wagner	21	22	8	59	51	E Baumann	18	5	9	75	27
T C Graham	19	22	10	60	51	H L Gates	19	w			
Andrews	20	21	10	62	51	W H Tallett	16	w			

Thus Carl von Lengerke, who had been away off in his shooting during the week, pulled himself together, and aided by the large allowance of 17 extra targets pulled out ahead and won the first prize, a Marshall & Wendell upright piano, valued at $350. The four 57s tied for the next four prizes, while Krotz took sixth prize on 56. Then came four 55s who tied for the seventh and eighth prizes, all below 55 being shut out.

In the table that follows no account is taken of the handicap allowance in No. 5, only the first 50 targets counting in the averages. No account has also been taken of those who shot in only one event. Below are the

SCORES OF JUNE 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20
Herrington	17	16	11	16	29	15	15	E C Meyer	18	18	18	20	44	16	18
Flick	20	19	14	19	48	20	19	Edwards	17	20	12	18	46	20	17
Henry	16	17	10	16	39	16	17	Schorty	17	16	15	19	48	18	17
T Graham	16	18	16	16	41	17	19	Von Lengerke	17	16	..	..	44	..	..
Levengston	18	19	18	19	45	20	12	Money	19	16	11	17	40	16	17
Fanning	15	19	14	20	38	17	18	Hanks	15	18	..	..	43	..	..
Whitney	18	20	17	20	45	18	19	Frank	18	19	16	..	..	..	..
Elliott	19	18	17	19	46	16	17	Wheeler	19	16	..	16	..	..	15
C Lane	19	19	18	19	47	18	19	Norris	15	15	..	15	..	..	..
Mayhew	17	18	12	15	41	14	16	Forrester	16	19	14	20	44	18	16
Kelsey	16	19	14	16	44	19	19	Kirkover	17	19	14	17	46	..	17
Byer	19	18	18	16	38	17	17	Tuttle	17	18	15	18	36	18	16
Corning	12	15	..	15	35	..	..	A Baker	17	16	..	17	41	..	20
Hobbie	16	19	14	14	45	18	16	E D Fulford	15	19	14	16	47	..	..
McVey	13	19	14	19	43	20	17	Bennett	16	17	..	16	42	..	18
Glover	17	20	19	19	44	18	20	Brigden	18	17	..	18	44	..	..
U M C	18	12	..	19	..	18	14	J Fulford	17	16	..	..	45	..	..
Hallowell	17	15	12	17	42	17	14	A S Hunter	17	18	..	..	w	..	..
Heinold	17	18	..	16	38	..	..	Paddock	13	..	..	..	39	..	..
Hammond	19	18	16	..	46	..	..	Pope	16	19	12	18	42	15	15
Norton	16	20	..	18	45	17	..	Wagner	17	10	14	15	48	19	19
Carr	13	..	..	16	45	..	..	Burd	..	14	12	..	..	..	..
Richmond	14	17	14	..	40	..	..	H Graham	..	18	18	..	40	..	..
McMurchy	19	20	15	19	41	16	18	Sauer	..	15	..	17	38	..	11
Clover	16	20	12	19	43	19	16	Andrews	..	..	..	18	41	..	..
Apgar	19	16	16	17	44	17	20	Krotz	..	..	..	17	40	..	..
C Burkhardt	15	..	..	..	31	..	..	Wride	..	..	..	18	40	..	..
E Burkhardt	13	..	..	..	35	..	..	Floss	..	..	..	18	41	15	..
Ware	16	..	16	..	..	..	..	Holt	..	..	..	19	..	18	16
C A Ward	19	19	..	..	44	..	..	Truesdale	..	..	..	..	..	10	9
Benedict	17	8	..	..	38	..	..	Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	18	15

The following shot in only one event: A. M. S. 18 in No. 1; W. H. Tallett 11 in No. 1; Davis 9 in No. 2.

FIFTH DAY, JUNE 13.

This was what is usually known as the Dean Richmond cup day of the annual State shoot. Targets on this day are put on one side, live birds being used in the contest for the State team championship cup. The conditions of the cup contest are: Teams of three men, 15 live birds per man, $30 per team, birds extra. The cup and 60 per cent. of the purse to go to the winners, 40 per cent. to the second highest team; class shooting; ties for the cup shot off at 5 birds per man.

The weather was really beautiful, the only thing to object to being the wind, which might have come from a better quarter; as it was it blew in from No. 1 trap to the score. The birds, however, were a capital lot, those supplied by Worden Bros., of Harrisburg, and by Gilbert, of Philadelphia, being exceptionally good ones for this time of the year. Of course there were some duffers among those trapped, but the big majority were excellent strong flyers, more like November birds than a midsummer lot.

J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, who is just now making a tour of the Eastern tournaments in the interests of Gold Dust powder, acted as referee and played his part perfectly satisfactorily. F. Whitaker was official scorer, while Ed Reinecke filled the tiresome position of trap-puller.

That Buffalonians enjoy a good contest was well shown to-day, crowds going out to the grounds to see the shoot. Eleven teams entered for the race and all but one put in an appearance when called to the score. The missing team was the Idle Hour Gun Club, of Buffalo. Those that took part in the contest were: Whitestown Gun Club, of Utica; Fountain Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn; Rochester Rod and Gun Club; Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo; New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn; Oneida County Sportsmen's Club, of Utica; Cobweb Gun Club, of New York; Keystone Gun Club, of Buffalo; Peoria Gun Club, of Buffalo; North Parma Gun Club, of Rochester. The cup was won last year by the New Utrecht Gun Club, who also won it in 1894.

So good were the birds that when the fifteenth round had been completed it was found that the Whitestown Club and the Fountain Club were high with scores of 41 out of 45; the Audubons and the Rochester boys were tied with scores of one bird less. On the shoot-off the former won easily with 15 to 12. A. S. Hunter, of the winning team, killed his 20 birds straight, while Hardie Richardson (once a member of the Detroit Baseball Club's Big Four) was close after him with 19 out of 20, 1 dead out of bounds. Dr. Kilbourne, who is a rattling good live-bird shot, scored 17 out of 20, losing 2 dead out of bounds. For the Fountains Louis Duryea shot as well as ever, his twentieth bird escaping through carelessness on the shooter's part, the race being over, as Lair shot ahead of Duryea in the shoot-off. Dr. Wynn slipped up on 2 easy birds in his first 15. Charlie Burkhardt shot in hard luck, but his brother, E. C., did his best to retrieve the day, shooting very well and only losing 1 bird, his fourteenth, dead out of bounds. B. F. Smith, of the Audubon team, made the star shot of the day by bringing down a bird that had gained 15 to 20yds. on him owing to his safety not being properly adjusted; the shot was a wonderful one, and proved that Smith has the proper load for his Baker gun. E. D. Fulford shot in first-class form, not giving one of his birds a chance to get away. The scores, which follow, must tell the rest of the story:

Whitestown Gun Club.

		Tie.
A S Hunter	121211111112222—15	21222—5
Dr J G Kilbourne	2e2e1222222120—12	22222—5
H Richardson	122211111211e21—14—41	12211—5—15

Fountain Rod and Gun Club.

L T Duryea	121222222222222—15	22220—4
W H Lair	2e1202222222222—13	22e20—3
W Wynn	2221111e1212012—13	22222—5—12

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.		New Utrecht Gun Club.	
E Meyer	212101122120122—13	D Deacon	222022222e2220—13
S Glover	122222220122221—14	Furgueson	2222202222222—14
H Stewart	e2212e22222222—13—40	G Nostrand	e21221222222220—13—38
Audubon Gun Club.		**Oneida Co. Sportsmen's Club.**	
C Burkhardt	222022202222022—13	H Gates	121001012222212—12
E Burkhardt	12222222222222e2—14	Dr Booth	020211121012210—11
B F Smith	222220222222222—14—40	E Fulford	222221212212111—15—38
Cobweb Gun Club.		**Peoria Gun Club.**	
P F McKeon	222210212021212—13	L W Bennett	2200e02w
W J Elliott	222222e2022222—13	H Kirkover	12e220w
G L Nicholls	22022220202222—12—38	A Heinold	2012000w
Keystone Gun Club.		**North Parma Gun Club.**	
F Emond	20220212w	Dr Weller	2202001w
J Koch	1212010w	C Lane	2121122w
F D Kinney	20200e0w	L V Byer	1000112w

Other sweeps were shot as follows, No. 1 being shot prior to the Dean Richmond cup contest:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
W H Lair	21222—5	....	B F Smith	22020—3	0202220—5
L T Duryea	12212—5	....	Dr Weller	12122—5	....
C Burkhardt	22222—5	2222201—5	E C Meyer	22021—4	....
Dr Wynn	21222—5	....	F Emond	22100—3	0211112—6
Furgueson, Jr	22222—5	2022222—6	O Besser, Jr	....	0102212—5
G Van Nostrand	11111—5	....	W J Sawyer	....	2122020—5
C Furgueson	22022—4	2202202—5	J Parker	....	1212122—7
Dr Kilbourne	11222—5	....	J J Hallowell	....	2222212—7
A S Hunter	21221—5	....	H Kirkover	....	2202220—5
D Deacon	12222—5	....	L W Bennett	....	2022202—5
E C Burkhardt	12110—4	0210022—4	A P Pope	....	2211222—7
H M Stewart	22210—4				

No. 1 was $5 entrance, three moneys; No. 2, 7 birds, $5.

Below will be found a table of the

GUNS, POWDERS AND SHELLS

used by the men who composed the teams in the Dean Richmond cup contest:

Whitestown G. C.

	Gun.	*Powder.*	*Shell.*
A S Hunter	Greener	Schultze	V L & D
Hardie Richardson	Greener	Schultze	V L & D
J G Kilbourne	Parker	Schultze	V L & D
Fountain R. and G. C.			
L T Duryea	Francotte	Schultze	V L & D
W Wynn	Parker	Schultze	V L & D
W H Lair	Greener	Schultze	Trap
Audubon G. C.			
B F Smith	Baker	King's Smokeless	Smokeless
C S Burkhardt	Parker	Du Pont	Smokeless
E C Burkhardt	Smith	King's Smokeless	Smokeless
Rochester R. and G. C.			
S Glover	Parker	Schultze	Trap
E C Meyers	Parker	Schultze	Trap
H M Stewart	Lefever	Schultze	Trap
Oneida County S. A.			
E D Fulford	Greener	Schultze	Trap
H L Gates	Greener	Schultze	Trap
Dr Booth	Greener	Schultze	Trap
New Utrecht G. C.			
C Furgueson, Jr	Greener	Schultze	Trap
D Deacon	Greener	Schultze	Trap
G E Nostrand	Greener	Schultze	Trap
Cobweb G. C.			
G Nichols	Francotte	Schultze	Trap
W J Elliott	Greener	E C	V L & D
P F McKeon	Francotte	Schultze	V L & D
North Parma G. C.			
C Lane	Smith	Schultze	Trap
Dr Weller	Francotte	Schultze	Smokeless
L V Byer	Parker	Schultze	Trap
Peoria G. C.			
H Kirkover	Smith	E C	Leader
L W Bennett	Francotte	Walsrode	U M C sp'l
A Heinold	Francotte	E C	Leader
Keystone G. C.			
F D Kinney	Lefever	Du Pont	Smokeless
F Emond	Lefever	Du Pont	Smokeless
J Koch	Parker	Du Pont	Smokeless

NOTES FROM BUFFALO.

A grand total of 57,699 targets were thrown during the tournament. These were distributed as follows: State events—First day, 4,475; second day, 5,325; third day, 4.185; fourth day, 774; total, 14,759. Open events—Preliminary day, 2,775; first day, 10,940; second day, 10,590; third day, 9,120; fourth day, 9,515; total, 42,940. This is a great record for a State shoot.

Mr. McChesney, who represents Mr. Jenkins, of the Syracuse *Herald*, was present during the first two days of the shooting booming the Syracuse shoot, June 29-July 4. The buttons he gave away nearly caused his arrest by a police officer on Tuesday night. While walking down Main street he incautiously gave away a few of the buttons to some small boys; the result was an onslaught by all the small fry in sight. McChesney took to his heels, but he's not much at running; he's not built that way. He then took refuge in a store and the sidewalk in front of the store was promptly blockaded. Being ordered out of the store by the proprietress, who was uncertain as to his reasons for being there, he fled to a neighboring saloon. The crowd outside the door, increasing every minute, attracted an officer's attention. He entered the saloon, inquired into the cause of the trouble in an autocratic manner, and then threatened the Syracuse man with arrest if he gave away another button. McChesney was finally smuggled out by a back window and reached his hotel in safety.

The Buffalo *Courier* can boast of a good artist. Some of his work during the shoot was of a much higher class than that usually displayed by artists on daily papers.

The following is a summary of the guns, shells and powders used

this tournament: Guns: Smith 26, Parker 24, Lefever 16, Baker 11, Francotte 6, Greener 5, Winchester 4, Scott 2, and one each of Lang, Holland, Colt, Rawbone and Remington. Shells: Smokeless 58, Leader 7, Rapid 5, Trap 5, Blue Rival 4, Walsrode 3, Lightning 3, Peters 2, Acme 2. Powders: Du Pont 30, E. C. 24, Schultze 20, Walsrode 7, King's Smokeless 4, Gold Dust 3, W-A 2.

The Buffalo dailies, both morning and evening, gave capital reports of the shoot. It is very seldom that one sees daily newspapers pay so much attention to a tournament.

The shooting at this tournament was as hard as any we have ever seen, but the traps were eased up somewhat on the last day.

J. J. Hallowell, of Tucson, Arizona, was a visitor to Buffalo for this shoot. Hallowell held up his end all right, and showed that he knew how to kill live birds on the last day of the shoot.

J. S. Fanning, a San Francisco expert, shot Gold Dust well to the front on several days of this tournament. On Saturday he shot at 20 live birds and killed them all, dividing a miss-and-out with 6 straight, and winning, another outright with 10 straight; he also killed 4 in practice.

Seth Clover, of course, was on hand. A State shoot without Clover might be somewhat less noisy, but it would not seem like a New York State shoot at all.

A boy from Rochester, Skinner by name, did some good shooting on the first two days. He made many a man who was his senior by years take a back seat.

Schorty and his mascot were all right. When it comes to cracking kingbirds, Schorty is apparently as much at home as when live-bird shooting at Dexter Park.

Flick, of Ravenna, Ohio, was in great form. The speed of the targets did not bother him at all. His position in the general averages was thoroughly well earned.

In addition to the shelter from the heat and wet provided by the management, the Utica and Rochester boys each had a private tent for their own accommodation and that of their friends.

Mr. Clinton Bidwell presided over the Du Pont and Hazard headquarters tent during the tournament, and smiled when he saw how many men were shooting Du Pont's Smokeless.

Uncle Dan Lefever was not in his usual trim with the gun, and was forced to hand over the Lefever medal, which he won last year, to Sim Glover. But Dan was not worrying a bit; he is not that sort of man. By the way, a new bicycle seat has been patented by Mr. Lefever that looks as if it is bound to make headway, as it makes riding over rough roads almost as pleasant as over the smooth asphalt streets of Buffalo.

Epop, or rather A. P. Pope, was both shooting and talking Walsrode during the tournament. Judging from the improvement in his scores it looks as if Pope was getting his grip back again.

The Gold Dust Hotel was the name given by the boys to the headquarters of Mr. Salem G. Le Valley and Dick Swiveller, of the United States Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Company. Mr. Le Valley, Dick Swiveller and Jack Fanning made a great trio for the company they represented.

In the Audubon Gun Club event on Friday afternoon Jim Elliott, with 11 extra targets to shoot at for his handicap, had broken 57 out of his 61. It looked as if he had won the $350 piano for sure. Beck, of Indianapolis (McVey in the scores) says that he found Jim Elliott behind the club house, practicing with his fingers on a fence rail as if he was playing the piano. As soon as Carl von Lengerke broke 60 out of his 67, Beck says that Jim quit practicing. EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 10.—When the "rain or shine" squad alighted from the train at Wellington this afternoon, and wended its way along the Boston Gun Club's board walk, the atmosphere was very, very moist. In fact, it was pouring, had been for three days, and mackintoshes and umbrellas were as much in evidence as guns and shells. But it takes more than mere rain to dampen this crowd's enthusiasm, and after some desultory patterning of guns and loads that would break 11 targets out of every 10, the regular practice was started, the raindrops splashing sweater and coat alike. The second event saw the breaking of clouds, and within another half hour we were favored with the most perfect shooting conditions of any day this year. The scores bear evidence of such, and it was somewhat novel to have no wind allowance bothering one's brain. It is a well-known fact that if there is a zephyr anywhere it gathers strength crossing the Mystic marshes, and by the time Wellington is reached the zephyr is a high school graduate with diploma in hand and breezy enough for anything. The prize match afforded another vindication of distance handicap, a 14yd. man emerging among the 16 and 18yd. shooters with a 20 to his credit. Four straights were made, two by Miskay and one each by Gordon and Parker. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*6*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Brown	4	8	7	7	13	7	10	2	9	8	5	8
Gordon	9	9	9	5	12	8	13	3	10	8	9	9
Miskay	10	8	8	6	15	9	12	1	8	8	7	..
Sheffield	8	6	5	5	11	6	13	3	8	6	7	..
Banks	5	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wild	9	..	6	..	12	8	..	4	..	6	..	..
Horace	..	8	..	4	7	7	..	..	6	..	..	..
Hutchins	..	..	..	4	3	7	4	..	9	8	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	7	9	7	12	5	9	8	6	7
Nichols	..	..	..	..	11	10	6	..	8	5	9	..
Chapin	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	..	..	..	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	..

Events 1, 5, 7, 9, 10 and 12 were known angles; Nos. 9 and 12 were use of both barrels; Nos. 2, 6 and 11 unknown angles; Nos. 4 and 8 pairs; No. 3 reverse angles.

Merchandise match, seventh contest, 25 targets, 15 known, 10 unknown angles, distance handicap, 12-gauge basis:

Miskay (18)	111111111111111—15	1111111110— 9—24
Nichols (13)	101001101111111—11	1111111111—10—21
Gordon (18)	111101111110101—12	1110111011— 8—20
Brown (15)	001111111111111—13	1111010101— 7—20
Wild (14)	101111010111111—12	1111111100— 8—20
Sheffield (15)	110101100111111—11	0011011011— 6—17
Spencer (17)	010111001011110— 9	0011111110— 7—16
Horace (16)	011110010100100— 7	1011000111— 6—13
Hutchins (16)	000010010000010— 3	0111111100— 7—10
Chapin (16)	010111011101110—10	w

Bergen County Gun Club.

AT a meeting held in Hackensack, N. J., June 9, a new association was permanently organized under the name of the Bergen County Gun Club. Officers elected for one year: President, Thomas Bell; Vice-President, H. D. Warner; Secretary, C. O. Gardiner; Treasurer, Edward F. Jackson; Captain, Geo. Griffiths. Committees on rules, membership, house, grounds and shooting apparatus were appointed.

The club is an outgrowth of the dissatisfaction at the treatment of the guests and the chairman of shooting committee of the Oritani Field Club received from the officers of the club at the club's first tournament, May 19, when a number of gentlemen were offensively ordered to leave the grounds or go and pay for the privilege of looking at a ball game on a portion of the field adjoining. That was the last of shooting at the club except what two members may do who are not members of the new organization, which elected all the persons it desired at the meeting referred to above. All the rest are in the new organization and several others who had always refused to shoot so long as the shooting was done at the Oritani Field Club.

The club is to lease two acres of grounds midway between Hackensack and Bogota, right on the Hackensack River, and will be in full view of the Oritani Field Club.

A handsome little club house is to be erected, a 50ft. platform, 60ft. screen, trap pit, with five electric traps—all to be done immediately. The members have subscribed the necessary amount.

The club will hold its first big shoot July 4. The principal event will be a merchandise 25-bird race. A handsome pearl and tortoise ring, gun case, loading tools, loaded shells and other valuable articles, including subscriptions of one year to magazines and sporting papers, will be the prizes, and there'll be one for nearly every shooter. The secretary is C. O. Gardiner.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., June 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the Marietta Gun Club was held here to-day. The shooting was at 25 targets, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules. Score:

Black	0111111110101111111001110—19
Reynolds	1111011001111111001111011—19
Meinet	1111011100010011101111111—18
Whitlock	1101111001110111111011001—18
Stephens	1101011111000101001111111—17
Mauny	1111011100111011010011110—17
Loor	1011000011101110011111110—16
I W Setze	1001101011100110111110010—15
Austen	0010010011101101011111011—15
E J Setze	0011011011111010010111100—15
Gramling	11000100100001011110001011—12
Thomeson	0101100111010100100000010—10

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

King's Smokeless vs. Crescent.

MADISONVILLE, O., June 6.—In a team match at 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles, shot here to-day, the King's Smokeless Gun Club defeated the Crescent Rod and Gun Club by a score of 336 to 288. All the contestants in this event used Peters's Reinforced shells loaded with King's Smokeless powder. After the team race a series of 10-target sweeps was shot, the scores of which follow.

Team race, 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

King's Smokeless Gun Club.

R Burton	01111011001111111111111110101110111111111111111111—43
Settle	11110001111111111111111001111011110111111111110111110—41
King	11111101101010111111011101111110111111110111101111010—40
Mackie	11111111101110101111100111110111101110101101111011—39
Felix	01000010101110111110111001101111111111111111111111—38
Himble	01101100101111111110100111111011111111111110111001—38
H Burton	01110111101010100111010111000100001011111111111111—38
Dick	11010001011011100111111011011100100111111101101101—38
Steinkorb	00111100001111101111011000101111000111010010111111—31—336

Crescent Rod and Gun Club.

Fink	01111111111111111110111111111110111110111110111111111—45
Burris	10000111111111110111111111111110101111101011111111—41
Coe	1001111111110011111111011111111110101101011011011101—38
Nichol	11110111111001110110100111110111100111111100011101—36
G Settle	010010011101101101101110010101111111111101111001111—34
Brewer	0000111011011001010100111110110100110111101011101—30
Bowers	000.0101111101001100111111111001001001110100001011—27
Kendall	01001001011100100011110010011011101011101001101001—25
Mercer	1000000001010000000100000000011011000010011001001—12—288

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Nichol	9	9	8	..	7	..	Wirt	10	9	8	8	7	9
F Burris	9	10	6	7	9	7	Coe	8	7	..	8	9	8
Bowers	7	7	5	..	..	..	H King	9	..	..	..	..	..
B Burton	7	7	4	10	7	9	Fink	8	8	9	7	..	9
G Settle	9	9	10	7	6	7	Himble	10	..	..	..	..	..
Felix	7	7	8	8	8	7	Brewer	5	6	..	..	7	..
W Settle	6	9	9	8	6	7	Kimball	8	6	..	..	4	..
H Burton	9	7	7	6	9	9	Mercer	..	4	..	..	..	..

G. H. MACKIE.

Pawtuxet's Club Shoot.

PAWTUXET, R. I., June 6.—The fourth weekly shoot for the club badges took place to-day. It was the most successful shoot in point of attendance of any of the series. S. L. Wilson won in Class A for the first time with the good score of 24. A strong wind blew across the traps and the empires flew fast and far, but with a few exceptions the boys seem to be catching on; Class C in particular seems to be showing a steady improvement.

Trap-shooting in Little Rhody seems to be looking up, and to-day reminded one of the palmiest days of the Old Narragansett club, of ten years ago.

First Class.

S F Wilson	1111111111111111111101111—24
W H Sheldon	0111111111101101111010101—19
S D Greene, Jr	1101101101001111010011000—14
W H Waterman	1010111000011011000110010—12
W G Crandall	0101001010w
P L Voelker	1011000100w

Second Class.

W Money	1111101011110110101111110—19
*Dr F Hammond	0100111101010111101101111—17
E Whitaker	1111011011010110111001011—17
*A Arnold	1010110111110100011111101—17
D B Dennis	1011000001111111101110100—15
*W E Hammond	1110010000010001101111000—11
*Fisk	0100010010001100010110111—11
M M Inman	1001001010010001101011000—10
W O King	1101000000000101000000010— 6

Third Class.

C Thunell	1100111010011110101011011—16
A Hawkins	1101011111000011101111000—15
W Hawkins	1100011011110000100011111—14
F Arnold	1011000110000111101000101—12
H Badmington	0000000110111011011100010—11
R Rhodes	10001110100000001100010101—10
A Rhodes	0110001000001111001110000—10
J Armstrong	1001110000100000100001011— 9
N Horton	0000001000100100100110000— 6
Geo Armstrong	0000010011000101000100000— 6
W F Gofs	0001001000000000100010000— 4
E Davol	1000000000w

* Not members. W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

JOHNSTON, R. I., June 11.—Some good scores were made in practice here to-day. The shooting was at 25 targets, 5 known angles. The team match between the Pawtuxet Gun Club and the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association is looked forward to with considerable interest, and, while the Pawtuxets have a membership of seventy-five to pick from, we feel confident of winning nevertheless. The scores:

No. 1:	
Nisbet	1010001101111101111110101—17
Drummond	1011010100101000111111111—16
Francis	1111111000111101110010000—15
Hammond	1111111110101001110010000—15
Woodworth	1011010001111011100010011—14
Potter	1000000101111101100011001—12
Whitaker	1011100000100001001011111—12
No. 2:	
Plaisted	1011110111111011111101011—20
Russell	1111111001100101110101111—18
Townbridge	1110001010100101110011111—15
King	1110011001110110110111000—15
Nelson	1011001000101000111111111—15
No. 3:	
Wilson	1111111111111111011111111—24
Hammond	11111111111111110111110111—23
Whitaker	11111011111111011111110111—22
Woodworth	11011111111101111101111011—21
Francis	0001110100110001000011111—12

E. C. WHITAKER, Sec'y.

Branchville Gun Club.

BRANCHVILLE, N. J., June 8.—Inclosed find scores of Branchville Gun Club, made on May 30. The attendance was cut down a great deal on account of frequent showers. Event No. 9 was at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*
E Cahrs	7	6	5	9	8	9	9	10	6	7	5	3
H Roe	6	8	7	..	..	5	9	8	5	6	10	5
C Kays	6	6	4	..	..	5	6	4	..	..	2	..
A Ayers	9	7	7	5	7	9	9	9	..	9	8	..
R Hunt	10	5	5	7	6	5	7	7	..	..	..	..
J Vanauken	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L E Savacool	..	..	..	9	8	5	9	9	7	8	..	..
G Cassaday	..	..	..	4	5	3	5	5	..	4	..	..
H Ayers	..	..	..	4	6	6	6	7	..	..	5	..
H R Cahrs	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	8	6	7	3
H Steffen	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	4	..	6	5
F Northrup	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	..

H. R. CAHRS, Sec'y.

Washington Park Gun Club.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 10.—The Washington Park Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Washington Park this afternoon. Each man shot at 15 live birds. The score follows:

Dockson	111111111112111—15	Parsons	122122100011221—13
Rickmers	122121221212122—15	Jarrett	102221021110212—12
Curtis	201112211222112—14	Moore	122012110202112—12
D Elliott	221101122111111—14	Frank	011222120021021—11
Lamb	111211212111012—14	Kelly	221110102020121—11
Smith	222202211121122—14	Webster	022120111200211—11
Snow	122221221112120—14	Scott	100110220110111—10
Fernkes	111121011122011—13	Dickson	020220202010022— 8
Herman	201011121212212—13		

DAVE ELLIOTT, Sec'y.

One Cent Targets in the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 13.—It was announced in last week's FOREST AND STREAM that a meeting would be held by three leading Chicago gun clubs with the purpose of organization of the Chicago shooters for a target tournament to be held later in the season. This meeting has been held and the matter has been placed in the hands of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League. The intention is to give a big target tournament and to throw targets at a lower rate than has been the custom, probably at 1 cent a target. The agitation grew out of the fact that many of the shooters were dissatisfied with the low winnings in the Illinois State shoot, where the birds ate up the purses.

E. HOUGH.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—The trophy contest and a few sweeps were shot here to day. The strong wind and bright sun made the shooting hard. In the trophy shoot Turtle won in Class A with 19, Carlisle in Class B with 17 and Harlan in Class C with 8. Sweeps Nos. 1 and 2 were at singles, No. 3 was at 5 pairs. Scores:

Club shoot for trophy:

Turtle	1101110011011111011110111—19
Paterson	0110111011101010111101111—18
Carlisle	1111111000111010101010111—17
Knowles	1010101011101111100011110—16
Booth	1111001111100110111100000—15
Hinkins	0110110100111011011010100—14
Harlan	0100110000000011000111000— 8

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*
Booth	12	8	4	Paterson	12	9	6
Knowles	13	6	7	Carlisle	12	5	3
Hinkins	8	4	3	Turtle	11	..	3
Harlan	3	..	..				

Council Bluffs Defeats Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., June 6.—Inclosed please find score of the Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot held to-day. As usual, Council Bluffs was on hand for a match. The teams consisted of nine men from each club. Council Bluffs won easily, as shown by the scores given below:

Council Bluffs Gun Club.		Omaha Gun Club.	
Beirsheim	21	Learned	21
Beno	21	Salisbury	21
Randlett	21	Smead	21
West	21	Whitener	19
Mather	20	Carmichael	18
Anderson	19	Dickey	18
Piper	19	Blake	16
Kingsbury	17	Marsh	14
Oliver	17—176	Hughes	13—161

Club shoot: Carmichael 22, Cole 21, Salisbury 16, Dickey 18, Whitener 21, Marsh 18, Parmelee 23, Blake 16, Loomis 18, Learned 20, Kenyon 18, McFarlane 13, Johannes 20, Hughes 19, Randlett 17.

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Capital City Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 30.—Inclosed I hand you scores made at our Decoration Day shoot. The shooting was at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance. Considering the wind the scores are very good for new shooters. The scores:

No. 1: Lambertson 8, Gardner 5, Welch 6, Clyde 6, Rogers 10.
No. 2: Lambertson 6, Gardner 8, Clyde 7, Welch 5, Rogers 10.
No. 3: Lambertson 8, Gardner 10, Clyde 9, Welch 2, Rogers 10.
No. 4: Lambertson 8, Gardner 8, Clyde 9, Welch 3, Rogers 10.
No. 5: Lambertson 9, Gardner 6, Clyde 6, Welch 5, Rogers 8.
No. 6: Lambertson 5, Gardner 4, Clyde 5, Welch 2, Rogers 7, Spencer 3.
No. 7: Gardner 7, Spencer 3, Lambertson 7, Clyde 7, Rogers 9.
No. 8: Spencer 2, Lambertson 7, Clyde 8, Rogers 10, Gardner 10.
No. 9: Spencer 7, Clyde 6, Welch 7, Gardner 9, Rogers 9.
No. 10: Spencer 7, Gardner 7, Clyde 8, Rogers 9.
No. 11: Spencer 3, Gardner 7, Clyde 6, Rogers 9.
No. 12: Gardner 4, Rogers 10, Clyde 8. O. F. LAMBERTSON, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., June 14.—A meeting of sportsmen was held at the gun store of John F. Brown on the evening of Friday, 12th inst., and a club was organized for the better enforcement of the game laws and for mutual enjoyment at the traps. The officers elected were: President, John F. Brown; Vice-President, George H. Leighton; Treasurer, Bert. R. Merritt; Secretary, George F. Stevens. The club will be known as the Haverhill Gun Club, and I hope to be able to send you good reports of their doings later on. Shoots will be held on Saturday of each week and on all holidays.

GEORGE F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Arendtsville Gun Club.

ARENDTSVILLE, Pa.—In a practice shoot of the Arendtsville Gun Club the following scores were made. The shooting was at 25 bluerocks: Wisler 22, Crane 20, Schlosser 17, Echoltz 16, Hoffman 16, Hartman 17, Thomas 18, Taylor 18.

Team match, 20 bluerocks: Wisler and Thomas 35, Crum and Schlosser 31, Hoffman and Echoltz 26. C. D. WISLER.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

E. A. C., Albany, N. Y.—You will find designs for steam yachts of various sizes in "Steam Yachts and Launches," by C. P. Kunhardt, which we can furnish.

W. S. H., Detroit, Mich.—The lines of Nautilus, canoe-yawl, appeared in the *Field* of March 28, and the sail plan in the issue of April 18. The papers can only be had from the London office.

H. O., Ogdensburg, N. Y.—My pug dog, nearly four years old, for some time past has a swelling in his mouth under tongue. This swelling is filled with blood and saliva, and has been lanced in order to give relief, but as soon as incision heals up it commences to fill up again. The substance which comes away appears to be blood and mucus and is streaky. The dog does not seem to be inconvenienced by it until the swelling gets nearly as large as a hen's egg. What would be best course to take to stop its occurrence again after lancing, which now has to be done about every six months? Ans. The cyst should be well opened, curetted (scraped) and packed with iodoform gauze. The gauze should be removed in a day or two and a smaller piece put in, and so from time to time until the wound has healed completely from the bottom. If you cannot treat the wound in this way remove a portion of the cyst wall.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Small Bores vs. Big Game.

THE following letter gives the opinion of a Western hunter regarding the merits of the .303 Savage rifle as a game killer:

ESSEX, Mont., May 17.—C. W. Hackett Hdwe. Co., St. Paul, Minn. Gentlemen: Received all the goods in good shape and found the rifle far better than I thought it would be, but that is a good thing. It is handsome and very quick with its work.

I have tried it on bears; shot a large brown bear, with the solid ball through the shoulder. The first ball did not knock him down, so I sent one more through his shoulder and it killed him. Some days afterward I shot a small silver tip bear with the expanding bullet and killed it at once. A few days afterward I shot a very large black bear, the bullet angling through its neck close to his ear and across to his shoulder, and he was killed so instantly he never kicked; this was with the expanding bullet.

I have four other rifles and I am going to try and sell or trade some of them so I can get another Savage.

What will it cost to obtain 500 metal patched bullets, a box of primers and the moulds for bullets? Also a 5lb. can of Savage smokeless powder? This is for the Savage rifle.

Please send me bill for the same and the credit I get for the same and oblige. You were saying that Lyman sights could not be put on the Savage rifles. I did not have the rifle two days before I had Lyman sights on it and took them off one of my other rifles, and now "she is a dandy." I remain yours truly, JOHN SINCLAIR.—*Adv.*

A Summer Paradise.

THE beauties of the Adirondacks, Lake George and Lake Champlain are well illustrated in the 1896 publication of the Delaware & Hudson R. R., which will be sent on application to General Passenger Agent J. W. Burdick, Albany, N. Y.

The letterpress is very brief, giving in concise form just those points that tourists want to know, and most of the space is given up to pictures. There are several hundred of these, showing the principal hotels and boarding houses as well as charming bits of scenery. The accommodations of the region are very thoroughly covered, and we can form a very fair idea of each locality from the accompanying photographs. Six maps show routes to various stations, and information is given regarding stage lines and means of transit.—*Adv.*